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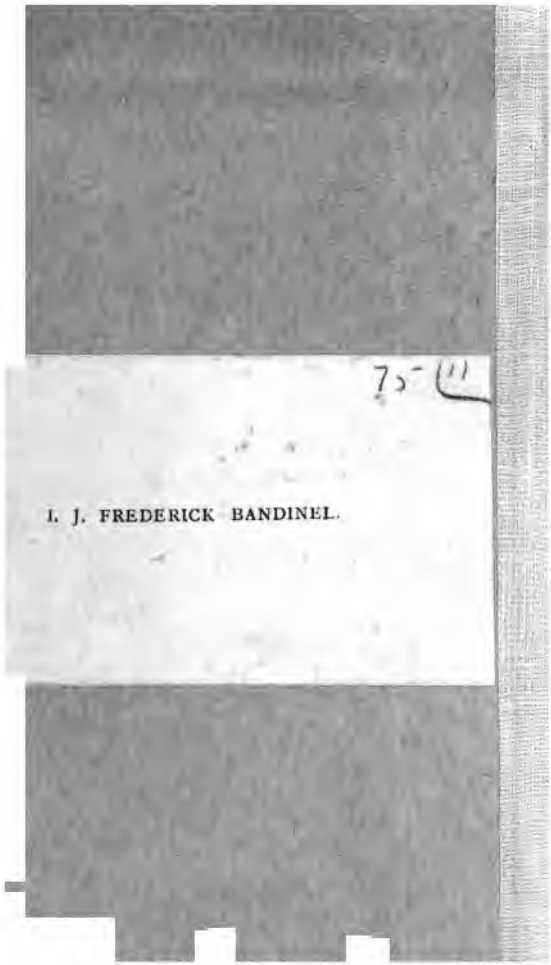
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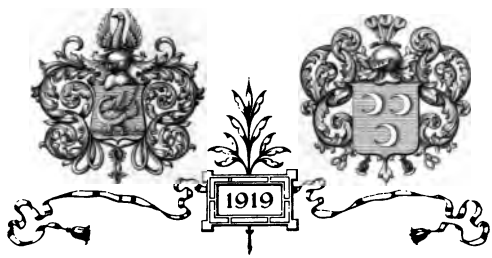

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In TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE

COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIAN;

OR, THE

JUSTICE

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. MILWARD.

IN ancient Greece, the infant muſe's ſchool,
Where Vice firſt felt the pen of Ridicule,
With honeſt freedom and impartial blows
The muſe attack'd each vice as it aroſe:
No grandeur could the mighty villain ſcreen
From the juſt ſatyr of the comic ſcene:
No titles could the daring poet cool,
Nor ſave the great right honourable fool.
They ſpar'd not even the aggreſſor's name,
And public villany felt public ſhame.
Long hath this gen'rous method been diſus'd,
For Vice hath grown too great to be abus'd;
By pow'r, defended from the piercing dart,
It reigns, and triumphs in the lordly heart;
While beaux, and cits, and ſquires, our ſcenes afford,
Juſtice preſerves the rogues who weild the ſword;
All ſatyr againſt her tribunal's quaſh'd,
Nor laſh the bards, for fear of being laſh'd.
But the heroick muſe who ſings to-night,
Through theſe neglected tracts attempts her flight:
Vice, cloath'd with pow'r, ſhe combats with her pen,
And fearleſs, dares the lion in his den.
Then only reverence to pow'r is due,
When public welfare is its only view:
But when the champions, whom the public arm
For their own good with pow'r attempt their harm,
He ſure muſt meet the general applauſe,
Who 'gainſt thoſe traitors fights the public cauſe.
And while theſe ſcenes the conſcious knave diſpleaſe,
Who feels within the criminal he ſees,
The uncorrupt and good muſt ſmile, to find
No mark for ſatyr in his generous mind.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

WORTHY,	Mr. OGDEN
SQUEEZUM,	Mr. HIPPESLEY.
POLITICK,	Mr. CHAPMAN.
RAMBLE,	Mr. WALKER.
CONSTANT,	Mr. MILWARD.
SOTMORE,	Mr. HULETT.
DABBLE,	Mr. RAY.
QUILL,	Mr. H. BULLOCK.
STAFF,	Mr. HALL.
PORER,	Mr. MACLEAN.
FAITHFUL,	Mr. HOUGHTON.

WOMEN.

HILARET,	Mrs. YOUNGER.
ISABELLA,	Mrs. BOHEME.
Mrs. SQUEEZUM,	Mrs. BULLOCK.
Mrs. STAFF,	Mrs. KILBY.
CLORIS,	Mrs. STEVENS.

Evidences, Watches, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

RAPE UPON RAPE;

OR, THE

JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Parlour in* POLITICK's *Houſe, Table, ſpread with news-papers. Chairs.*

HILARET, CLORIS.

HILARET.

WELL, Cloris, this is a mad frolick. I am horribly frighted at the thoughts of throwing myſelf into the power of a young fellow.

CLO. It is natural to us to be frighted at firſt: I was in a little terror myſelf on my wedding-day, but it went off before the next morning. A huſband, like other bugbears, loſes all his horror when we once know him thoroughly.

HIL. But if he ſhould not prove a good huſband—

CLO. Then you muſt not prove a good wife——If he keeps a miſtreſs, do you keep a gallant; if he ſtay out with his friends at a tavern, do you be merry with your friends at home.

HIL. You give fine advice indeed.

CLO. Upon my word, Madam, it was ſuch as I followed myſelf. I had a rogue of a huſband that robbed me of all I had, and kept a miſtreſs under my noſe: but I was even with him; for it hath been ever my opinion, that a huſband, like a courtier, who is above doing the duties of his office, ſhould keep a deputy.

Hil. But ſuppoſe you had been in love with your huſband?

Clo. Why ſo I was, Madam, as long as he deſerv'd it: but love, like fire, naturally goes out when it hath nothing to feed on.

Hil. Well, if it be poſſible to be aſſured of a lover's ſincerity, I think I may be aſſured of Conſtant: at leaſt it is adviſeable to perſuade myſelf of his truth whom I ſhould love, tho' he wanted it:—Ah, Cloris! you may as eaſily remove a rock as a woman's paſſion—

Clo. And yet it is very often built on a ſandy foundation.

Hil. Love is the ſame, whatever be its object: we as often like men for imaginary as real perfections: we all look through a priſmatick glaſs in love, and whatever beauties we have once fancied, we never loſe the opinion of—our amorous faith is as implicit as our religious.

Clo. If I have any judgment in mankind, and I am ſure I have had ſome experience in them, your paſſion could have been no where better fixed; Captain Conſtant hath all the qualities any woman can deſire. He hath youth, beauty, vigour, gallantry, conſtancy, and, as Mr. Cowley ſays, a long &c.

SCENE II.

POLITICK, HILARET, CLORIS.

Pol. Ay, there it goes, tick tack, tick tack, like the pendulum of a clock. What miſchief are you hatching, hey?——It is impoſſible that two women ſhould be together without producing miſchief.

Clo. I always thought a man and woman the more likely to produce miſchief: and yet I think them the properer company.

Pol. I ſuppoſe you will tell my daughter ſo too.

Hil. Indeed, papa, ſhe need not; for I was always of that opinion.

Pol. You was! but I ſhall prevent your wiſhes—

Hil. You may be miſtaken. [*Aſide.*

Pol. I do not believe the head of Cardinal Fleury *can be more* perplexed, than mine is with this girl.

To

To govern yourſelf, is greater than to govern a kingdom, ſaid an old philoſopher; and to govern a woman, is greater than to govern twenty kingdoms.

HIL. I wiſh you would not perplex yourſelf with cardinals or kingdoms; I wiſh you would mind your own buſineſs, inſtead of the publick's; dear papa, don't give yourſelf any more trouble about Don Carlos, unleſs you can get him for a ſon-in-law.

POL. Not if I were a king. I will make you a little ſenſible who Don Carlos is——

HIL. Nay, I do not underſtand one word of your politicks.

POL. I am ſorry you do not—A news-paper would be a more profitable entertainment for you than a romance. You would find more in one half ſheet, than in the Grand Cyrus.

HIL. More lies, very probably——You know I do read the home paragraphs in the Whitehall Evening Poſt; and that's the beſt of them.

POL. If you would be informed in theſe matters, you muſt read all that come out: about forty every day, and ſome days fifty; and of a Saturday, about fourſcore. Would you continue in ſuch a courſe but one twelvemonth, I do not queſtion but you might know as much of politicks as—any man that comes to our coffee-houſe. And I had rather ſee you a politician, than a woman of quality.

HIL. If I may ſpeak freely, it would have been better for me that you had been leſs a politician.

POL. You are deceived, very much deceived: but ſome fool hath put this into your head. You may live to ſee me one of the greateſt men in England. Did I not ſay at the ſiege of Gibraltar, that within one three years, we ſhould ſee whether we ſhould have peace or no. And yet I am an Ignoramus; I know nothing, I warrant you: I had better have continued a merchant no doubt: but then what had become of my projects? Where had been all thoſe twenty different ſchemes which I have now ready to lay before the parliament, greatly for my own honour, and the intereſt of my country? Harkye, I have contrived a

method to pay off the debts of the nation, without a penny of money.

HIL. And you will not get a penny by it, I dare ſwear.

POL. No, no, no certainly; tho' I would not take twenty thouſand pounds for the advantage which will ariſe to me from it. It hath lain theſe three years in a friend's hands of mine of the houſe of commons; who aſſured me not many days ago, that it ſhould be taken ſhortly into conſideration, tho' he believed it could not be this ſeſſions.

HIL. Nor this age, I am confident. [*Aſide.*

POL. And how do you think it is to be compaſſed? why, by procuring a machine to carry ſhips by land about a hundred miles: and ſo proſecute the Eaſt-India trade thro' the Mediterranean.

HIL. I wiſh you ſucceſs, Sir; but I muſt take my leave of you, for it grows very late: ſo good-night, papa. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

POLITICK *ſolus.*

I cannot reſt for theſe preparations of the Turks: what can be their deſign!——It muſt be againſt the emperor.——Ay, ay, we ſhall have another campaign in Hungary. I wiſh we may feel no other effect from them—ſhould the Turkiſh gallies once find a paſſage through the Straits, who can tell the conſequence. I hope I ſhall not live to ſee that day.

SCENE IV.

POLITICK, DABBLE.

DAB. We are all undone, neighbour Politick! all blown up! all ruined!

POL. Proteſt us——what is the matter? No news of the Turks, I hope!

DAB. An expreſs is arrived with an account of the Dauphin's death.

POL. Worſe and worſe—This is a finiſhing ſtroke, indeed! Mr. Dabble, I take this viſit exceeding kind

—pray

—pray be pleaſed to ſit: we muſt confabulate on this important accident.——Pray light your pipe——I wiſh this may not retard the introduction of Don Carlos into Italy.

DAB. I wiſh it may.

POL. How!

DAB. I wiſh Don Carlos do not prove a more formidable power than is imagined.

POL. Don Carlos a formidable power, Mr. Dabble!

DAB. I wiſh we do not find him ſo.

POL. Sir, I look on Don Carlos to be an errant blank in the affairs of Europe——and let me obſerve to you, the Turks give me much greater uneaſineſs than Don Carlos can; what the deſign of their preparations can be, is difficult to determine——this I know, that I know nothing of the matter.

DAB. I think we have no need to travel ſo far for apprehenſions, when danger is ſo near us: the proſpect of affairs in the Weſt is ſo black, that I ſee no reaſon to regard the Eaſt: the monſtrous power which Don Carlos may be poſſeſſed of by the death of the Dauphin——

POL. Rather the monſtrous power which the emperor may be poſſeſſed of.

DAB. The emperor—ah!— } *Both ſhake their heads*
POL. Don Carlos truly. } *at one another.*

DAB. I would fain aſk one queſtion, Mr. Politick. Pray, how large do you take Tuſcany to be?——

POL. How large do you take Tuſcany to be——let me ſee——Tuſcany, ay; how large do I take it to be ——hum——Faithful!——bring ſome more tobacco. How large do I take it to be——why, truly, I take it to be about as large as the kingdom of France—— or ſomething larger.

DAB. As large as the kingdom of France——you might as well compare this tobacco-pipe to a canon. Why, Tuſcany, Sir, is only a town, a garriſon to be admitted into Tuſcany; that is, into the town of Tuſcany——

POL. Sir, I will convince you of your error—— Here, Faithful, bring a map of Europe hither——

DAB. I did not think, Mr. Politick, you had been ſo ignorant in geography.

POL. I believe I know as much as you, or any one, of it.

SCENE V.

POLITICK, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

FAITH. Sir, Sir, your daughter is gone out of the houſe, no one knows whither.

POL. And give me leave to tell you, Sir, I wiſh your own ignorance in public affairs doth not appear to our coſt.

DAB. Sir, I wiſh you would ſend for the map.

POL. Map me no maps, Sir, my head is a map, a map of the whole world.———

FAITH. Sir, your daughter———

DAB. If your head be a map, it is a very erroneous one.

POL. Sir, I would not have called Tuſcany a town in a coffee-houſe, to have been maſter of it.

DAB. Nor I have compared it to France, to have been king of both.

SCENE VI.

POLITICK, DABBLE, FAITHFUL, PORER.

POR. Great news, gentlemen, all's ſafe again.

POL. More deaths.

POR. An expreſs is arrived with a certain account of the Dauphin's being in good health.

DAB. This is good news indeed.

POL. Is there a certain confirmation?

POR. Very certain—I came this moment from the Secretary's office.

POL. Dear Mr. Porer, you are the welcomeſt man alive——This news makes me the happieſt creature living.

FAITH. I wiſh, Sir, my news may not prevent it.—Your daughter, Sir, Miſs Hilaret, is gone out of the houſe, and no one knows whither.

POL.

POL. My daughter gone! that is ſome allay to my happineſs, I confeſs: but the loſs of twenty daughters would not balance the recovery of the Dauphin.—— However, gentlemen, you will excuſe me, I muſt go enquire into this affair.

DAB. Be not concerned at any thing, after what you have heard: let the private give way to the publick ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Street.*

SOTMORE, RAMBLE.

SOT. Why, thou wilt not leave us yet, and ſneak away to ſome naſty little whore? A pox confound them, they have ſpoiled ſo many of my companions, and forced me to bed ſober at three o'clock in the morning ſo often——that if the whole ſex were going to the devil, I would drink a bumper to their good journey.

RAMB. And I would go thither along with them. The dear charming creatures! Woman! It is the beſt word that ever was invented. There's muſick, there's magick in it. Mark Anthony knew well to lay out his money, and when he gave the world for a woman ——he bought a lumping pennyworth.

SOT. If he had given it for a hogſhead of good claret, I would have commended the purchaſe more.

RAMB. Wine is only the prologue to love: it only ſerves to raiſe our expectations. The bottle is but a paſſport to the bed of pleaſure. Brutes drink to quench their appetites——but lovers to inflame them.

SOT. 'Tis pity the generous liquor ſhould be uſed to no better purpoſe.

RAM. It is the nobleſt uſe of the grape, and the greateſt glory of Bacchus is to be page to Venus.

SOT. Before I go into a tavern again with a man who will ſneak away after the firſt bottle, may I be curſed with the odious ſight of a pint as long as I live: or become member of a city club, where men drink out of thimbles, that the fancy may be heightened by the wine, about the ſame time that the underſtanding is improved by the converſation: I'll ſooner drink

coffee with a politician, tea with a fine lady, or 'rack punch with a fine gentleman, than thus be made a whetſtone of, to ſharpen my friends inclinations, that ſome little ſtrumpet may enjoy the benefit of that good humour which I have raiſed.

RAMB. Why thou art as ill-natured and as angry as a woman would be, who was diſappointed in the laſt moment, when her expectations were at the higheſt.

SOT. And have I not the ſame cauſe?

RAMB. Truly, honeſt Nol, when a man's reaſon begins to ſtagger, I think him the propereſt company for the women: one bottle more, and I had been fit for no company at all.

SOT. Then thou hadſt been carried off with glory. —An honeſt fellow ſhould no more quit the tavern while he can ſtand, than a ſoldier ſhould the field; but you fine gentlemen are for preſerving yourſelves ſafe from both, for the benefit of the ladies.——— 'Sdeath! I'll uſe you with the ſame ſcorn that a ſoldier would a coward: ſo, Sir, when I meet you next, be not ſurprized if I walk on the other ſide of the way.

RAMB. Nay, pr'ythee, dear Silenus, be not ſo enraged: I'll but take one refreſhing turn, and come back to the tavern to thee. Burgundy ſhall be the word, and I will fight under thy command till I drop.

SOT. Now thou art an honeſt fellow—and thou ſhalt toaſt whomſoever thou pleaſeſt.—We'll bumper up her health, till thou doſt enjoy her in imagination. To a warm imagination, there is no bawd like a bottle. It ſhall throw into your arms the ſobereſt prude or wildeſt coquet in town; thou ſhalt riſle her charms, in ſpite of her art. Nay, thou ſhalt increaſe her charms more than her art: and when thou art ſurfeited with the luſcious pleaſure, wake coolly the next morning, without any wife by your ſide, or any fear of children.

RAMB. What a luſcious picture haſt thou drawn!

SOT. And thou ſhalt have it, boy! Thou ſhalt triumph over her virtue, if ſhe be a woman of quality —or raiſe her bluſhes, if ſhe be a common ſtrumpet. I'll go order a new recruit upon the table, and expect you

you with impatience.—"Fill every glaſs." [*Sings.*

[*Exit* Sotmore.

SCENE VIII.

RAMBLE *ſolus.*

RAMB. Sure this fellow's whole ſenſation lies in his throat: for he is never pleaſed but when he is ſwallowing: and yet the hogſhead will be as ſoon drunk with the liquor it contains, as he. I wiſh it had no other effect upon me. Pox of my paper ſcull! I have no ſooner buried the wine in my belly, than its ſpirit riſes in my head.——I am in a very proper humour for a frolick; if my good genius, and her evil one, would but ſend ſome lovely female in my way—— ha! the devil hath heard my prayers.

SCENE IX.

RAMBLE, HILARET.

HIL. Was ever any thing ſo unfortunate! to loſe this wench in the ſcuffle, and not know a ſtep of the way——What ſhall I do?

RAMB. By all my love of glory, an adventure.

HIL. Ha! who's that? who are you, Sir?

RAMB. A cavalier, Madam, a knight-errant rambling about the world in queſt of adventures. To plunder widows and raviſh virgins; to leſſen the number of bullies, and increaſe that of cuckolds, are the obligations of my profeſſion.

HIL. I wiſh you all the ſucceſs, ſo worthy an adventure deſerves. [*Going.*

RAM. But hold, Madam, I am but juſt ſallied, and you are the firſt adventure I have met with.

[*Takes hold of her.*

HIL. Let me go, I beſeech you, Sir, I will have nothing to ſay to any of your profeſſion.

RAMB. That's unkind, Madam: for as I take it, our profeſſions are pretty nearly allied, and like prieſt and nun, we are proper company for one another.

HIL. My profeſſion, Sir!

RAMB. Yes, Madam, I believe I am no ſtranger

to

to the honourable rules of your order. Nay, 'tis probable I may know your abbeſs too; for tho' I have not been in town a week, I am acquainted with half a dozen.

HIL. Nothing but your drink, Sir, and ignorance of my quality, could excuſe this rudeneſs.

RAMB. (Whu——[*whiſtles*] ignorance of your quality! The daughter of ſome perſon of rank, I warrant her) [*Aſide.*] Look'e, my dear, I ſhall not trouble myſelf with your quality: It is equal to me whether your father rode in a coach and ſix, or drove it—— I have had as much joy in the arms of an honeſt boatſwain's wife, as with a relation of the Great Mogul.

HIL. You look, Sir, ſo much like a gentleman, that I am perſuaded this uſage proceeds only from your miſtaking me. I own it looks a little odd for a woman of virtue to be found alone in the ſtreet, at this hour——

RAMB. Yes, it does look a little odd indeed. [*Aſide.*

HIL. But when you know my ſtory, I am confident you will aſſiſt me, rather than otherwiſe. I have this very night eſcaped with my maid from my father's houſe; and as I was going to put myſelf into the hands of my lover, a ſcuffle happening in the ſtreet, and both running away in a fright to avoid it, we unluckily ſeparated from each other.——Now, Sir, I rely on the generoſity of your temper to aſſiſt an unhappy woman; for which you ſhall not only have my thanks, but thoſe of a very pretty fellow into the bargain.

RAMB. I am that very pretty fellow's very humble ſervant. But I find I am too much in love with you myſelf, to preſerve you for another: had you proved what I had firſt took you for, I ſhould have parted with you eaſily; but I read a coronet in your eyes; (ſhe ſhall be her grace, if ſhe pleaſes; I had rather give her a title than money) [*Aſide.*

HIL. Nay, now you miſtake me as widely as you did at firſt.

RAMB. Nay, by this frolick, Madam, you muſt be either a woman of quality, or a woman of the town ——*Your low*, mean people, who govern themſelves by

by rules dare not attempt theſe noble flights of pleaſure. Flights only to be reached by thoſe who boldly ſoar above reputation.

HIL. This is the maddeſt fellow. [*Aſide.*

RAMB. So, my dear, whether you be of quality or no quality, you and I will go drink one bottle together at the next tavern.

HIL. I have but one way to get rid of him. [*Aſide.*

RAMB. Come, my dear angel. Oh! this dear ſoft hand.

HIL. Could I but be aſſured that my virtue would be ſafe.

RAMB. No where ſafer. I'll give thee any thing in pawn for it—(but my watch.) [*Aſide.*

HIL. And then my reputation———

RAMB. The night will take care of that—Virtue and reputation! Theſe whores have learnt a ſtrange cant ſince I left England. [*Aſide.*

HIL. But will you love me always?

RAM. Oh! for ever and ever, to be ſure.

HIL. But will you——too?

RAMB. Yes, I will——too.

HIL. Will you promiſe to be civil?

RAMB. Oh! yes, yes; (I was afraid ſhe would have aſked me for money.) [*Aſide.*

HIL. Well, then, I will venture.—Go you to that corner tavern, I'll follow you.

RAMB. Excuſe me, Madam, I know my duty better—ſo if you pleaſe, I'll follow you.

HIL. I inſiſt on your going firſt.

RAMB. And ſo you'll leave me in the lurch: I ſee you are frighted at the roughneſs of my dreſs; but foregad I am an honeſt tar, and the devil take me if I bilk you.

HIL. I don't underſtand you.

RAMB. Why then, Madam, here is a pound of as good tea as ever came out of the Indies; you underſtand that, I hope.

HIL. I ſhall take no bribes, Sir.

RAMB. Refuſe the tea! I like you now, indeed! for you cannot have been long upon the town, I'm ſure. But I grow weary with impatience. If you are

a modeſt

a modeſt woman, and inſiſt on the ceremony of being carried, with all my heart.

HIL. Nay, Sir, do not proceed to rudeneſs.

RAMB. In ſhort, my paſſions will be dallied with no longer. Do you conſider, I am juſt come on ſhore, that I have ſeen nothing but men and the clouds this half year, and a woman is as raviſhing a ſight to me, as the returning ſun to Greenland. I am none of your puiſny beaux, that can look on a fine woman, like a ſurfeited man on an entertainment. My ſtomach's ſharp, and you are an ortelan; and if I do not eat you up, may ſalt beef be my fare for ever.

[*Takes her in his arms.*

HIL. I'll alarm the watch.

RAMB. You'll be better natur'd than that. At leaſt, to encounter danger is my profeſſion; ſo have at you, my little Venus——If you don't conſent, I'll raviſh you.

HIL. Help there! a rape! a rape!

RAMB. Huſh, huſh, you call too loud, people will think you are in earneſt.

HIL. Help, a rape!

SCENE X.

RAMBLE, HILARET, STAFF, WATCH.

STAFF. That's he there, ſeize him.

RAMB. Stand off, ye ſcoundrels!

STAFF. Ay, Sir, you ſhould have ſtood off——Do you charge this man with a rape, Madam?

HIL. I am frighted out of my ſenſes.

STAFF. A plain caſe!——The rape is ſufficiently proved.——What, was the devil in you, to raviſh a woman in the ſtreet thus?

HIL. Oh! dear Mr. Conſtable, all I deſire is, that you would ſee me ſafe home.

STAFF. Never fear, Madam, you ſhall not want evidence. [*Aſide to her.*

RAMB. (Nay, if I muſt lodge with theſe gentlemen, I am reſolved to have your company, Madam.) Mr. Conſtable, I charge that lady with threatning to ſwear a rape againſt me and laying violent hands upon my perſon,

perſon, whilſt I was inoffenſively walking along the ſtreet.

HIL. How! villain!

RAMB. Ay, ay, Madam, you ſhall be made a ſevere example of. The laws are come to a fine paſs, truly, when a ſober gentleman can't walk the ſtreets for women.

HIL. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, don't believe him.

STAFF. Nay, Madam, as we have but your bare affirmation on both ſides, we cannot tell which way to incline our belief; that will be determined in the morning by your characters.—I would not have you dejected, you ſhall not want a character. [*Aſide to her.*

HIL. This was the moſt unfortunate accident ſure, that ever befel a woman of virtue.

STAFF. If you are a woman of virtue, the gentleman will be hanged for attempting to rob you of it. If you are not a woman of virtue, why you will be whipped for accuſing a gentleman of robbing you of what you had not to loſe.

HIL. Oh! this unfortunate fright!——But, Mr. Conſtable, I am very willing that the gentleman ſhould have his liberty, give me but mine.

STAFF. That requeſt, Madam, is a very corroborating circumſtance againſt you.

RAMB. Guilt will ever diſcover itſelf.

STAFF. Bring them along.

1 WATCH. She looks like a modeſt woman in my opinion.

RAMB. Confound all your modeſt women I ſay—a man can have nothing to do with a modeſt woman, but he muſt be married, or hang'd for't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Juſtice* SQUEEZUM's; *a table, pen, ink, paper, &c.*

SQUEESUM, QUILL.

SQUEEZUM.

DID mother Bilkum refuſe to pay my demands, ſay you?

QUILL. Yes, Sir; ſhe ſays ſhe does not value your worſhip's protection of a farthing, for that ſhe can bribe two juries a year to acquit her in Hick's-hall, for half the money which ſhe hath paid you within theſe three months.

SQUEEZ. Very fine! I ſhall ſhew her that I underſtand ſomething of juries, as well as herſelf. Quill, make a memorandum againſt mother Bilkum's trial, that we may remember to have the pannel N° 3. they are a ſet of good men and true, and hearken to no evidence but mine.

QUILL. Sir, Mr. Snap, the bailiff's follower, hath ſet up a ſhop, and is a freeholder. He hopes your worſhip will put him into a pannel on the firſt vacancy.

SQUEEZ. Minute him down for N° 2. I think half of that pannel are bailiffs followers. Thank Heaven, the laws have not excluded thoſe butchers———

QUILL. No, Sir, the law forbids butchers to be jurymen, but does not forbid jurymen to be butchers.

SQUEEZ. Quill, d'ee hear! look out for ſome new recruits for the panel N° 1. We ſhall have a ſwinging vacancy there the next ſeſſions.——Truly, if we do not take ſome care to regulate the juries in the Old Baily, we ſhall have no juries for Hick's-hall.

QUILL. Very true, Sir. But that pannel hath been more particularly unfortunate. I believe I remember it hanged, at leaſt twice over.

SQUEEZ. Ay, poor fellows! We muſt all take our chance, Quill. The man who would live in this world, muſt not fear the next. The chance of peace

is

is doubtful as that of war; and they who will make their fortunes at home, ſhould entertain no more dread of the bench, than a ſoldier ſhould of the field, We are all militant here; and a halter hath been fatal to many a great man, as well as a bullet.

SCENE II.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF.

QUILL. Sir, here's Mr. Staff, the reforming conſtable.

STAFF. An't pleaſe your worſhip, we have been at the gaming-houſe in the alley, and have taken ſix priſoners, whereof we diſcharged two, who had your worſhip's licenſe.

SQUEEZ. What are the others?

STAFF. One is an half pay officer; another an attorney's clerk; and the other two are young gentlemen of the Temple.

SQUEEZ. Diſcharge the officer and the clerk; there is nothing to be got by the army or the law: the one hath no money, and the other will part with none. But be not too forward to quit the Templars.

STAFF. Aſking your worſhip's pardon, I don't care to run my finger into the lion's mouth. I would not willingly have to do with any limb of the law.

SQUEEZ. Fear not; theſe bear no nearer affinity to lawyers, than a militia regiment of ſquires do to ſoldiers; the one gets no more by his gown, than the other by his ſword. Theſe are men that bring eſtates to the Temple, inſtead of getting them there.

STAFF. Nay, they are bedawb'd with lace as fine as lords.

SQUEEZ. Never fear a lawyer in lace.——The lawyer that ſets out in lace, always ends in rags.

STAFF. I'll ſecure them.—We went to the houſe where your worſhip commanded us, and heard the dice into the ſtreet; but there were two coaches with coronets on them at the door, ſo we thought it proper not to go in.

SQUEEZ. You did right. The laws are turnpikes, only made to ſtop people who walk on foot, and not

to

to interrupt thoſe who drive through them in their coaches.—The laws are like a game at loo, where a blaze of court-cards is always ſecure, and the knaves are the ſafeſt cards in the pack.

STAFF. We have taken up a man for a rape too.

SQUEEZ. What is he?

STAFF. I fancy he's ſome great man; for he talks French, ſings Italian, and ſwears Engliſh.

SQUEEZ. Is he rich?

STAFF. I believe not, for we can't get a farthing out of him.

SQUEEZ. A certain ſign that he is. Deep pockets are like deep ſtreams; and money, like water, never runs faſter than in the ſhallow.

STAFF. Then there's another misfortune too.

SQUEEZ. What's that?

STAFF. The woman will not ſwear any thing againſt him.

SQUEEZ. Never fear that; I'll make her ſwear enough for my purpoſe. What ſort of a woman is ſhe?

STAFF. A common whore, I believe.

SQUEEZ. The propereſt perſon in the world to ſwear a rape. A modeſt woman is as ſhy of ſwearing a rape, as a gentleman is of ſwearing a battery.——We will make her ſwear enough to frighten him into a compoſition, a ſmall part of which will ſatisfy the woman. So go bring them before me.—But hold! have you been at home ſince I ſent a priſoner thither this morning?

STAFF. Yes, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

SQUEEZ. And what ſays he?

STAFF. He threatens us confoundedly; and ſays you have committed him without any accuſation. I'm afraid we ſhall get nothing out of him.

SQUEEZ. We'll try him till noon, however.

SCENE III.

SQUEEZUM, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM.

MRS. SQUEEZ. I deſire, Mr. Squeezum, you would finiſh all your dirty work this morning; for I am reſolved to have the houſe to myſelf in the afternoon.

SQUEEZ.

SQUEEZ. You ſhall, my dear; and I ſhall be obliged to you, if you can let me have the coach this morning.

MRS. SQUEEZ. I ſhall uſe it myſelf.

SQUEEZ. Then I muſt get horſes put into the chariot.

MRS. SQUEEZ. I am not determined whether I ſhall uſe the coach or chariot; ſo it is impoſſible you ſhould have either. Beſides, a hack is the propereſt to do buſineſs in; and as I cannot ſpare you a ſervant, will look better.

SQUEEZ. Well, child, well, it ſhall be ſo——Let me only beg the favour of dining a little ſooner than ordinary.

MRS. SQUEEZ. That is ſo far from being poſſible, that we cannot dine till an hour later than uſual, becauſe I muſt attend at an auction, or I ſhall loſe a little China baſon which is worth its weight in jewels, and it is probable I may get it for its weight in gold, which will not be above one hundred guineas; and thoſe you muſt give me, child.

SQUEEZ. A hundred guineas for a China baſon! Oh the Devil take the Eaſt-India trade! The clay of the one Indies runs away with all the gold of the other.

MRS. SQUEEZ. I may buy it for leſs; but it is good to have rather too much money about one, than too little.

SQUEEZ. In ſhort, I cannot ſupport your extravagance.

MRS. SQUEEZ. I do not deſire you to ſupport my extravagance.

SQUEEZ. I wiſh you would not.

MRS. SQUEEZ. Thus ſtands the caſe: you ſay I am extravagant; I ſay I am not: ſure, my word will ballance yours every where but at Hick's-hall.——And hearke'e, my dear, if whenever I aſk for a trifle, you object my extravagance to me, I'll be reveng'd; I'll blow you up, I'll diſcover all your midnight intrigues, your protecting ill houſes, your bribing juries, your ſmacking fees, your whole train of rogueries. If you do not allow me what I aſk, I'll bid fair to enter on my jointure, Sir.

SQUEEZ. Well, my dear, this time you ſhall be indulged.—*Truſt a thief* or lawyer with your purſe, a

where

whore or phyſician with your conſtitution, but never truſt a dangerous ſecret with your wife; for when once you have put it into her power to hang you, the ſooner you are hanged, the better. [*Aſide.*

SCENE IV.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM, STAFF, WATCH, RAMBLE, HILARET.

STAFF. An't pleaſe your worſhip, here is a gentleman hath committed a rape laſt night on this young woman.

SQUEEZ. How! a rape! Hath he committed a rape on you, child?

MRS. SQUEEZ. This may be worth hearing. [*Aſide.*

HIL. Sir, I have nothing to ſay againſt him. I deſire you would give us both our liberty. He was a little frolickſome laſt night, which made me call for theſe people's help; and when once they had taken hold of us, they would not ſuffer us to go away.

SQUEEZ. They did their duty.——The power of diſcharging lieth in us, and not in them.

RAMB. Sir, ——

SQUEEZ. Sir, I beg we may not be interrupted. Hark'e, young woman, if this gentleman hath treated you in an ill manner, do not let your modeſty prevent the execution of juſtice. Conſider, you will be guilty yourſelf of the next offence he commits; and upon my word, by his looks, it is probable he may commit a dozen rapes within this week.

HIL. Sir, I aſſure you he is innocent.

SQUEEZ. Mr. Staff what ſay you to this affair?

STAFF. May it pleaſe your worſhip, I ſaw the priſoner behave in a very indecent manner, and heard the woman ſay he hath raviſhed away her ſenſes.

SQUEEZ. Fie upon you, child, will you not ſwear this?

HIL. No, Sir; but I ſhall ſwear ſomething againſt you, unleſs you diſcharge us.

SQUEEZ. That cannot be, Madam; the fact is too plain. If you will not ſwear now, the priſoner muſt be kept in cuſtody till you will.

STAFF.

STAFF: If ſhe will not ſwear, we can ſwear enough to convict him.

RAMB. Very fine, faith! This juſtice is worſe than a grand inquiſitor. Pray, honeſt, formidable Sir, what private pique have you againſt me, that you would compel the lady to deſerve the pillory, in order to promote me higher.

SQUEEZ. My dear, did you ever ſee ſuch a raviſhiug look as this fellow hath! Sir, if I was a judge I would hang you without any evidence at all. They are ſuch fellows as theſe who ſow diſſention between man and wife, and keep up the names of cuckold and baſtard in the kingdom.

RAMB. Nay, if that be all you accuſe me of, I will confeſs it freely, I have employed my time pretty well. Tho' as I do not remember ever to have done you the honour of dubbing, Mr. Juſtice, I cannot ſee why you ſhould be ſo incenſed againſt me; for I do not imagine you any otherwiſe an enemy to theſe amuſements, than a popiſh prieſt to ſin, or a doctor to diſeaſe.

MRS. SQUEEZ. You are very civil, Sir, to threaten to dub my huſband before my face.

RAMB. I aſk pardon, Madam; I did not know with whom I had the honour to be in company: it was always againſt my inclination to affront a lady; but a woman of your particular merit, muſt have claimed the moſt particular reſpect.

MRS. SQUEEZ. I ſhould have expected no rudeneſs from a gentleman of your appearance, and would much rather attribute any miſbecoming word to inadvertency than deſign.

RAMB. Madam, I know not how to thank ſo much goodneſs; but do aſſure you, I would buy an introduction to your acquaintance at a much greater danger than this proſecution, which, I believe, you already ſee the malice of. I hope, Madam, I ſtand already acquitted in your opinion.

MRS. SQUEEZ. I hope, Sir, it will only appear to have been a frolick: I muſt own I have been always a great enemy to force——ſince there are ſo many willing.

RAMB

RAMB. So, I find there is no danger of a rape here. [*Aside.*

MRS. SQUEEZ. Well, child, can you find any thing againſt this gentleman?

SQUEEZ. The woman is difficult of confeſſing in publick; but I fancy when I examine her in private, I may get it out of her.—So, Mr. Conſtable, withdraw your priſoner.

MRS. SQUEEZ. Nay, he appears ſo much of a gentleman, that till there be ſtronger evidence, I will take charge of him.——Come, Sir, you ſhall go drink a diſh of tea with me.——You may ſtay without. [*To the Conſtable, &c.*

RAMB. This kindneſs of yours, Madam, will be an encouragement to offenders.

SCENE V.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

SQUEEZ. Come, come, child, you had better take the oath, tho' you are not altogether ſo ſure. Juſtice ſhould be rigorous. It is better for the publick that ten innocent people ſhould ſuffer, than that one guilty ſhould eſcape; and it becomes every good perſon to ſacrifice their conſcience to the benefit of the publick.

HIL. Would you perſuade me to perjure myſelf?

SQUEEZ. By no means. Not for the world. Perjury indeed! Do you think I do not know what perjury is better than you? He did attempt to raviſh you, you own; very well. He that attempts to do you an injury, hath done it in his heart. Beſides, a woman may be raviſhed, ay, and many a woman hath been raviſhed, ay, and men been hanged for it——when ſhe hath not certainly known ſhe hath been raviſhed.

HIL. You are a great caſuiſt in conſcience. But you may ſpare yourſelf any further trouble: for I aſſure you it will be in vain.

SQUEEZ. I ſee where your heſitation hangs: you are afraid of ſpoiling your trade.—You think ſeverity *to a cuſtomer* will keep people from your houſe.—

Pray

Pray, anſwer me one queſtion—How long have you been upon the town?

HIL. What do you mean?

SQUEEZ. Come, come, I ſee you are but a novice, and I like you the better: for your's is the only buſineſs wherein people do not profit by experience.——You are very handſome.—It is pity you ſhould continue in this abandoned ſtate.—Give me a kiſs—Nay, be not coy to me.——I proteſt you are as full of beauty as the roſe is of ſweetneſs, and I of love as its ſtalk is full of briars,——Oh! that we were as cloſely joined together too.

HIL. Why, you will commit a rape yourſelf, Mr. Juſtice.

SQUEEZ. If I thought you would prove conſtant, I would take you into keeping: for I have not liked a woman ſo much theſe many years.

HIL. I will humour this old villain, I am reſolved. [*Aſide.*

SQUEEZ. What think you, could you be conſtant to a vigorous, healthy, middle-aged man, hey!——Could this buy thy affections off from a ſet of idle raſcals, who carry their gold upon their backs; and have pockets as empty as their heads? Fellows who are greater curſes on a woman than the vapours; for as thoſe perſuade her into imaginary diſeaſes, theſe preſent her with real.——Let thy ſilence give conſent: here take this purſe as an earneſt of what I'll do for you.

HIL. Well, and what ſhall I do for this?

SQUEEZ. You ſhall do——You ſhall do nothing; I will do. I will be a verb active, and you ſhall be a verb paſſive.

HIL. I wiſh you be not of the neuter gender.

SQUEEZ. Why, you little arch rouge, do you underſtand Latin, huſſy?

HIL. A little, Sir! My father was a country parſon, and gave all his children a good education. He taught his daughters to write and read himſelf.

SQUEEZ. What, have you ſiſters, then?

HIL. Alack-a-day, Sir! ſixteen of us, and all in the *ſame way of buſineſs.*

SQUEEZ. Ay, this it is to teach daughters to write. I would as ſoon put a ſword into the hand of a madman, as a pen into thoſe of a woman; for a pen in the hand of a woman is as ſure an inſtrument of propagation, as a ſword in that of a madman is of deſtruction [*Aſide.*]——Sure, my dear, the ſpirit of love muſt run very ſtrongly in the blood of your whole family.

HIL. Oh, Sir! it was a villainous man of war that harboured near us.—My poor ſiſters were ruined by the officers, and I fell a martyr to the chaplain.

SQUEEZ. Ay, ay, the ſailors are as fatal to our women as the ſoldiers are. One Venus roſe from the ſea, and thouſands have ſet in it.—But not Venus herſelf could compare to thee, my little honey-ſuckle.

HIL. Be not ſo hot, Sir.

SQUEEZ. Bid the touchwood be cold behind the burning-glaſs. The touchwood is not more eaſily kindled by the ſun, than I by your dear eyes.

HIL. The touchwood is not drier, I dare ſwear. [*Aſide.*

SQUEEZ. But hark, I hear my wife returning.—Leave word with my clerk where I ſhall ſend to you—I will be the kindeſt of keepers, very conſtant, and very liberal——

HIL. Two charming qualities in a lover!

SQUEEZ. My pretty noſegay, you will find me vaſtly preferable to idle young rakehells. Beſides, you are ſafe with me. You are as ſafe with a Juſtice in England, as a prieſt abroad; gravity is the beſt cloak for ſin, in all countries.——Be ſure to be punctual to the time I ſhall appoint you.

HIL. Be not afraid of me.

SQUEEZ. Adieu, my pretty charmer. I ſhall burn with impatience.

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM *ſolus.*

Go thy ways for a charming girl! Now, if I can get her at this wild fellow's expence, I ſhall have performed the part of a ſhrewd juſtice; for I would make others

others pay for my ſins as well as their own. I fancy my wife hath ſufficiently frightened him by this, and that he will truckle to any terms to be acquitted; for I muſt own ſhe will pump a man much better than I.——Oh! here they come. I muſt deal with my gentleman now in another ſtyle.

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE.

RAMB. Well, Sir, is the lady determined to ſwear ſtoutly?

SQUEEZ. Truly, it is hard to ſay what ſhe determines; ſhe is gone to aſk the advice of a divine and a lawyer.

RAMB. Then the odds is againſt me: for the lawyer will certainly adviſe her to ſwear; and it is poſſible the prieſt may not contradict her in it.

SQUEEZ. It is indeed a tickliſh point, and it were adviſeable to make it up as ſoon as poſſible. The firſt-loſs is always the leaſt. It is better to wet your coat than your ſkin, and to run home when the clouds begin to drop, than in the middle of the ſtorm. In ſhort, it were better to give a brace of hundred pounds to make up the matter now, than to venture the conſequence. I am heartily concerned, to ſee a gentleman in ſuch a misfortune. I am ſorry the age is ſo corrupt. Really I expect to ſee ſome grievous and heavy judgment fall on the nation. We are as bad as ever Sodom and Gomorrah were; and I wiſh we may not be as miſerable.

RAMB. Hark'e, juſtice; I take a ſermon to be the firſt puniſhment which a man undergoes after conviction. It is very hard I muſt be condemned to it before-hand.

MRS. SQUEEZ. Nay, Sir, I am ſure Mr. Squeezum ſpeaks for your good.——I ſhall get a necklace out of this affair. [*Aſide.*

SQUEEZ. Ay, that I am ſure I do; my intereſt lies ways not one way or the other.—I would, were I in that gentleman's circumſtances, do what I adviſe him to.

RAMB. *Faith, Sir,* that I muſt doubt: for were

you in my circumſtances, you would not be worth the money.

SQUEEZ. Nay, Sir, now you jeſt with me; a gentleman can never be at a loſs for ſuch a trifle.

RAMB. Faith, you miſtake. I know a great many gentlemen not worth three farthings. He that reſolves to be honeſt, cannot reſolve not to be poor.

SQUEEZ. A gentleman, and poor! Sir, they are contradictions. A man may as well be a ſcholar without learning, as a gentleman without riches. But I have no time to dally with you. If you do not underſtand good uſage, while it is dealt you, you may, when you feel the reverſe. The affair may now be made up for a trifle: the time may come when your whole fortune would be too little.—An hour's delay in the making up an offence is as dangerous as in the ſewing up of a wound.

RAMB. Well, you have over-perſuaded me; I'll take your advice.

SQUEEZ. I'll engage you will not repent it.—I don't queſtion but you will regard me as your friend.

RAMB. That I do, indeed. And to give you the moſt ſubſtantial inſtance of it, I will aſk a favour, which is expected only from the moſt intimate friendſhip—which is, that you would be ſo kind to lend me the money.

SQUEEZ. Alack-a-day, Sir, I have not ſuch a ſum in my command. Beſides, how muſt it look in me, who am an officer of juſtice, to lend a culprit money wherewith to evade juſtice! Alas, Sir, we muſt conſider our characters in life, we muſt act up to our characters; and tho' I deviate a little from mine, in giving you advice, it would be entirely forſaking the character of a juſtice to give you money.

MRS. SQUEEZ. I wonder how you could aſk it.

RAMB. Neceſſity obliges to any thing, Madam. Mr. Squeezum was ſo kind to ſhew me the neceſſity of giving money, and my pockets were ſo cruel to ſhew me the impoſſibility of it.

SQUEEZ. Well, Sir, if you cannot pay for your *tranſgreſſions* like the rich, you muſt ſuffer for them *like the poor.*——Here, Conſtable.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

SQUEEZUM, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, STAFF, CONSTABLES.

SQUEEZ. Take away your priſoner; keep him in ſafe cuſtody, till farther orders. If you come to a wiſer reſolution within theſe two hours, ſend me word: after that it will be too late.

RAMB. Heark'e, Mr. Juſtice, you had better uſe me as you ought, and acquit me; for if you do any thing which you cannot defend, hang me, if I am not revenged on you.

SQUEEZ. Hang you!——I wiſh there may not be more meaning in thoſe words than you imagine.

RAMB. 'Sdeath! you old raſcal, I can ſcarce forbear rattling thoſe old dry bones of thine, till they crack thy withered ſkin.

SQUEEZ. Bear evidence of this; I am threatened in the execution of my office.

RAMB. Come, honeſt Mr. Conſtable, Mr. nocturnal juſtice, let me go any where from this fellow—The night hath choſen a better juſtice than the day.

SCENE IX.

SQUEEZUM, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM.

SQUEEZ. I am afraid I ſhall make nothing of this fellow at laſt. I have a mind to diſcharge him.

MRS. SQUEEZ. Oh! by no means; for I am ſure he hath money.

SQUEEZ. Yes, and ſo am I. But ſuppoſe he will not part with it; it is impoſſible to take it from him: for there is no law yet in being to ſkreen a juſtice of peace from a downright robbery.

MRS. SQUEEZ. Try him a little longer, however.

SQUEEZ. I will till the afternoon; but if he ſhould not conſent by that time, I muſt diſcharge him; for I have no hopes in the woman's ſwearing. She is diſcharged already.

MRS. SQUEEZ. I'll make him a viſit at the conſtable's houſe, and try if I can alarm him into a compoſition. *I may make him* do more than you imagine.

SQUEEZ. Do ſo, my dear—I doubt not your power —Good-morrow, honey.

MRS. SQUEEZ. But, my dear, pray remember the hundred guineas.

SQUEEZ. Yes, yes, I ſhall remember them; they are not likely to be ſoon forgotten.—Follow me to my eſcritore.

SCENE X.

Mrs. SQUEEZUM *ſola.*

Since you are ſure of going to the devil, honeſt ſpouſe, I'll take care to equip you with a pair of horns, that you may be as like one another as poſſible. This dear wild fellow muſt be mine, and ſhall be mine: I like him ſo well, that if he had even raviſhed me, on my conſcience I ſhould have forgiven him.

SCENE XI. *Mr.* WORTHY'*s.*

WORTHY, POLITICK.

WOR. Upon my word, Mr. Politick, I am heartily ſorry for this occaſion of renewing our acquaintance. I can imagine the tenderneſs of a parent, tho' I never was one.

POL. Indeed, neighbour Worthy, you cannot imagine half the troubles, without having undergone them. Matrimony baulks our expectations every way; and our children as ſeldom prove comforts to us as our wives. I had but two—whereof one was hanged long ago—and the other I ſuppoſe may be in a fair way by this.

WOR. In what manner did ſhe eſcape from you?

POL. She had taken leave of me to retire to reſt, not half an hour before I heard of her departure. I impute it all to the wicked inſtructions of an imp of the devil called a chamber-maid, who is the companion of her flight.

WOR. But do you know of no lover?

POL. Let me ſee——hey!——there hath been a fellow in a red coat, with whom ſhe hath converſed for *ſome time, in ſpite* of my teeth.

WOR. Depend on it, he is the occaſion of your loſs: I can grant you a warrant againſt him, if you know his name, tho' I fear you are too late.

POL. No, Sir, I am not too late; my daughter is an heireſs, and you know the puniſhment of ſtealing an heireſs. If I could hang the raſcal, it would be ſome ſatisfaction.

WOR. That will be impoſſible, without her conſent; and truly, if ſhe be married, I would adviſe you to follow the example of that emperor, who, when he diſcovered ſomething worſe than a marriage between one of his ſubjects and his daughter, choſe rather to let him enjoy her as his own, than puniſh him.

POL. Pray where did that emperor reign?

WOR. I have almoſt forgotten, but I think it was one of the Greek emperors, or one of the Turks.

POL. Bring me no example from the Turks, good Mr. Worthy, I find no ſuch affinity in our intereſts. Sir, I dread and abhor the Turks. I wiſh we do not feel them, before we are aware.

WOR. But Sir——

POL. But me no buts——what can be the reaſon of all this warlike preparation, which all our news-papers have informed us of. Yes, and the ſame news-papers a hundred times in the ſame words. Is the deſign againſt Perſia? Is the deſign againſt Germany? Is the deſign againſt Italy?——Suppoſe we ſhould ſee Turkiſh gallies in the channel? We may feel them, yes, we may feel them in the midſt of our ſecurity; Troy was taken in its ſleep, and ſo may we.

WOR. Sure, Sir, you are aſleep, or in a dream——

POL. Yes, yes, theſe things are called idle dreams—the juſteſt apprehenſions may be ſtyled dreams—but let me tell you, Sir, men betray their own ignorance often, in attacking that of other men.

WOR. But what is all this to your daughter?

POL. Never tell me of my daughter, my country is dearer to me than a thouſand daughters; ſhould the Turks come among us, what would become of our daughters then? and our ſons, and our wives, and our eſtates, and our houſes, and our religion, and our *liberty.—When a* Turkiſh aga ſhould command our

nobility, and janizaries make grandfathers of lords? Where ſhould we look for Britain then?

Wor. Truly, where I may look for Mr. Politick now, in the clouds.

Pol. Give me leave, Sir, only to let you a little into the preſent ſtate of Turkey.

Wor. I muſt beg to be excuſed, Sir; if I can be of any ſervice to you in relation to your daughter, you may command my attention: I may probably defend you from your own countrymen, but truly from the Turks I cannot.

Pol. I am glad to hear you have ſome apprehenſion of them, as well as myſelf.—That you are not ſo ſtupidly beſotted, as I meet with ſome people at the coffee-houſe; but perhaps you are not enough apprized of the danger. Give me leave only to ſhew you how it is poſſible for the Grand Signior to find an ingreſs into Europe.—Suppoſe, Sir, this ſpot I ſtand on to be Turkey—then here is Hungary—very well—here is France, and here is England—granted—then we will ſuppoſe he had poſſeſſion of Hungary—what then remains but to conquer France, before we find him at our own coaſt.—But, Sir, this is not all the danger; now I will ſhew you how he can come by ſea to us.

Wor. Dear Sir, refer that to ſome other time; you have ſufficiently ſatisfied me, I aſſure you.

Pol. It is almoſt time to go to the coffee-houſe—ſo, dear Mr. Worthy, I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Wor. Mr. Politick, your very humble ſervant.

SCENE XII.

WORTHY *ſolus.*

I recollect the dawnings of this political humour to have appeared when we were at the Bath together; but it hath riſen finely in theſe ten years. What an enthuſiaſm muſt it have arrived to, when it could make him forget the loſs of his only daughter! The greateſt part of mankind labour under one delirium or other: and Don Quixote differed from the reſt, *not in madneſs*, but the ſpecies of it. The covetous, the

the prodigal, the ſuperſtitious, the libertine, and the coffee-houſe politician, are all Quixottes in their ſeveral ways.

That man alone from madneſs free, we find,
Who, by no wild unruly paſſion blind,
To reaſon gives the conduct of his mind.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

HILARET, CLORIS, *meeting.*

HILARET.

DEAR Cloris.

CLO. Dear Madam, is it you? you altogether?

HIL. Ay, ay, altogether, thank Heavens! I had like to have loſt ſomething, but all ſafe, I aſſure you.

CLO. Ah! Madam, I wiſh it were.

HIL. What, don't you believe me?

CLO. I wiſh you could not me, or I myſelf. Poor captain Conſtant——

HIL. What of him?

CLO. Oh! Madam!

HIL. Speak quickly, or kill me, which you pleaſe—

CLO. ——Is taken up for a rape.

HIL. How!

CLO. It is too true, his own ſervant told me.

HIL. His ſervant belied him, and ſo do you—— Shew me where he is, if he be in a dungeon, I'll find him out.

CLO. Very generous indeed, Madam! A king ſhould ſooner viſit a priſoner for treaſon, than I a lover for a rape.

HIL. It would be unpardonable in me to entertain ſo flagrant a belief of the firſt hearing, againſt a man who hath given me ſuch ſubſtantial proofs of his conſtancy: beſides, an affair of my own, makes me the *more doubtful* of the truth of this; but if there

appear any proof of ſuch a fact, I will drive him ever from my thoughts.

CLO. Yes, Madam, Juſtice Squeezum will t care to have him driven another way.

HIL. Juſtice Squeezum! Let me hug you for t information. Now, I can almoſt ſwear he is in cent: I have ſuch an adventure to ſurprize you wi but let me not loſe a moment—come, ſhew me way.

CLO. Poor creature! ſhe knows the way to her ſtruction too well——but it would be impertine in a ſervant to put her out of it. [*A*

SCENE II. *The Conſtable's houſe.*

CONSTANT *alone.*

I begin to be of that philoſopher's opinion, ſaid, that whoever will entirely conſult his own h pineſs, muſt be little concerned about the happi of others. Good-nature is Quixotiſm, and e princeſs Micomicona will lead her deliverer int cage. What had I to do to interpoſe! What h did the misfortunes of an unknown woman bring that I ſhould hazard my own happineſs and repu tion on her account?——But ſure, to ſwear a r againſt me for having reſcued her from a raviſher an unparalleled piece of ingratitude.

SCENE III.

CONSTANT *and Mrs.* STAFF.

MRS. STAFF. Will your honour pleaſe to drin dram, or ſome 'rack punch?

CONST. Dear Madam, do not trouble me; I drink nothing.

MRS. STAFF. Truly, Sir, but I can. Not tro you! I had never ſuch a cuſtomer here before. a captain charged with a rape!—I ſhould ſooner t you for ſome poor attorney, charged with forgery perjury; or a travelling parſon, with ſtealing a g and caſſock.

Cou

CONST. Drink what you will, and I'll pay what you pleaſe.

MRS. STAFF. Thank your honour! your honour will not be offended, I hope——we ſtand at a great rent: and truly, ſince this gin act, trade hath been ſo dull, that I have often wiſhed my huſband would live by the highway himſelf, inſtead of taking highwaymen.

CONST. You are not the only wife who would give her huſband this advice, I dare ſwear. Nay, were men all ſo uxorious to take it, Tyburn would have as much buſineſs as Doctors-Commons.

MRS. STAFF. I wiſh it had more; for we muſt ſtand and fall by one another; no buſineſs there, no buſineſs here; and truly captain, 'tis with ſorrow I ſay it, where we have one felon now, we had ten, a year or two ago——I have not ſeen one priſoner brought in for a rape this fortnight, except your honour. I hope your handſel will be lucky.

SCENE IV.

CONSTANT, STAFF, *Mrs.* STAFF.

STAFF. Captain, your ſervant, I ſuppoſe you will be glad of company—here is a very civil gentleman, I aſſure you.

MRS. STAFF. More gentlemen! this is rare news indeed.

CONST. I had rather be alone.

STAFF. I have but this one priſon-room, captain: beſides, I aſſure you, this is no common fellow, but a very fine gentleman, a captain too—and as merry a one——

CONST. What is the cauſe of his misfortune?

STAFF. A rape, captain, a rape—no diſhonourable offence—I would not have brought any ſcoundrels into your honour's company: but rape and murder, no gentleman need be aſhamed of; and this is an honeſt brother-raviſher—I have raviſhed women myſelf formerly: but a wife blunts a man's edge. When once you are married, you will leave off raviſhing, I warrant you—to be bound in wedlock, is as good a ſe-

curity againſt rapes, as to be bound over to the peace is againſt murther.

Mrs. Staff. My huſband will have his jeſt, I hope your honour will pardon him.

Staff. But here is the gentleman.

SCENE V.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, STAFF, *Mrs.* STAFF.

Const. Prodigious!

Ram. Dear Conſtant!

Const. What in the name of wonder, hath brought you to England?

Ramb. What in the devil's name hath brought thee to the Conſtable's?

Const. Only a rape, Sir; no diſhonourable offence, as Mr. Conſtable hath ſaid it.

Ramb. You jeſt.

Staff. No, Sir, upon my word the captain is in earneſt.

Ramb. Why I ſhould ſooner have ſuſpected ermin or lawn-ſleeves. But I ſee gravity and hypocriſy are inſeparable.——Well, give me thy hand, brother, for our fortunes agree exactly.

Staff. And will agree in the end, I don't queſtion. This is not the firſt time of their meeting together on this account; a couple of old whore-maſters, I warrant them. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Staff. Will your honours pleaſe to drink any punch, noble captains, it will keep up your ſpirits?

Staff. Don't force the gentlemen, wife, to drink whether they will or no.—I wiſh you well off this affair—in the mean time, whatever my houſe affords is at your ſervice—and let me aſſure you, the more you drink, the leſs you will lament your misfortunes.

Ramb. Spoken like a true philoſopher.

SCENE VI.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE.

Ramb. But, dear Billy, I hope thou haſt not really committed, hey?

Const.

CONST. What I heartily repent of, I aſſure you. I reſcued a woman in the ſtreet, for which ſhe was ſo kind to ſwear a rape againſt me; but is gives me no uneaſineſs equal to the pleaſure I enjoy in ſeeing you.

RAMB. Ever kind and good-natured!

CONST. Yet I wiſh our meeting had been on another occaſion; for the freedom of your life, makes me ſuſpect the conſequence of your confinement may be heavier than mine.

RAMB. I can't tell what the conſequence may be, nor ſhall I trouble myſelf about it: but I aſſure thee, no ſucking babe can be more innocent. If our caſes differ in any thing, it is in this, that my woman hath not ſworn.

CONST. This pleaſes me indeed!—But, pray, how came you to leave the Indies, where I thought you had been ſettled for life?

RAMB. Why on the ſame account that I went thither, that I now am here, by which I live, and for which I live, a woman.

CONST. A woman!

RAMB. Ay, a fine, young, rich woman! a widow with fourſcore thouſand pounds in her pocket—— there's a North ſtar to ſteer by.

CONST. What is her name?

RAMB. Her name——her name is Ramble.

CONST. What, married!

RAMB. Ay, Sir; ſoon after you left the Indies, honeſt Mr. Ingot left the world, and me the heir to his wife with all her effects.

CONST. I wiſh you joy, dear Jack; this thy good fortune hath ſo filled me with delight, that I have no room for my own ſorrows.

RAMB. But I have not unfolded half yet.

SOT. [*without.*] Let two quarts of rum be made into punch, let it be hot—hot as hell.

RAMB. D'ye hear, we are in a fine condition, 'faith!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, STAFF.

SOT. Here they are, here are a brace of deſponding whore-maſters for you——Ramble, what, nothing to ſay in praiſe of the women; Mark Anthony made a fine bargain, hey, when he gave the world for a woman? 'Sdeath! if he had been alive now, I'd have waged ſix gallons of claret I had ſeen him hanged for a rape——as I ſhall very ſuddenly my two worthy friends.

RAMB. Hearkee, Sotmore, if you ſay any thing againſt the women we'll cut your throat, and toſs juſtice in a murder into the bargain.

SOT. Not ſpeak againſt women! you ſhall as ſoon compel me not to drink; you ſhall ſow up my lips, if you do either.——Here, you, let the punch be gotten ready.

STAFF. It ſhall, an't pleaſe your honour. (This gentleman is a rare cuſtomer to a houſe; I wiſh he would commit a rape too.) [*Aſide.*

SCENE VIII.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE.

CONST. You muſt not rail againſt the ladies, Sotmore, before Ramble; for he is a married man.

RAMB. And what is better, my wife is at the bottom of the ſea.

SOT. And what is worſe, all her effects are at the bottom of the ſea with her.

CONST. How!

RAMB. Faith! Sotmore hath ſpoken truth for once. ——Notwithſtanding my pleaſantry, the lady and her fortune are both gone together; ſhe went to the other world fourſcore thouſand ſtrong; and if there be any ſuch thing there, I don't queſtion but ſhe is married again by this time.

SOT. You would not take my advice. I have cautioned you never to truſt any thing on the ſame bot-

tom

tom with a woman. I would not enſure a ſhip that had a woman on board, for double the price.——The ſins of one woman are enough to draw down a judgment on a fleet.

RAMB. Here's a fellow, who, like a prude, makes ſin a handle to his abuſe.—Art thou not aſhamed to mention ſin—who art a cargo of iniquity? Why wilt thou fill thy venom'd mouth with that of others, when thou haſt ſuch ſtores of thy own?

CONST. What occaſioned your ſeparating?

RAMB. A ſtorm, and my ill ſtars. I left the ſhip wherein ſhe was to dine with the captain of one of our convoy, when a ſudden violent ſtorm ariſing, I loſt ſight of her ſhip, and from that day have never ſeen or heard of her.

SOT. Nor ever will—I heartily hope. Tho' as for the innocent cheſts, thoſe I wiſh delivered out of the deep. But the ſea knows its own good: it will be ſure to keep the money, tho' poſſibly it may refund the woman; for a woman will ſwim like a cork, and they are both of the ſame value; nay, the latter is the more valuable, as it preſerves our wine, which women often ſpoil.

CONST. Why, Sotmore, wine is the touchſtone of all merit with thee, as gold is to a ſtock-jobber; and thou would'ſt as ſoon ſell thy ſoul for a bottle, as he for a guinea.

SOT. Wine, Sir, is as apt a compariſon to every thing that is good, as woman is to every thing that is bad.

CONST. Fie, Sotmore, this railing againſt the ladies will make your company as ſcandalous to gentlemen, as railing at religion would to a parſon.

RAMB. Right, Conſtant! they are my religion, I am the high-prieſt of the ſex.

SOT. Women and religion! Women and the devil: he leaves his votaries in the lurch, and ſo do they.

CONST. I fancy, Ramble, this friend of ours will turn parſon, one day or other——

RAMB. If he was not ſuch a ſot, I ſhould think it poſſible.

SOT. Why faith! I am almoſt ſuperſtitious enough to

to fancy this a judgment on thee for breaking thy word—Did I not tell thee thou wert ſtrolling off to ſome little dirty whore? and you ſee the truth of my prophecy.

RAMB. Thou art in the right: it was not only a whore, but the moſt impudent of all whores——A modeſt whore.

CONST. A modeſt whore! let her be married to an honeſt attorney, by all means.

RAMB. And ſent together to people his majeſty's plantations.

SOT. Modeſty, now-a-days, as often covers impudence, as it doth ugline ſs. It is as uncertain a ſign of virtue as quality is, or as fine cloaths are of quality.

RAMB. Yet to do her right: the perſuaſions of the juſtice could not prevail with her to perjure herſelf.

SOT. Conſcientious ſtrumpet! ſhe hopes to pick your pocket another time, which it were charity to thee to wiſh ſhe might: for if thou eſcapeſt this, ſhe certainly will have an opportunity.

RAMB. Pray, honeſt Nol, how didſt thou find us out? for a boy would as ſoon have ſent for his ſchool-maſter when he was caught in an orchard, as I for thee on this occaſion.

SOT. Find you out! why the town rings of you——there is not a huſband or guardian in it, but what is ready to get drunk for joy. If the woman be not gold proof, ſhe will be bribed to ſwear againſt you. You are a nuſance, Sir! I don't believe he hath been in town ſix days, and he hath had above ſixteen women.

RAMB. And they are a nobler pleaſure than ſo many gallons which thou haſt ſwallowed in that time.

SOT. Sir, I pay my vintner, and therefore do no injury.

RAMB And, Sir, I do no injury: and therefore have no reaſon to pay.

SOT. Hey-day! is taking away a man's wife or daughter no injury?

RAMB. Not when the wife is weary of her huſband, and the daughter longs for one.

CONST. Art thou not aſhamed, Sotmore, to throw a man's ſins in his face, while he is ſuffering for them?

SOT.

SOT. That is the time, Sir; beſides, you ſee what an effect it hath on him: you might as well rail at a knight of the poſt in the pillory.

RAMB. Let him alone, the punch will be here immediately, and then he'll have no leiſure to rail.

SOT. Is it not enough to make a man rail, to have parted with a friend happy in the night, and to find him the next morning in ſo fair a way to—Death and damnation! ſhew me the whore; I'll be revenged on her and the whole ſex. If thou art hanged for raviſhing, I'll be hanged for murdering her. Deſcribe the little miſchief to me. Is ſhe tall, ſhort, black, brown, fair? In what form hath the devil diſguiſed himſelf?

RAMB. In a very beautiful one, I aſſure you: ſhe hath the fineſt ſhape that ever was beheld, genteel to a miracle; then the brighteſt eyes that ever glanced on a lover, the prettieſt little mouth, and lips as red as a cherry: and for her breaſts, not ſnow, marble, lillies, alabaſter, ivory, can come up to their whiteneſs; but their little, pretty, firm, round form, no art can imitate, no thought conceive.——Oh! Sotmore, I could die ten thouſand millions of times upon them————

SOT. You are only like to die once for them.

CONST. All theſe raptures about a common whore, Ramble?

SOT. Ay, every woman he ſees, they are all alike to him, modeſt or immodeſt, high or low, from the garret to the cellar, St. James's to the Stews; find him but a woman, and he'll make an angel of her.—He hath the ſame taſte for women, as a child for pictures, or a hungry glutton for an entertainment: every piece is a Venus, and every diſh an ortelan.

RAMB. To ſay the truth of her, Sotmore muſt have allowed her handſome, and I muſt allow her to have been a damn'd, confounded, common ——

SCENE IX.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, HILARET.

RAMB. Ha! conjured up, by Jupiter! Well, my little

little enemy, do the prieſt and the lawyer conſent—and will you ſwear—ha!

HIL. [*Not regarding* Ramble, *runs to* Conſtant.] My Conſtant!

RAMB. Hey-day! what, are we both in for raviſhing the ſame woman?—I ſee by her fondneſs, he hath really raviſhed her.

CONST. O, Hilaret! this kindneſs of yours ſinks me the deeper; can you bear to think on one accuſed of ſuch a crime as I am?

HIL. Never to believe it can I bear.

CONST. How ſhall I repay this goodneſs! Then, by Heavens I am innocent. [*They talk a-part.*

RAMB. Hey! the devil!——Is this Conſtant's miſtreſs! Here will be fine work i'faith! [*Aſide.*

SOT. Is this the lady that did you the favour, Sir? [*To* Ramble.

RAMB. This the lady! No——why this is a woman of virtue; tho' ſhe hath a great reſemblance of the other, I muſt confeſs.

SOT. Then I ſuppoſe this is the woman Conſtant hath toaſted this half year—his honourable miſtreſs, with a pox.——Rare company for a man who is in cuſtody for a rape!

HIL. And was you in that ſcuffle which parted me and my maid in Leiceſter-Fields?

CONST. It was there this unfortunate accident happened, while I was going to the place of our appointment.

HIL. It had like to have occaſioned another to me, which, that I eſcaped, I am to thank this gentleman.

RAMB. Oh, Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant. Was it you, dear Madam?

CONST. Ha! is it poſſible my friend can have ſo far indebted me!——This is a favour I can never return.

RAMB. You over-rate it, upon my ſoul you do; I am ſufficiently repaid by this embrace.

CONST. I can never repay thee.—Would'ſt thou have given me worlds, it could not have equalled the *leaſt favour* conferred on this lady.

RAMB.

RAMB. I ſhould have conferred ſome favours on her indeed, if ſhe would have accepted them. [*Aſide.*

HIL. I am glad it is to Mr. Conſtant's friend I am obliged.

SOT. Yes, you are damnably obliged to him for his character of you. [*Aſide.*

CONST. My dear Hilaret, ſhall I beg to hear it all? I can have no pleaſure equal to finding new obligations to this gentleman.

HIL. Since you deſire it———

RAMB. I fancy, Madam, your fright at that time may have occaſioned your forgetting ſome circumſtance; therefore ſince captain Conſtant deſires it, I will tell him the ſtory.—I had juſt parted with this gentleman, when I heard a young lady's voice crying out for help; (I think the word Rape was mentioned, but that I cannot perfectly remember;) upon this, making directly to the place where the noiſe proceeded, I found this lady in the arms of a very rude fellow———

HIL. The moſt impudent fellow, ſure, that ever was born!

RAMB. A very impudent fellow, and yet a very cowardly one; for the moment I came up, he quitted his hold, and was gone out of ſight in the twinkling of an eye.

CONST. My dear Ramble, what haſt thou done for me!

RAMB. No obligation, dear Conſtant! I would have done the ſame for any man breathing. But to proceed: the watch came up, who would not be ſatisfied with what ſhe then ſaid, but conveyed us both to the Round-Houſe, whence we were carried in the morning before juſtice Squeezum, and by him, notwithſtanding this lady's proteſtations, your humble ſervant was committed to that place where he now finds himſelf with this good company.

CONST. Oh, my friend?—May Heaven ſend me an opportunity of ſerving thee in the ſame manner!

RAMB. May that be the only prayer which it denies to Conſtant.

SCENE

SCENE X.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, HILARET, STAFF.

STAFF. The punch is ready, gentlemen, you may walk down; the liberty of my houſe is at your ſervice.

SOT. And that is liberty enough, while thou haſt punch here. If thy houſe were a ſea of punch, I would not prefer any houſe in town to it.

STAFF. Your honour ſhall not want that.

SOT. And I ſhall want nothing more.

STAFF. Captain, a word with you. [*To* Ramble.] There's Madam Squeezum below deſires to ſpeak with you alone.

RAMB. Bring her up.—Sotmore, you muſt excuſe me a few moments, Conſtant and this lady will entertain you.

SOT. Let the moments be very few. I'll lay five gallons to one, this fellow hath another whore in his eye.

SCENE XI.

RAMBLE, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM.

RAMB. So; my affair with my friend's miſtreſs is happily over.——That I ſhould not know a modeſt woman! But there is ſo great an affectation of modeſty in ſome women of the town, and ſo great an affectation of impudence in ſome women of faſhion, that it is not impoſſible to miſtake. Now for Mrs. Juſtice, her buſineſs with me is not exceeding difficult to gueſs.

MRS. SQUEEZ. You will think I have a vaſt deal of charity, captain, who am not only the ſolicitreſs of your liberty at home to my huſband, but can carry my good-nature ſo far as to viſit you in your confinement. I cannot ſay but I have a generous pity for any one whom I imagine to be accuſed wrongfully.

RAMB. I am obliged to you indeed, Madam, for that ſuppoſal.

MRS. SQUEEZ. You are the cauſe of it. Where-

fore

fore do you imagine I ventured myſelf alone with you this morning?

RAMB. From your great humanity, Madam.

MRS. SQUEEZ. Alas, Sir! it was to try whether you were really the man you were reported to be; and I am certain I found you as inoffenſive, quiet, civil, well-bred a gentleman, as any virtuous woman could have wiſhed. Your behaviour was ſo modeſt, that I can never imagine it poſſible you ſhould have been guilty of a rape. No over-grown alderman of ſixty, or taper beau of ſix and twenty, could have been more innocent company.

RAMB. Whu!——— [*Aſide.*

MRS. SQUEEZ. Your then carriage hath wrought ſo great an effect upon me, that I have ventured to truſt myſelf here with you; nay, I could truſt myſelf any where with ſo modeſt a gentleman.

RAMB. I'll take care, Madam, never to forfeit your good opinion of me; you may truſt yourſelf with me any where; I'll never behave in any other manner than becomes the beſt bred man alive with the beſt bred lady. I ſwear by this ſoft hand, theſe lips, and all the millions of charms that dwell in this dear body.

MRS. SQUEEZ. What do you mean?

RAMB. I know not what I mean; tongue can't expreſs, nor thought conceive—we can only feel the exquiſite pleaſures love has in ſtore.

MRS. SQUEEZ. Nay, I proteſt and vow.

RAMB. Proteſtations are as vain as ſtruggling. This cloſet hath a bed in it that would not diſgrace a palace.

SOT. [*At the door.*] Why, Ramble! Jack Ramble! Art thou not aſhamed to leave thy friends thus, for ſome little dirty ſtrumpet? If thou doſt not come immediately, we'll break open the door, and drown her in punch.

MRS. SQUEEZ. [*Softly.*] I am undone!———

RAMB. Fear nothing.——Go to your bowl, I'll come this inſtant.

SOT. I'll not wag without you.

RAMB. Then I'll come down, break your bowl, and ſpill all your liquor.

SOT. *Bring thy whore* along with thee; there's one there

there already, ſhe'll be glad of her company: if you don't come in an inſtant, I will be back again.

MRS. SQUEEZ. What ſhall I do?

RAMB. My angel! love ſhall inſtruct thee.

MRS. SQUEEZ. Let me go—ſome other time—I will not run any venture here.

RAMB. I will not part with you.

MRS. SQUEEZ. You ſhall hear from me in half an hour. You ſhall have your liberty, and I'll appoint you where to meet me.

RAMB. Shall I depend on you?

MRS. SQUEEZ. You may——Adieu.——Don't follow me: I can ſlip out a back way.

RAMB. Farewel, my angel!

SCENE XII.

RAMBLE, *ſolus.*

Confound this drunken raſcal! this is not the firſt time he hath ſpoiled an intrigue for me. But hold, as I am to have my liberty before-hand, I don't think this half hour's delay at all unlucky. That conſideration may ſufficiently compenſate the ſtaying of my ſtomach. This adventure of mine begins to put on a tolerable aſpect. An intrigue with a rich juſtice's wife, is not to be ſlighted by a young fellow of a deſperate fortune. I do not doubt but in a very ſhort time, when I am taken up for the next rape, to bribe the juſtice with his own money.—Lend a man your gold, he may forget the debt; venture your life for him, he may forget the obligation; but once engage his wife, and you ſecure his friendſhip. There is no friend in all extremity ſo ſure as your cuckold—and the ſureſt hold you can take of a man, as of a bull, is by his horns.

SCENE XIII.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET.

SOT. Ha! what's become of thy wench? If thou hadſt none, thy abſence was the more inexcuſable.

CONST. O Ramble! this our better genius hath invented the moſt notable plot?——Such a net is laid

for

for the juſtice! it will at once entangle him, and diſentangle us. Mr. Hogſhead here is to play his part too.

RAMB. I am ſorry we cannot do without him; for ſhould there be any claret in his way, he'd diſappoint the whole affair for one bottle.

SOT. Not for the beſt Burgundy in France. This lady hath won my heart by one bumper.—By all the pleaſures of drinking, Madam, I like you more than your whole ſex put together. There is no honeſty in man or woman, that will not drink. Honeſty is tried in wine, as gold is in the fire. Madam, you have made a conqueſt of me. I'll drink your health as long as I can ſtand, and that's as long as a reaſonable woman can require.

HIL. I am exceedingly proud of my conqueſt over a man of Mr. Sotmore's good ſenſe.

CONST. Upon my word you may, you are the firſt woman I believe he ever was civil to.

SOT. It was becauſe they none of them had your merit; a parcel of tea-drinking ſluts.——If I had a daughter that drank tea, I would turn her out of doors. The reaſon that men are honeſter than women is, their liquors are ſtronger. If the ſex were bred up to brandy and tobacco, if they all liked drinking as well as you ſeem to do, Madam, I ſhould turn a lover.

RAMB. Why, Conſtant, ſuch another compliment would make thee jealous.

HIL. Upon my word, he hath reaſon already!

SOT. Madam, I like you; and if a bottle of Burgundy were on one ſide, and you on the other, I do not know which I ſhould chuſe.

CONST. Thou would'ſt chuſe the bottle, I am ſure.

RAMB. But I long to hear this conſpiracy.

SOT. Then it muſt be below. I ſtrictly forbid any ſecrets to be told but at the council-table. The roſe is ever underſtood over the drinking-room, and a glaſs is the ſureſt turnkey to the lips.

CONST. That's contrary to the opinion of philoſophers.

SOT. Of the ſober ones it may; but all your wiſe philoſophers were a ſet of the moſt drunken dogs alive. I never knew a ſober fellow but was an aſs——and

your

your aſs is the ſobereſt of all animals. Your ſober philoſophers, and their works, have been buried long ago. I remember a ſaying of that great philoſopher and poet, Horace, who wrote in Falernian inſtead of ink:

No verſes laſt——can long eſcape the night,
Which the dull ſcribling water-drinkers write.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, SQUEEZUM'S.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

SQUEEZUM.

YOU delivered my letter?

QUILL. Yes, an't pleaſe your worſhip, I left it at the coffee-houſe, where ſhe directed me.

SQUEEZ. Very well.——Quill!

QUILL. Sir,

SQUEEZ. I think I may truſt thee with any ſecret—and what I am now going to tell, will ſhew thee what a confidence I put in thee.——In ſhort, Quill, I ſuſpect my wife—

QUILL. Of what, Sir?

SQUEEZ. I am afraid that I am not the only perſon free with her, and that I am free of the corporation of cuckolds.

QUILL. Then your worſhip is free of all the corporations in England.

SQUEEZ. Now thou knoweſt that there are very wholeſome laws againſt cuckoldom: the advantage of a man's horns is, that he may ſhove his wife out of doors with them.

QUILL. And that is no inconſiderable advantage.

SQUEEZ. But there muſt be a diſcovery firſt. It is not enough that a man knows himſelf to be a cuckold; the world muſt know it too. He that will keep his horns in his pocket, muſt keep his wife in his boſom. Therefore, Quill, as it is in your power to obſerve my

wife,

wife, I aſſure you a very handſome reward on her conviction: for I begin to find, that if I do not diſcover her, ſhe will ſhortly diſcover me, or ruin be by bribing her to hold her tongue. It is not a little gold will make a gag for a woman.

QUILL. Sir, I ſhall be as diligent as poſſible.

SQUEEZ. And I as liberal on your ſucceſs.

[*Exit* Squeezum.

SCENE II.

QUILL *ſolus.*

Indeed, juſtice, that bait will not do. I know you too well to truſt to your liberality. Your wife will reward ſervices better than you. Beſides, I have too much honour to take fees on both ſides —And ſince I am her pimp in ordinary, I'll go like an honeſt and dutiful ſervant, and diſcover this conſpiracy: for ſhould ſhe once be turned out of the family, I ſhould make but a ſlender market of this cloſe-finger'd juſtice, whoſe covetouſneſs would ſuffer no rogues to live but himſelf.

SCENE III.

The CONSTABLE'*s Houſe.*

RAMBLE, CONSTANT.

RAMB. This little miſtreſs of yours is the moſt dextrous politician, if that drunken puppy doth not diſappoint us.

CONST. Never fear him: he hath cunning enough; and there hath been ſo long a war in his head between wine and his ſenſes, that they ſeem now to have come to an agreement that he is never to be quite in them, nor ever quite out of them: his life is one continued ſcene of being half drunk.

RAMB. Well, as we can be of no farther uſe in the affair, but muſt ſtay here and expect the iſſue; pr'ythee tell me what hath become of you theſe three long years ſince you quitted the ſervice of the Eaſt-India company, and came over to England with Sotmore?

CONST. Why, at my firſt return to England, the proſpect of war was in every one's eye; and not only the reports of the people, but the augmentation of the troops aſſured us of its approach: upon which, I reſolved to embarque my ſmall remains of fortune in the ſervice of my country, and obtained the ſame commiſſion on that occaſion, which I had enjoyed in the Indies. My hiſtory is not very full of adventures: I continued therein till the reduction, when I ſhared the fate of ſeveral unhappy brave fellows, and I was ſent a begging with a red coat on my back.

RAMB. It is the faculty of the cloth to be ragged. ——Red is as apt to be ragged, as white to be ſpoiled. It is commonly the fate of our brave ſoldiers to bring home ragged cloaths, as well as colours, and both are rewarded by Weſtminſter-hall——the one is hung up in it, and the other is locked up ſafe by an order from it; for, Heaven be prais'd! the gaols are always open hoſpitals for us.

CONST. The only happineſs which hath attended me ſince my return, is my having contracted an intimacy with that young lady whom you ſaw here; which hath proceeded ſo far, that laſt night we had appointed to meet in order to our marriage; but as I was juſt arrived at the place, a woman well-dreſſed was attacked in the ſtreet by a ruffian. I immediately flying to her aſſiſtance, the fellow quitted her, and left me alone in the poſſeſſion of the watch, who early this morning carried me before juſtice Squeezum, and by him I was committed hither.

RAMB. What, did ſhe appear againſt you?

CONST. No; they ſaid ſhe was ill of ſome bruiſes ſhe had received, but deſired I might be kept in cuſtody till the afternoon, at which time ſhe would appear againſt me. But by what Hilaret had told us, and by ſome methods which have been uſed to extort money from me, I am inclined to fancy it all a contrived piece of villany of the juſtice, and not of the woman's, as I firſt imagined.

RAMB. Be aſſured of it;—if there be roguery, the juſtice hath the chief part in it. But, comfort yourſelf with the expectation of revenge; for I think he can-

cannot poſſibly eſcape the net we have ſpread, unleſs the devil have more gratitude than he is reported to have, and will aſſiſt his very good friend at a criſis.

CONST. But what do you intend in England, where you have no friends?

RAMB. I know not yet whether I have or no. I left an old father here, and a rich one. He thought fit to turn me out of doors for ſome frolicks, which it is probable, if he yet lives, he may have forgiven me by this. But what's become of him I know not; for I have not heard one word of him theſe ten years.

CONST. I think you have been vaſtly careleſs in neglecting him ſo long.

RAMB. 'Tis as I have acted in all affairs of life; my thoughts have ever ſucceeded my actions; the conſequence hath cauſed me to reflect when it was too late. I never reaſoned on what I ſhould do, but what I had done; as if my reaſon had her eyes behind, and could only ſee backwards.

SCENE IV.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

STAFF. Here is a letter for your honour.

RAMB. [*Reads it.*] Ay, this is a letter indeed!

CONST. What is it?

RAMB. My freedom, under a ſign-manual from the queen of theſe regions.

CONST. Explain.

RAMB. Then, Sir, in plain Engliſh, without either trope or figure, it is a letter from the juſtice's wife, with an order to the conſtable for my liberty.

[*Reads.*

"SIR,

"I was no ſooner recovered of the fright which "that unmannerly friend of yours occaſioned, than I "have performed my promiſe. You will find me at "home: the conſtable hath orders by the bearer to "acquit you."

Here's good-nature for you! [*Kiſſes the letter.*] Thou dear wife of a damn'd rogue of a juſtice, I fly to thy arms

CONST. Heark'e! ſuppoſe you brought her to be a witneſs to our deſign—and—here, take this letter of aſſignation from the juſtice to Hilaret; it will give your diſcovery credit.

RAMB. An admirable thought! I fly to execute it. Dear Conſtant, good-morrow. I hope when next we meet, we ſhall meet

In happier climes, and on a ſafer ſhore,
Where no vile juſtice ſhall invade us more.

CONST. Succeſs attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Tavern.*

SQUEEZUM, DRAWER.

SQUEEZ. No woman been to enquire for Mr. Jones?

DRAW. Sir, I know of none; but I'll aſk at the bar, if you pleaſe.

SQUEEZ. Do—and leave word if any ſuch comes, to ſhew her up hither.——I have no reaſon to doubt her company, but I am impatient for it. I proteſt this woman hath revived the vigour of youth in me; ſure, I muſt have over-reckoned my years!——I cannot be above forty-nine at the moſt.——I wiſh this dear girl was come.—I am afraid I did wrong in giving her thoſe five ſhillings, in a purſe worth above two ſhillings more, which who knows but ſhe may be ſpending on ſome bully, who will perhaps ſend another preſent to me in return?

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

SQUEEZ. Oh! are you come—you little, pretty, dear, ſweet rogue!——I have been waiting for you theſe——theſe four hours at leaſt.

HIL. Young lovers are commonly earlier than their appointment.

SQUEEZ. Give me a kiſs for that.—Thou ſhalt find me a young lover, a vigorous young lover too.——Hit me a ſlap in the face, do.——Bow-wow! Bow-wow! I'll eat up your cloaths.——Come, what will you drink?

drink? white or red?——Women love white beſt. ——Boy, bring half a pint of mountain.—Come, ſit down; do, ſit down.——Come now let us hear the ſtory how you were firſt debauched.—Come—that I may put it down in my hiſtory at home. I have the hiſtory of all the women's ruin that ever I lay with, and I call it, THE HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.

HIL. I'll warrant it is as big as a church bible.

SQUEEZ. It is really of a good reputable ſize: I have done execution in my time.

HIL. And may do execution ſtill.

BOY. [*Without.*] Half a pint of mountain in the Lion, ſcore.

SQUEEZ. Well—but now let me have the hiſtory—Where did your amour begin—at church, I warrant you. More amours begin at church than end there. ——Or perhaps you went to ſee the man of war——Going to ſee fights hath ruined many a woman. No wonder children are lovers of them, ſince ſo many owe their being to them.

HIL. [*Aſide.*] I thank you for that remembrance, I had forgot my lover.——Ay, Sir, it was there indeed I ſaw him firſt; that was the fatal ſcene of our interview.

SQUEEZ. Well, and was the amour managed by letter, or by word of mouth?

HIL. by letter, Sir. I believe he writ two quires of paper to me before I would ſend him an anſwer: I returned him ſeveral unopened, and then ſeveral others opened.——But at laſt—he obtained an anſwer.

SQUEEZ. Well, and after your anſwer, what followed then?

HIL. Oh! he thought himſelf ſure of me, as ſoon as I had anſwered his letter.

SQUEEZ. Ay, I have always obſerved in my amours, that when I received an anſwer, I never failed of the woman; a woman follows her letter infallibly. Well, and what did he ſay in his ſecond letter?

HIL. Oh! he ſwore a thouſand fond things: that his love ſhould laſt as long as his life: that his whole happineſs depended on me——and a vaſt deal of that nature.

Squeez. Ay, ay, juſt as I have done myſelf. I find whoring is as methodical as the law.

Hil. And I fancy as tedious with you, old gentleman. [*Aſide.*

Squeez. Well, and how many letters did you write to him, ey!——before——

Hil. Not many. He did not want much encouragement.

Squeez. Then paſſing over the reſt of the ſuit, let us come to the laſt fatal meeting.

Hil. It was of a Sunday morning——

Squeez. Right. My old method: when other people are gone to church.

Hil. In an exceeding hot day.——

Squeez. May or June?——Women and cherries are commonly gathered in the ſame month.

Hil. I was fatigued with walking in the garden, and retired to an arbour to repoſe myſelf: gueſs what was my ſurprize when I found the dear perfidious had convey'd himſelf thither before me.

Squeez. A ſly dog! My old way again. An ambuſh is as uſeful in love as war.

Hil. At my firſt entrance, he pretended a ſurprize at ſeeing me unexpectedly: but on my queſtioning him how and with what deſign he had conveyed himſelf there, he immediately threw off the cloak, and confeſſed all: he flew to me, caught me in his arms with the moſt eager raptures, and ſwore the moſt violent love and eternal conſtancy. I in the greateſt agony of rage repelled him with my utmoſt force; he redoubled his attacks, I ſlackened my reſiſtance; he intreated, I raved; he ſigh'd, I cry'd; he preſſed, I ſwooned; he——

Squeez. Oh!—I can bear no longer, my angel! my paradiſe! my honey-ſuckle! my dove! my darling!

Hil. What do you mean, Sir?

Squeez. I mean to eat you up, to ſwallow you down, to ſqueeze you to pieces.

Hil. Help there! a rape! a rape!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE.

SOT. Hey-day! what in the devil's name is here? ——Juſtice Squeezum raviſhing a woman!

HIL. Oh! for Heaven's ſake, Sir, aſſiſt a poor forlorn hapleſs maid, whom this wicked man hath treacherouſly ſeduced.

SQUEEZ. Oh lud!—— Oh lud!

SOT. Fie upon you, Mr. Squeezum! you who are a magiſtrate, you who are the preſerver and executor of our laws, thus to be the breaker of them!

SQUEEZ. Can'ſt thou accuſe me?

HIL. You know too well how barbarouſly you have uſed me. For pity's ſake, Sir, ſecure him; do not let him eſcape, till we ſend for a conſtable. If there be any law for a juſtice, I am reſolved to hang him.

SQUEEZ. Oh lud! what ſhame have I brought myſelf to! that ever I ſhould live to ſee this day!

SOT. If thou hadſt ſtood to thy bottle like an honeſt fellow, this had never happened; but you muſt go a whoring with a pox to you, at your years too; with theſe ſpindle-ſhanks, that weezle face, that crane's neck of a body. Who would have imagined that ſuch an old withered may-pole as thou art ſhould attempt to fall on a woman? Why, thou wilt be the diverſion of the whole town.—Grub-ſtreet will dine a month on your account. Thou wilt be uſhered to Tyburn with more pomp than Alexander was uſhered into Babylon. Juſtice never triumphs ſo univerſally as at the execution of one of her own officers.

SQUEEZ. Sir, if there be truth on earth, I am as innocent——

SOT. All the innocence on earth will not ſave you. ——A man doth not always draw the rope by the weight of his ſins. Your innocence will not acquit you in a court of juſtice, againſt her oath; and when you come to the gallows, it will be in vain to plead your innocence. All's fiſh that comes to the net there. The gallows ſo ſeldom gets its due, that it never parts with what it gets.

HIL. Can you pretend to innocence? Was not this gentleman an eye-witneſs to your rudeneſs, to the injuries you offered me?

SOTM. Ay, ay, I can ſwear to the rape with as ſafe a conſcience as I can drink a glaſs of wine.

SQUEEZ. I ſee I am betrayed; I am caught in my own trap. There is but one way to eſcape, which is, the way I have opened to others. [*Aſide.*] I ſee, Madam, your deſign is to extort money from me. I am too well acquainted with the laws to contend: I hope you will be reaſonable; for I am poor, very poor, I aſſure you: it is not for men of my honeſty to be rich.

HIL. Sir, if you would give me millions, it ſhould not ſatisfy my revenge; you ſhall be hanged for an example to others.

SQUEEZ. Here's a cruel wretch! who prefers my blood to my gold, which is almoſt my blood.

SOT. Hey-day! what vehicle is this? a vinegar bottle?—Half a pint, by Jupiter! Why, thou ſneaking raſcal, can'ſt thou pretend to honeſty, when this dram-glaſs hath been found upon thee? Were I thy judge, or thy jury, this very ſneaking vehicle ſhould hang thee, without any other evidence. But come, ſince you are to be hanged, I'll drink one bumper to your good journey to the other world.—You will find abundance of your acquaintance, whom you have ſent before you.——And now, I'll go call the drawer to fetch a conſtable.

SQUEEZ. Hold, hold, Sir; for mercy ſake do not expoſe me ſo.—Will nothing content you, Madam?

HIL. Nothing but the rigour of the law. Sir, I beſeech you loſe no time, but ſend for the conſtable immediately.

SQUEEZ. I'll do any thing; I'll conſent to any terms.

HIL. The conſtable! the conſtable!

SQUEEZ. Stay, dear Sir! I'll give you a hundred guineas; I'll do any thing.

HIL. Remember your vile commitment of two gentlemen this morning.——But I will revenge the injuries of my friends.—Sir, I beſeech you ſend for the officers.

SQUEEZ.

SQUEEZ. One is already diſmiſſed from his confinement, the other ſhall be diſmiſſed immediately.

HIL. It is too late.

SOTM. Hearkee, Sir, will you leave off whoring, and take to drinking for the future?

SQUEEZ. I'll leave them off both.

SOTM. Then you ſhall be hanged: but if you will commence honeſt fellow, and get drunk every day of your life, I'll intercede with this lady, that on your acquitting the gentlemen, you ſhall be acquitted yourſelf.

SQUEEZ. I'll do any thing, I'll quit any thing.

SOTM. Madam, let me perſuade you to be merciful this time to this unfortunate and undutiful ſervant of juſtice.

HIL. Sir, I can deny you nothing.

SQUEEZ. Get me a pen and ink; I'll ſend an order to bring him hither, and diſcharge him inſtantly.

SOTM. Drawer, bring pen, ink, and paper, and a bottle of old Port.

SQUEEZ. [*to* Hil.] And could you have had the conſcience to have ſworn againſt a poor old man?

SOTM. Faith! 'twas a little cruel. Could you have had the heart to ſee him ſwinging like a gibbeted ſkeleton? Could you have ſerved up ſuch a dry diſh to juſtice——The body of one of her own children too?——But here's the paper.—Come, Sir, write his diſcharge and your own.

[Squeezum *writes*, Sotmore *and* Hilaret *advance*.

SOTM. You have managed this matter ſo well, that I ſhall have an opinion of your ſex's underſtanding ever after.

HIL. Let a woman alone for a plot, Mr. Sotmore.

SOTM. Ay, Madam, a woman that will drink a bumper. Wine is the fountain of thought; and

The more we drink,
The more we think.

It is a queſtion with me, whether wine hath done more good, or phyſick harm in the world; I wou'd have every apothecary's ſhop in the town turn'd into a tavern.

Hil. I am afraid, the more you have of the one, the more you will require of the other.

Sotm. It is their drugs that debauch our wine: wine in itſelf is as innocent as water, and phyſick poiſons both. It is not the juice of the grape, but of the drug, that is pernicious. Let me adviſe you, Madam, leave off your damn'd adulterated water, your tea, and take to wine. It will paint your face better than vermilion, and put more honeſty in your heart than all the ſermons you can read. I'll introduce you to ſome clubs of my acquaintance, a ſet of honeſt fellows that live in the clouds of tobacco, and know no home but a tavern.

Squeez. This, letter, Sir, will produce the gentleman immediately.

Sotm. Here, drawer——let this letter be ſent whither it is directed. Come, honeſt juſtice, our acquaintance hath an odd beginning, but we may be very good companions ſoon. Let us ſit down, and expect our friend in the manner it becometh us. Remember what you have bargained to do every day of your life, and the obligation ſhall be dated from this hour. Come, ſit thee down, honeſt publican, old juſtice merchant. [*They ſit.*] Here's a health to the propagation of trade, thy trade I mean, to the increaſe of whores, and falſe dice.——Thou art a collector of the cuſtoms of ſin, and he that would ſin with impunity, muſt have thy permit. Come, pledge me, old boy; if thou leaveſt one drop in the glaſs, thou ſhalt go to gaol yet, by this bottle.

Squeez. I proteſt, Sir, your hand is too bountiful; you will overcome me with wine.

Sotm. Well, and I love to ſee a magiſtrate drunk; it is a comely ſight. When juſtice is drunk, ſhe cannot take a bribe.

Squeez. Do you not remember how the Athenians puniſhed drunkenneſs in a magiſtrate?

Sotm. And do not I know that we have no ſuch Athenian law among us? We puniſh drunkenneſs, as well as other ſins, only in the lower ſort. Drink, like the game, was intended for gentlemen——and no

one

ons ſhould get drunk, who cannot go home in a coach—Come, Madam, it is your glaſs now.

HIL. Dear Sir! I beg you would not compel me to it.

SOTM. By this bottle, but I will; I'll raviſh thee to it before the juſtice's face. Come, it will be better for you than tea; you will not be obliged to ſculk away and take a dram after this. Come, drink the juſtice's health, as a token of amity; the juſtice is a good honeſt drunken fellow. But let me give you ſome wholeſome advice. [*To the juſtice.*] Leave off fornicating; leave the girls to the boys, and ſtand to thy bottle; it is a virtue becoming our years; and don't be too hard on a wild honeſt young rake. Thou haſt committed a couple of the prettieſt boys to-day; don't do ſo any more.——Be as ſevere as you pleaſe to whores and gameſters, that offer to act without your licenſe: but if ever you grant a warrant for a friend of mine again, you ſhall not only drink the wine, but eat the bottle too. Come, here's your health, in hopes of your amendment; thou ſhalt pledge thy own health in a bumper.——Here, boy, bring up a gallon of wine.

SQUEEZ. Not a drop more.

SOTM. A drop! confound the name. Come, empty your glaſs; the lady is a-dry.

SQUEEZ. This is worſe than a priſon.

SOTM. You will get out of this with paying leſs fees. Drink, I ſay.

SQUEEZ. Well——ſince I muſt.

SOTM. Come, we'll have a ſong in praiſe of drinking.——I'll ſing the ſtanzas, and you ſhall bear the chorus.

SONG.

I.

Let a ſet of ſober aſſes
Rail againſt the joys of drinking,
While water, tea,
And milk agree,
To ſet cold brains a thinking.

Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleaſure's found,
Only where the glaſs goes round.

II.

The ancient ſects on happineſs
All differ'd in opinion,
But wiſer rules
Of modern ſchools,
In wine fix her dominion,
Power and wealth, &c.

III.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
It makes glow the cheeks of beauty,
Makes poets write,
And ſoldiers fight,
And friendſhip do its duty.
Power and wealth, &c.

IV.

Wine was the only Helicon,
Whence poets are long-liv'd ſo;
'Twas no other main,
Than briſk Champaigne,
Whence Venus was derived too.
Power and wealth, &c.

V.

When Heav'n in Pandora's box
All kind of ill had ſent us,
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good
Was cork'd up to content us.
Power and wealth, &c.

VI.

All virtues wine is nurſe to,
Of ev'ry vice deſtroyer;
Gives dullards wit,
Makes juſt the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.

VII.

Wine ſets our joys a-flowing,
Our care and ſorrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's ſoul,
And a Chriſtian ne'er ſhould own him.
Power and wealth, &c.

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

CONST. My Hilaret! my dear!

HIL. My Conſtant!

SOT. Give you joy, dear Conſtant, of your liberty.

CONST. Thank you, dear Sotmore, to you I am partly obliged for it: Ramble and I will make you amends; we'll give you ſix nights for this.

SOT. Where is he?

CONST. Very ſafe; be not concerned about him.

HIL. Well, Sir, ſince our affair is ended, there is the purſe you preſented me this morning. As I have not performed your expectations one way, I'll give you what I believe you did not expect——your money again. It is unopen'd, I aſſure you.

SQUEEZ. Thou art welcome however.

SOT. Come, gentlemen, be pleaſed to take every man his chair and his glaſs; we will dedicate one hour or two to drinking, I am reſolv'd.

SQUEEZ. Firſt we will ſacrifice to juſtice. Mr. Conſtable, do your duty.

STAFF. Come in there.

SCENE IX.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF, *Aſſiſtants.*

The Aſſiſtants ſeize Conſtant, Hilaret, *and* Sotmore.

SQUEEZ. Seize thoſe people in the king's name—I accuſe that woman and that man of conſpiring to ſwear a rape againſt me.

STAFF.

STAFF. It is in vain to contend, gentlemen.

HIL. O the villain!

SQUEEZ. [*To* Sot.] The next letter you extort, Sir, be ſure to examine the contents.

SOT. Thou raſcal! will not even wine make thee honeſt?

SQUEEZ. Obſerve, gentlemen, how abuſive he is; but I'll make an example of you all: I'll proſecute you to the utmoſt ſeverity of the law.——Mr. Conſtable, convey the priſoners to your houſe, whence you ſhall have orders to bring them before a juſtice.

SOT. And art thou really in earneſt?

SQUEEZ. You ſhall find I am, Sir, to your coſt.

SOT. Then I have found one man with whom I would not drink a glaſs of wine.

STAFF. Come, gentlemen, you know the way to my houſe.——I am particularly glad to ſee your honour [*To* Sotmore] and will accommodate you in the beſt manner I can.

CONST. I am too well acquainted with misfortune to repine at any; but how ſhall I bear yours, my Hilaret?

HIL. The leſs you ſeem to bear, the more you will lighten mine.

SOT. I muſt give the juſtice one wiſh. May Heaven rain ſmall beer upon thee, and may it corrupt thy body, till it is as putrified as thy mind.

HIL. One bleſſing only may Heaven leave thy life,
May it take all things from thee—but thy wife.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Politick's House.*

POLITICK *ſolus.*

SURE, never child inherited leſs of a father's diſpoſition than mine; her mother certainly played me foul in the begetting her: I, who have been my whole life noted for ſobriety, could never have given being to ſo wild a creature. I begin to recollect having ſeen a tall half-pay officer at my houſe formerly:

NOT

nor do I think the girl unlike him. I am ſure ſhe hath been ever wild enough, to have had any officer in the kingdom for her father. Nature hath been kind to the male of all creatures but man: the bull, the horſe, the dog, are not encumbered even with their own off-ſpring; that care falls only to the females: but man, when once a gabling prieſt hath chattered a few miſchievous words over him, is bound to have and to hold from that day forward all the brats his wife is pleaſed to beſtow on him. Yet I muſt own the girl hath been ever dutiful to me, till ſhe became acquainted with this curſed fellow in a red coat. Why ſhould red have ſuch charms in the eyes of a woman? The Roman ſenate kept their armies abroad, to prevent their ſharing in their lands at home; we ſhould do the ſame, to prevent their ſharing in our wives. A tall luſty fellow ſhall make more work for a midwife in one winter at home, than he can for a ſurgeon in ten ſummers abroad.

SCENE II.

POLITICK, FAITHFUL.

POL. Well, any news of my daughter yet?

FAITH. No, Sir; but there's ſome news from the ſecretaries office, a mail is arrived from Holland, and you will have the contents of it in one of the evening papers.

POL. Very well! I muſt be patient. I think we have three mails together now: I am not ſatisfied at all with the affairs in the North: the northern winds have not blown us any good lately; the clouds are a little darker in the Eaſt too than I could wiſh them.

SCENE III.

POLITICK, DABBLE.

POL. Mr. Dabble, good morrow.

DAB. Are the mails come in?

POL. Juſt arrived.

DAB. I have not ſlept one wink for reflecting on what you told me laſt night; perhaps this Dutch mail

mail may give ſome inſight into thoſe affairs. But what ſays the Lying Poſt?

POL. I have had no time to read it yet, I wiſh you would. I have only read, The London Journal, the Country Journal, the Weekly Journal, Applebee's Journal, the Britiſh Journal, the Britiſh Gazeteer, the Morning Poſt, the Coffee-Houſe Morning Poſt, the Daily Poſt, the Daily Poſt-Boy, the Daily Journal, the Daily Courant, the Gazette, the Evening Poſt, the Whitehall Evening Poſt, the London Evening Poſt, and the St. James's Evening Poſt. So, if you pleaſe, begin the Lying Poſt.

DAB. [*reads.*] 'Moſcow, January the 5th. We 'learn from Conſtantinople, that affairs continue ſtill 'in the ſame doubtful way; it is not yet known what 'courſe our court will take. The empreſs having 'been ſlightly indiſpoſed, the other day, took the 'air in her own coach, and returned ſo well reco-'vered, that ſhe eat a very hearty ſupper.——'

POL. Hum——there is no mention of the ſupper in any other papers.

DAB. 'Berlin, January the 20th. We hear daily 'murmours here concerning certain meaſures taken 'by a certain northern potentate; but cannot cer-'tainly learn either who that potentate is, or what 'are the meaſures which he hath taken——mean 'time, we are well aſſured, that time will bring them 'all to light.'

POL. Pray read that laſt over again.

DAB. 'Mean time, we are well aſſured that time 'will bring them all to light.'

POL. Hum! hum!

DAB. 'Marſeilles, January the 18th. The affairs 'in regard to Italy, continue ſtill in the ſame uncer-'tain condition.'

POL. Hum.

DAB. 'The talk of a large embarkation ſtill runs 'high.'

POL. Hum.

DAB. 'The Spaniards ſtill continue encamped 'near Barcelona.'

POL. Hum! [*Shakes his head.*

DAB.

DAB. 'And every thing ſeems tending to a rupture '—mean time we expect the return of a courier from 'Vienna, who, 'tis generally expected, will bring the 'news of a general pacification.'

POL. All is well again!

DAB. I like this and ſome other papers, who diſappoint you with good news. Where the beginning of a paragraph threatens you with war, and the latter part of it enſures you peace.

POL. Pleaſe to read on———

DAB. 'However, notwithſtanding theſe aſſurances, 'tis doubted by moſt people whether the ſaid courier 'will not rather bring a confirmation of the war; but 'this is all gueſs-work, and till ſuch time as we ſee an 'actual hoſtility committed, we muſt leave our read-'ers in the ſame uncertain ſtate we found them.'

POL. Hum! there is no certainty to be come at, I find; it may be either peace or war.

DAB. Tho' were I to lay a wager, I ſhould chuſe war; for, if you obſerve, we are twice aſſured of that, whereas we have only one affirmation on the ſide of peace—but ſtay, perhaps the next paragraph, which is dated from Fontainbleau, may decide the queſtion. 'Fontainbleau, January 23. Yeſterday his majeſty 'went a hunting, to-day he hears an opera, and to-'morrow he hears maſs.'

POL. I don't like that; hearing maſs is ſeldom the forerunner of good news.

DAB. 'It is obſervable that Cardinal Fleury——'

POL. Ay, now for it.

DAB. 'It is obſervable that cardinal Fleury hath, 'for ſeveral days laſt paſt, been in cloſe conference with 'the miniſter of a certain ſtate, which cauſes various 'ſpeculations; but as we do not know what was the 'matter in debate, we cannot ſay what may be the con-'ſequence thereof. Mean time we cannot help ob-'ſerving, that it hath occaſioned ſome people to put 'on very ſerene looks, who had worn clouded ones for 'ſome time before; ſome imagine, on comparing this 'with the news from Marſeilles, that a war will be un-'avoidable——others, who are more peaceably in-'clined, are as ſtrenuous advocates on the other ſide.

'——We

'——We muſt refer the whole to the determination 'of time, that great judge in worldly affairs, who ne-'ver fails with his two-edged ſcithe to mow down the 'weeds which ſhadow over the ſecret counſels of 'ſtate, and lay them open to the naked eye of the 'diſcerning politician.'

POL. Shall I beg to hear that over again?

SCENE IV.

POLITICK, DABBLE, FAITHFUL,

DAB. [*reads.*] 'We muſt refer the whole to the 'determination,' &c. [Dab. *continues reading.*

FAITH. Oh, Sir! Cloris hath brought the ſtrangeſt news of my young miſtreſs.

POL. Don't interrupt us——blockhead.

FAITH. If you loſe a moment, ſhe may be loſt for ever.

POL. Sarrah! peace.

FAITH. Sir, my young miſtreſs, Miſs Hilaret, will be undone, ruined, hanged, if you do not aſſiſt her; ſhe's taken up for a rape.——Oh! my poor young lady! the ſweeteſt, beſt-tempered lady, ſure that ever was born. Oh! that ever I ſhould ſee the day! And can you ſit here, Sir, reading a parcel of damn'd confounded, lying nonſenſe, and not go to your daughter's aſſiſtance?

POL. Sure the fellow is poſſeſſed.

FAITH. Sir, your daughter is poſſeſſed—poſſeſſed by conſtables—ſhe's taken up for a rape.

POL. My daughter taken up for a rape!

FAITH. Yes, Sir; for raviſhing a juſtice of peace.

POL. Sure ſome accident has touched the fellow's brain.

FAITH. Ay, Sir, and it would touch yours too, if you had a grain of humanity in you.—Oh! that I ſhould live to ſee my poor young lady in ſuch a miſfortune.

POL. A woman taken up for a rape——it is impoſſible.

FAITH. They may ſwear it tho' for all that——I *know her to be as modeſt a good young lady as any in*

the

the kingdom; but what will not a ſet of rogues ſwear. Sir, I liv'd with Squeezum before I lived with you; and know him to be as great a villain as any in the kingdom. Do, good Sir, come but with me to juſtice Worthy's, if you do not find your daughter there, turn me away for a vagabond.

DAB. I do remember, neighbour Politick, to have ſeen in ſome news-paper a ſtory not very different from this.

POL. Nay, if you have ſeen it in a news-paper, it may probably have ſome truth in it; ſo, neighbour Dabble, you will excuſe me; I will meet you within an hour at the coffee-houſe, and there we will confer further.

SCENE V. WORTHY's *Houſe.*

WORTHY, ISABELLA.

WOR. Sure modeſty is quite baniſhed from the age we live in. There was a time when virtue carried ſomething of a divine awe with it, which no one durſt attack; but now the inſolence of our youth is ſuch, no woman dare walk the ſtreets, but thoſe who do it for bread.

ISA. And yet our laws, brother Worthy, are as rigorous as thoſe of other countries, and as well executed.

WOR. That I wiſh they were; but golden ſands too often clog the wheels of juſtice, and obſtruct her courſe: the very riches which were the greateſt evidence of his villany, have too often declared the guilty innocent; and gold hath been found to cut a halter ſurer than the ſharpeſt ſteel.

ISA. Well, I am reſolved to take care how I venture a ſtep again after it is dark: I find the ſun is the only guard to us women; for however chaſte the moon may be in herſelf, ſhe takes but very little care of ours.

WOR. But could the villain be very rude?

ISA. As rude as ſo ſhort a time would permit. I would have given all I was worth in the world to have been here; but ſince I eſcaped, let us forget it.

WOR. Forget! by Heaven it ſhocks me; that we, who boaſt as *wholſome* laws as any kingdom upon earth,

earth, ſhould by the roguery of ſome of their executors, loſe all their benefit. I long to ſee the time when here, as in Holland, the traveller may walk unmoleſted, and carry his riches openly with him.

SCENE VI.

WORTHY, ISABELLA, SQUEEZUM.

SQUEEZ. Mr. Worthy, your humble ſervant. I come to wait on you on the ſtrangeſt piece of buſineſs. We are brought to a fine paſs indeed, when magiſtrates ſhall not be ſafe; we are like to protect others, when we cannot protect ourſelves.

WOR. What is the occaſion of all this paſſion, Mr. Squeezum?

SQUEEZ. Occaſion! I have ſcarce power to tell you. I have diſcovered one of the moſt damnable conſpiracies, that hath been invented ſince the gunpowder-treaſon plot.

WOR. Nothing againſt the government, I hope.

SQUEEZ. Marry, but it is; for that which is againſt the officers of the government, is againſt the government. In ſhort, Sir, it is a conſpiracy againſt me, againſt myſelf. What do you think, brother Worthy, but that, moved and ſeduced by the inſtigation of the devil, a vile woman hath conſpired to ſwear a rape againſt me?

WOR. A rape againſt you! fooliſh jade! Why your very face would acquit you——you have innocence in your looks, brother Squeezum.

SQUEEZ. I hope my character will acquit me againſt ſuch an accuſation.

WOR. I think it ought; a man whoſe character would not, is very unfit for that honourable commiſſion you bear.

SQUEEZ. True! theſe ſlurs reflect on us all. The accuſing a member, is accuſing the body. We ſhould conſider it may be our own caſe. We ſhould ſtand by one another, as the lawyers do. I hope, brother, you will ſhew me extraordinary juſtice; and I aſſure you, ſhould any affair of yours come before me, my partiality ſhall lean on your ſide.

WOR.

WOR. Partiality, Sir! I hope no cauſe of mine ever will require it. I aſſure you, I ſhall do the ſtricteſt juſtice; I believe you will not need more.

SQUEEZ. Sir, my caſe needs no more; but I think it incumbent on us all, to diſcountenance any proſecution of ourſelves on any account whatſoever.

WOR. To diſcountenance it by the innocence of our lives, is indeed laudable, but no farther. It is a curſed law which exempts the maker, or the executor of it, from its penalty.

SQUEEZ. Truly, brother Worthy, I think the makers of laws, and the executors of them, ſhould be free of them; as authors and actors are free of the play-houſe.

WOR. You are ludicrous, Mr. Squeezum. But let me tell you, he is the greateſt of villains, who hath the impudence to hold the ſword of juſtice, while he deſerves its edge.

SQUEEZ. And let me tell you, brother Worthy, he is the greateſt of fools who holds the ſword of juſtice, and hurts himſelf with it.

ISA. Brother, your ſervant; my preſence will be very little neceſſary at this trial.

SCENE VII.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM. CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, SOTMORE, BRAZEN-COURT, FIREBALL, *three Aſſiſtants.*

SQUEEZ. But here come the priſoners—Brother Worthy, this is the woman whom I accuſe of this deteſtable fact;—the manner of it was this: I received a letter, in an unknown hand, appointing me to meet at a tavern, which out of pure good-nature I comply'd with; and upon my arrival found that woman there alone, who after a ſhort diſcourſe, laid hold of me and bawl'd out; on which that man there entered, and both threatened me, that unleſs I immediately diſcharged that man [*points to* Conſt.] with another whom I had committed for notorious crimes; that the woman ſhould ſwear a rape againſt me.—This I am ready to ſwear.——

1.
2. Ass. } And we are ready to ſwear.
3.

Wor. What do you ſay, young woman, to this? You do not look like one whom I ſhould ſuſpect of ſuch behaviour.

Hil. That I did threaten him, as he ſays, indeed I confeſs.

Wor. But did he attempt any ſuch thing?

Hil. I can't ſay he did, but———

Squeez. Do you hear this, brother Worthy? I think you have nothing to do but to make her Mittimus.

Wor. And for what reaſon did you offer this?

Hil. I offer'd it only to frighten him to the diſcharge of two gentlemen, whom he had villainouſly committed to the cuſtody of that conſtable.

Wor. For what crimes do they ſtand committed, Mr. Conſtable?

Staff. For two rapes, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Hil. One of them on my account—tho' I never ſwore the leaſt thing againſt him.

Wor. On your account,—I begin to be afraid he was unjuſtly committed indeed.

Squeez. Now, Sir, we ſhall proceed to blacken a little the character of this woman. Call Mr. Brazencourt; Mr. Brazencourt, what do you know of this fine lady?

Brazen. I know nothing more of her, than that I kept her half a year.

Wor. Kept her!———in what capacity did you keep her?

Brazen. In the capacity of a whore, till I was obliged to turn her off, for ſtealing four of my ſhirts, two pair of ſtockings, and my common-prayer Book.

Squeez. Call captain Fireball.

Wor. Captain Fireball, pray do you know any harm of that perſon there?

Fire. Harm of her! ay, and ſo doth my ſurgeon too. She came to me from major Brazencourt. I kept her two months.

Hil. Sir, I beſeech you hear me.

Wor.

WOR. By and by. You muſt not interrupt them.—Go on. Did you loſe any thing by her too?

FIRE. No, but I got ſomething by her, which made my ſurgeon get ſomething by me——I love to expreſs myſelf in modeſt terms, but I believe you all know what I mean.

CONST. Damnation!

SQUEEZ. Call Mr. Drury. We ſhall blacken her farther preſently.

WOR. Indeed you need not; let us hear no more; for her ſake, I will never put confidence in an innocent countenance again.—Well, woman, can you ſay any thing for yourſelf?

HIL. Oh! that I could hide myſelf for ever from the world, and never from this hour behold the ſun again.

WOR. Indeed but you ſhall, Madam, and be beheld by others too.

CONST. Come to my boſom, thou deareſt, ſweeteſt, loveliеſt; hide thy ſorrows there.—Death only ſhall tear thee from my arms again. Death! hell itſelf cannot have a torment equal to ſeeing one tear of thine.

SOT. Hark'e, juſtice, I believe thou art honeſter than thy brother; I am ſure thou canſt not be a greater rogue: if thou wilt act the right part, acquit us, and ſend that villain to priſon.

SCENE VIII.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, SOTMORE, STAFF, *Conſtable.* *Aſſiſtants*, POLITICK, FAITHFUL, CLORIS.

FAITH. Now, Sir, will you believe your own eyes?—Is not that your own daughter?

POL. It is indeed.—Oh my unfortunate child——

WOR. Mr. Politick, your humble ſervant—I will but commit this woman to gaol, and then I will be at your command.

POL. Sir, you ſhall not be my humble ſervant, nor will I be yours; and if you commit my daughter to priſon, you are the worſt of Turks.

WOR. Your daughter, Sir!

POL.

Pol. Yes, Sir, my daughter, Sir.

Hil. Oh! my father;

Pol. My poor child!——That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee in ſuch a misfortune!

Wor. Is it poſſible, Mr. Politick, that this young lady is your daughter?

Pol. Yes, Sir, it is as poſſible, as that the Turks may come into our part of Europe; and I wiſh this may not be as ſure as that.

SCENE IX.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, *Conſtables, Aſſiſtants.* POLITICK, FAITHFUL, SOTMORE, CLORIS, RAMBLE, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM. QUILL.

Mrs. Squeez. Where is this glory of the bench, this gallant juſtice? this terror and example of ſin? Do you know this hand, Sir? Did you write this aſſignation? You are a noble gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with a fine lady, and then bring her before a magiſtrate.

Squeez. O my malignant ſtars!

Wor. Mrs. Squeezum, what is the matter?

Mrs. Squeez. You, Mr. Worthy, I am ſure will pity one who hath the misfortune to be married to a man, who is as much a ſcandal to the commiſſion he bears, as you are an honour to it; my conſcience hath been too long burthened with conniving at his rogueries. He, Sir, he alone is guilty, and every one whom he hath accuſed is innocent.

Wor. I know not what to think.

Ramb. Sir, that fellow there, that butcher of juſtice, is the greateſt villain that ever was born.—Being a little frolickſome laſt night with this lady, that conſtable ſeiz'd us. 'Tis to me ſhe is indebted for all this trouble; tho' Mr. Conſtable may claim ſome ſhare, in not ſuffering us to depart at her deſire.

Mrs. Squeez. And Mr Juſtice may claim a little, who committed you to the conſtable's houſe without *any evidence*, or even accuſation.

Ramb.

RAMB. That he might extort two hundred pounds, for which ſum he offered to compromiſe the matter.

SQUEEZ. Heark'e, Madam, I ſhall be obliged to commit you to Bedlam.

MRS. SQUEEZ. No, Sir, I ſhall prevent you in that, as well as in your other deſigns; your plot with Mr. Quill, which the whole world ſhall know; you ſhall be divorced, Sir, tho' not the way you deſire.

SQUEEZ. Sir, I beſeech you to hear no more.

WOR. That, Sir, I cannot grant.

RAMB. Sir, I deſire that you would read that letter, which he ſent to this young lady whom he hath accuſed.

WOR. [*Reads.*] 'My little honey-ſuckle, I will meet 'you within this half hour at the Eagle. I hope after 'what you have received from me to-day, you will not 'diſappoint yours till then and ever after.'——

Did you write this letter, Mr. Squeezum?

SQUEEZ. No, Sir, as I am ready to ſwear.

MRS. SQUEEZ. Sir, I will ſwear it to be his hand—

FAITH. And ſo will I—I lived with him a twelvemonth, and therefore ſhould know it.

QUILL. And I carried it to the lady.

SOT. Come, come, juſtice, thou haſt proof enough of her innocence. I will give you the word of a man of honour, which is more than the oath of twenty ſuch ſcoundrels as theſe, that ſhe never intended more than to frighten him to the acquittal of captain Conſtant here, whom he had unjuſtly committed.

CONST. And offered to acquit for a ſum of money.

WOR. Captain Conſtant! is your name Conſtant, Sir?

CONST. At your ſervice.

WOR. Deſire my ſiſter to walk hither—I am more obliged to you than you know.

SQUEEZ. Come, Sir, this is only loſing time——I want the Mittimus.

SCENE X.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, POLITICK, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF, FAITHFUL, &c. ISABELLA.

WOR. Sister, do you know this gentleman?

ISA. Captain Conſtant! it is happy for me that I do——I thank you, Sir, for your generous reſcue laſt night, which my fright at that time prevented my acknowledging.

CONST. And was it you, Madam?——

RAMB. My Iſabella!

ISA. Ha!——it is, it is my Ramble——

RAMB. My touch deceives me not, it is my charming ſhe, once more reſtored to my deſpairing hopes.

ISA. What lucky ſtars can have contrived this interview?

RAMB. Very lucky ſtars they appear now; but they had a confounded ugly aſpect ſome time ago.

ISA. Surprizing! Brother, let that fellow be ſecured. He was the perſon from whoſe hands this gentleman delivered me. [*To* Fireball.

QUILL. I hope your worſhip will forgive me; but I hir'd theſe two men, by my maſter's command, to be evidences for him.

WOR. Surprizing villainy!——ſecure them inſtantly. And particularly that juſtice,—whom I ſhall no longer treat as a gentleman, but as his villainy hath merited.—Conſtable, I charge you with them all—and let them be kept below in the parlour, whither I will come immediately and ſign their commitment.

SQUEEZ. Sir, you ſhall wiſh you had dealt more favourably with me.

WOR. Sir, your threatenings will not terrify me.

FAITH. Come, gentlemen, we'll be your ſafe-guard.

MRS. SQUEEZ. I'll follow thee, like thy evil genius, till I have brought thee to that juſtice thou deſerveſt.

SCENE

SCENE *the laſt.*

WORTHY, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, ISABELLA, POLITICK.

RAMB. My dear Iſabella, I am ſo overjoyed at this unexpected meeting, that I do not aſk for the ſafety of our treaſure. Since the ſea hath refunded Iſabella, let it take the jewels.

ISA. The ſea hath been even kinder than your wiſh, it hath return'd you both.

RAMB. I ſhould ſoon have forgotten that loſs, in having Iſabella; yet, for her ſake, the treaſure is welcome too,

WOR. Mr. Politick, I am heartily concerned at this misfortune which hath befallen your daughter.

RAMB. Mr. Politick;—By Heavens, his features are the ſame. Had you not a ſon, Sir, once?

POL. Yes, Sir, I had; but I turned him out of doors, and believe he was hanged long ago.

RAMB. Then I am his ghoſt, juſt arrived from the Indies. When you turned me out of doors, I got admitted into the Eaſt-India company's ſervice; I changed my name in order to eſcape your diſcovery—and I hope you will now give us both your bleſſing.

POL. And are you really that wild fellow my ſon?

RAMB. I am that very identical wild perſon, I aſſure you.

POL. I don't know whether I'll give you my bleſſing or no, till I ſee how you are married.

WOR. Mr. Politick, I rejoice in the union of our families; this lady, your ſon's wife, is my ſiſter—and if fourſcore thouſand pounds can make the match agreeable to you, it will be ſo.

POL. Hath the wild rogue made his fortune as laſt! Well, ſon, I give you my bleſſing; and my dear daughter, I give you joy, and I hope the boy will give it you, ay, and laſting, conſtant joy.—If he doth not make you a good huſband, I'll not own him; if he doth not make you bleſſed, he ſhall have no bleſſing of mine.

ISA. *Sir, I doubt him not.*

RAMB. Well, father, I have nothing more to aſk of you, but in favour of my friend captain Conſtant, whoſe love I am certain will compleat the happineſs of my ſiſter.

WOR. I think I have never been witneſs to ſuch a complication of villany. Sir, [*To* Conſtant] I aſſure you, and all of you, you ſhall have ſufficient reparation for the injuries you have ſuffered. And Sir, by the character which I have had from my ſiſter of that gentleman, I do not think your daughter can be better diſpoſed of, let the difference of fortune be what it pleaſe.

RAMB. Beſides, tho' his eſtate be not equal now, it may become ſo; for no man hath a better inſight into politicks.

POL. Nay, if his ſtudies bend that way, no man indeed can tell to what his eſtate may come.——Had I known this ſooner, my doors ſhould never have been ſhut againſt him. Sir, I ſhall be glad to confabulate with you at my houſe—and if you ſhould ſet your heart on my daughter, I do not believe I ſhall do any thing to break it.

RAMB. Nay, Sir, there is no hour like the preſent: this hour hath proved lucky to your family.——Give me leave to preſent your daughter to one whom if ſhe deſerves, I ſhall be proud of calling her ſiſter.

CONST. Ramble, you have crown'd my obligations with a gift, far dearer than the earth could prove.

HIL. I only wiſh you may always think ſo, captain. And now, pappa, I hope you will pardon this night's ſally, to both me and poor Cloris; we have been already ſufficiently puniſhed; and ſince the event is happy, imitate in this one thing the Turks, and conſider it favourably, as it hath been proſperous.

POL. The Turks! I wiſh you were better acquainted with them than in romances; I hope that gentleman will take care to inſtruct you in publick affairs.—— Well, Jack, [*To* Ramble] I long to have ſome communication with you about the affairs of the Indies, and the poſture of our trade there.——I hope you *left the Great* Mogul in good health.——

RAMB.

RAMB. Very ſlightly indiſpoſed of a cold at my departure.

POL. I heartily forgive you all: ſo let me ſee you all embrace one another.——This is the comfort of age, Mr. Worthy.

SOT. Let me embrace you all together.—I have found this day two good women—and they have fallen to the ſhare of my friends—and I will get drunk this night, if the ſpirit of wine will do it—I'll drink to your happineſs, while you are enjoying it.——While you are taſting the joys of Venus, I will ſwallow down the delights of Bacchus.——I deſpair of either of your company this month yet——but the juſtice ſhall celebrate this night with me.——Come, honeſt juſtice,—I have found one honeſt juſtice too—

WOR. Really, Sir, I think you have ſufficiently celebrated already——

SOT. No, but I have not——And you, Sir, will be drunk at your children's wedding night.

POL. I never drink any thing but coffee, Sir.

SOT. Damn your coffee——

RAMB. Sotmore, thou ſhalt have juſtice.——Mr. Worthy, I aſſure you, notwithſtanding this humour, the world hath not an honeſter man.

WOR. It is pity he ſhould beſot himſelf ſo. Your character of him encourages me to employ ſome labour in adviſing him to quit ſo beaſtly a pleaſure.—Come, gentlemen, I deſire you would celebrate this day at my houſe to-morrow. I will proceed to take all poſſible meaſures to your receiving ſatisfaction for your injuries, and making publick example of ſo great a villain: for the crimes of a magiſtrate give the greateſt ſanction to ſin.

No reverence that church or ſtate attends,
Whoſe laws the prieſt or magiſtrate offends.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER.

AT length the dreadful hurricane is ended,
And I and ſpouſe are ſafe together landed.
For after all this mighty fuſs about it,
Our play hath ended modeſtly without it.
But, ladies, did not you too ſympathiſe?
Hey! pray do confeſs, do all your frowns ariſe
Becauſe ſo much of Rape and Rape we bawl?
Or is it, that we have no Rape at all!
Indeed, our poet, to oblige the age,
Had brought a dreadful ſcene upon the ſtage:
But I, perceiving what his muſe would drive at,
Told him the ladies never would connive at
A downright actual rape——unleſs in private.
But notwithſtanding what theſe poets tell us,
Who'd think our beaus were ſuch high-mettled fellows?
O! may our youth, whoſe vigour is ſo parlous,
To Italy be wafted with Don Carlos;
There ſhould one victory but give them ſcope,
They would not leave one maidenhead for the Pope;
Or ſhould ſome new pope foan the chair poſſeſs,
They'd play the devil with her——holineſs.
No nunnery one virgin ſhould encloſe,
But new Rome fall, by what the old aroſe.
'Twas a ſtrange doctrine that Lucretia taught,
When on herſelf reveng'd her lover's fault!
Heatheniſh wretch! The pious chriſtian wife,
Tho' raviſh'd, ſtill contents herſelf with life:
So zealous from ſelf-murder we refrain,
We live, tho' ſure of raviſhing again.
But may no fears of ſuch a fate affright
The beauteous kind ſpectators of to-night;
Safe to your huſbands arms may you eſcape,
And never know that dreadful thing, a Rape.

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES; OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

With the ANNOTATIONS of

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

First Acted in 1730, and Altered in 1731.

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS;

HIS

PREFACE.

THE town hath been ſeldom more divided in its opinion, than concerning the merit of the following ſcenes. While ſome publickly affirmed, that no author could produce ſo fine a piece but Mr. P—, others have with as much vehemence inſiſted that no one could write any thing ſo bad but Mr. F——.

Nor can we wonder at this diſſenſion about its merit, when the learned world have not unanimouſly decided even the very nature of this tragedy. For tho' moſt of the univerſities in Europe have honoured it with the name of 'Egregium & maximi pretii opus, tragœdiis 'tam antiquis quàm novis longè anteponendum;' nay, Dr. B—— hath pronounced, 'Citiùs Mævii 'Æneadem quàm Scribleri iſtius tragœdiam hanc 'crediderim, cujus autorem Senecam ipſum tradidiſſe 'haud dubitârim:' and the great profeſſor Burman hath ſtiled Tom Thumb, 'Heroum omnium tragicorum 'facilè principem:' Nay, tho' it hath, among other languages, been tranſlated into Dutch, and celebrated with great applauſe at Amſterdam (where burleſque never came) by the title of Mynheer Vander Thumb, the burgo maſters receiving it with that reverend and ſilent attention which becometh an audience at a deep tragedy. Notwithſtanding all this, there have not been wanting ſome who have repreſented theſe ſcenes in a ludicrous light; and Mr. D—— hath been heard to ſay, with ſome concern, that he wondered a tragical and Chriſtian nation would permit a repreſentation on its theatre, ſo viſibly deſigned to ridicule and extirpate every thing that is great and ſolemn among us.

This learned critick and his followers were led into ſo great an error by that ſurreptitious and piratical copy which ſtole laſt year into the world; with what

injuſtice and prejudice to our author, will be acknowledged, I hope, by every one who ſhall happily peruſe this genuine and original copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great praiſe of our author, that however imperfect the former was, even that faint reſemblance of the true Tom Thumb contained ſufficient beauties to give it a run of upwards of forty nights to the politeſt audiences. But, notwithſtanding that applauſe which it receiv'd from all the beſt judges, it was as ſeverely cenſured by ſome few bad ones, and, I believe, rather maliciouſly than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a burleſque on the loftieſt parts of tragedy, and deſigned to baniſh what we generally call fine things, from the ſtage.

Now, if I can ſet my country right in an affair of this importance, I ſhall lightly eſteem any labour which it may coſt. And this I the rather undertake, firſt, as it is indeed in ſome meaſure incumbent on me to vindicate myſelf from that ſurreptitious copy beforementioned, publiſh'd by ſome ill-meaning people under my name: ſecondly, as knowing myſelf more capable of doing juſtice to our author than any other man, as I have given myſelf more pains to arrive at a thorough underſtanding of this little piece, having for ten years together read nothing elſe; in which time, I think I may modeſtly preſume, with the help of my Engliſh dictionary, to comprehend all the meanings of every word in it.

But ſhould any error of my pen awaken Clariſſ. Bentleium to enlighten the world with his annotations on our author, I ſhall not think that the leaſt reward or happineſs ariſing to me from theſe my endeavours.

I ſhall wave at preſent what hath cauſed ſuch feuds in the learned world, whether this piece was originally written by Shakeſpear, though certainly that, were it true, muſt add a conſiderable ſhare to its merit; eſpecially with ſuch who are ſo generous as to buy and commend what they never read, from an implicit faith in the author only: a faith! which our age abounds in as much, as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it ſuffice, that the TRAGEDY of TRAGEDIES; *or,* The LIFE and DEATH of TOM THUMB, was written

written in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Nor can the objections made by M. D——, that the tragedy muſt then have been antecedent to the hiſtory, have any weight, when we conſider, that tho' the HISTORY of TOM THUMB, printed by and for Edward M——r, at the Looking-Glaſs on London-bridge, be of a later date, ſtill muſt we ſuppoſe this hiſtory to have been tranſcribed from ſome other, unleſs we ſuppoſe the writer thereof to be inſpired: a gift very faintly contended for by the writers of our age. As to this hiſtory's not bearing the ſtamp of ſecond, third, or fourth edition, I ſee but little in that objection; editions being very uncertain lights to judge of books by: and perhaps Mr. M——r may have joined twenty editions in one, as Mr. C——l hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other argument, drawn from the little care our author hath taken to keep up to the letter of this hiſtory, carry any greater force. Are there not inſtances of plays, wherein the hiſtory is ſo perverted, that we can know the heroes whom they celebrate by no other marks than their names: nay, do we not find the ſame character placed by different poets in ſuch different lights, that we can diſcover not the leaſt ſameneſs, or even likeneſs, in the features? The Sophoniſba of Mairet, and of Lee, is a tender, paſſionate, amorous miſtreſs of Maſiniſſa: Corneille and Mr. Thomſon give her no other paſſion but the love of her country, and make her as cool in her affection to Maſiniſſa as to Syphax. In the two latter ſhe reſembles the character of queen Elizabeth; in the two former, ſhe is the picture of Mary queen of Scotland. In ſhort, the one Sophoniſba is as different from the other, as the Brutus of Voltaire is from the Marius jun. of Otway: or as the Minerva is from the Venus of the ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular examination of the tragedy before us, in which I ſhall treat ſeparately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And firſt of the

Fable; which I take to be the moſt ſimple imaginable! and to uſe the words of an eminent author, 'One, regular, and uniform, not charged with a multiplicity:

'tiplicity of incidents, and yet affording ſeveral re-'volutions of fortune; by which the paſſions may be 'excited; varied, and driven to their full tumult of 'emotion.'——Nor is the action of this tragedy leſs great than uniform. The ſpring of all is the love of Tom Thumb for Huncamunca, which cauſed the quarrel between their majeſties in the firſt act; the paſſion of Lord Grizzle in the ſecond; the rebellion, fall of Lord Grizzle and Glumdalca, devouring of Tom Thumb by the Cow, and that bloody cataſtrophe in the third.

Nor is the Moral of this excellent tragedy leſs noble than the fable; it teaches theſe two inſtructive leſſons *viz.* That human happineſs is exceeding tranſient; and that death is the certain end of all men; the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal end of Tom Thumb; the latter by that of all the other perſonages.

The Characters are, I think, ſufficiently deſcribed in the Dramatis Perſonæ; and I believe we ſhall find few plays where greater care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preſerve in every ſpeech that characteriſtical mark which diſtinguiſhes them from each other. 'But, (ſays Mr. D——) how well doth the 'character of Tom Thumb, whom we muſt call the 'hero of this tragedy, if it hath any hero, agree with 'the precepts of Ariſtotle, who defineth Tragedy to be "the imitation of a ſhort but perfect action, contain-"ing a juſt greatneſs in itſelf," &c. What greatneſs 'can be in a fellow, whom hiſtory relateth to have 'been no higher than a ſpan?' This gentleman ſeemeth to think with Serjeant Kite, that the greatneſs of a man's ſoul is in proportion to that of his body; the contrary of which is affirmed by our Engliſh phyſiognomonical writers. Beſides, if I underſtand Ariſtotle right, he ſpeaketh only of the greatneſs of the action, and not of the perſon.

As for the Sentiments and the Diction, which now only remain to be ſpoken to; I thought I could afford them no ſtronger juſtification, than by producing parallel paſſages out of the beſt of our Engliſh writers. Whether this ſameneſs of thought and expreſſion, which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an agreement in

in their way of thinking, or whether they have borrowed from our author, I leave the reader to determine: I ſhall adventure to affirm this of the ſentiments of our author, that they are generally the moſt familiar which I have ever met with, and at the ſame time delivered with the higheſt dignity of phraſe; which brings me to ſpeak of his diction.—Here I ſhall only beg one poſtulatum, *viz.* That the greateſt perfection of the language of a tragedy is, that it is not to be underſtood; which granted, as I think it muſt be, it will neceſſarily follow, that the only way to avoid this is by being too high or too low for the underſtanding, which will comprehend every thing within its reach. Thoſe two extremities of ſtile Mr. Dryden illuſtrates by the familiar image of two inns, which I ſhall term the aerial and the ſubterreſtrial.

Horace goes farther, and ſheweth when it is proper to call at one of theſe inns, and when at the other;

Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba.

That he approveth of the ſeſquipedalia verba, is plain; for had not Telephus and Peleus uſed this ſort of diction in proſperity, they could not have dropt it in adverſity. The aerial inn, therefore, ſays Horace, is proper only to be frequented by princes and other great men, in the higheſt affluence of fortune; the ſubterreſtrial is appointed for the entertainment of the poorer ſort of people only, whom Horace adviſes,

—— dolere ſermone pedeſtri.

The true meaning of both which citations is, that bombaſt is the proper language of joy, and doggrel for grief; the latter of which is literally implied in the ſermo pedeſtris, as the former is in the ſeſquipedalia verba.

Cicero recommendeth the former of theſe. 'Quid 'eſt tam furioſum vel tragicum quàm verborum ſoni-'tus inanis, nullâ ſubjectâ ſententiâ neque ſcientiâ.' What can be ſo proper for tragedy as a ſet of big ſounding words, ſo contrived together as to convey no meaning? which I ſhall one day or other prove to be

the

the ſublime of Longinus. Ovid declareth abſolutely for the latter inn:

Omne genus ſcripti gravitate tragœdia vincit.

Tragedy hath, of all writings, the greateſt ſhare in the Bathos; which is the profund of Scribleras.

I ſhall not preſume to determine which of theſe two ſtiles be proper for tragedy.——It ſufficeth, that our author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within ſight through the whole play, either riſing higher than the eye of your underſtanding can ſoar, or ſinking lower than it careth to ſtoop. But here, it may, perhaps, be obſerved, that I have given more frequent inſtances of authors who have imitated him in the ſublime, than in the contrary. To which I anſwer, firſt, Bombaſt being properly a redundancy of genius, inſtances of this nature occur in poets, whoſe names do more honour to our author, than the writers in the doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty way of thinking. Inſtances whereof are moſt frequently to be found in authors of a lower claſs. Secondly, That the works of ſuch authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard taſk to read them, in order to extract theſe flowers from them. And laſtly, It is very difficult to tranſplant them at all; they being like ſome flowers of a very nice nature, which will flouriſh in no ſoil but their own: for it is eaſy to tranſcribe a thought, but not the want of one. The Earl of Essex, for inſtance, is a little garden of choice rarities, whence you can ſcarce tranſplant one line ſo as to preſerve its original beauty. This muſt account to the reader for his miſſing the names of ſeveral of his acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their works; for which, if I have not a juſt eſteem, I can at leaſt ſay with Cicero, "Quæ non contemno, quippè quæ nunquam legerim." However, that the reader may meet with due ſatisfaction in this point, I have a young commentator from the univerſity, who is reading over all the modern tragedies, at five ſhillings a dozen, and collecting all that they have ſtole from our author, which ſhall ſhortly be added as an appendix to this work.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

KING ARTHUR, a paſſionate ſort of king, huſband to Queen Dollalilolla, of whom he ſtands a little in fear; father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of; and in love with Glumdalca.	Mr. MULLART.
TOM THUMB THE GREAT, a little hero with a great ſoul, ſomething violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for Huncamunca,	Young VERNOY.
GHOST of Gaffer Thumb, a whimſical ſort of Ghoſt,	Mr. LACY.
LORD GRIZZLE, extremely zealous for the liberty of the ſubject, very cholerick in his temper, and in love with Huncamunca,	Mr. JONES.
MERLIN, a conjurer, and in ſome ſort father to Tom Thumb,	Mr. HALLAM.
NOODLE, DOODLE, Courtiers in place, and conſequently of that party which is uppermoſt,	Mr. REYNOLDS. Mr. WATHAN.
FOODLE, a courtier that is out of place, and conſequently of that party that is undermoſt,	Mr. AYRES.
BAILIFF, and FOLLOWER, the party of the plaintiff,	Mr. PETERSON. Mr. HICKS.
PARSON, of the ſide of the church,	Mr. WATSON.

WO-

WOMEN.

QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA, wife to King Arthur, and mother to Huncamunca, a woman entirely faultleſs, ſaving that ſhe is a little given to drink, a little too much a virago towards her huſband, and in love with Tom Thumb, — Mrs. MULLART.

The PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA, daughter to their majeſties King Arthur and Queen Dollallolla, of a very ſweet, gentle, and amorous diſpoſition, equally in love with Lord Grizzle and Tom Thumb, and deſirous to be married to them both, — Mrs. JONES.

GLUMDALCA, of the Giants, a captive Queen, beloved by the King, but in love with Tom Thumb, — Mrs. DOVE.

CLEORA, MUSTACHA, Maids of honour, in love with — NOODLE. DOODLE.

Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder, and Lightning.

SCENE, *The Court of* KING ARTHUR, *and a Plain thereabouts.*

TOM

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the* PALACE.

DOODLE, NOODLE.

DOODLE.

SURE ſuch a [a] day as this was never ſeen!
The ſun himſelf on this auſpicious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-day ſuit:
This down the ſeams embroider'd, that the beams.
All nature wears one univerſal grin.

NOOD.

[a] Corneille recommends ſome very remarkable day wherein to fix the action of the tragedy. This the beſt of our tragical writers have underſtood to mean a day remarkable for the ſerenity of the ſky, or what we generally call a fine ſummer's day: ſo that, according to this their expoſition, the ſame months are proper for tragedy, which are proper for paſtoral. Moſt of our celebrated Engliſh tragedies, as Cato, Mariamne, Tamerlane, &c. begin with their obſervations on the morning. Lee ſeems to have come the neareſt to this beautiful deſcription of our author's:

The morning dawns with an unwonted crimſon,
The flowers all odorous ſeem, the garden birds
Sing louder, and the laughing ſun aſcends
The gaudy earth with an unuſual brightneſs,
All nature ſmiles. CÆS. BORG.

Maſiniſſa in the new Sophoniſba is alſo a favourite of the ſun;

——The ſun too ſeems,
As conſcious of my joy, with broader eye
To look abroad the world, and all things ſmile
Like Sophoniſba.

Memnon, in the Perſian Princeſs, makes the ſun decline riſing, that he may not peep on objects which would prophane his brightneſs.

——The

Noon. This day, O Mr. Doodle, is a day
Indeed!——A day, [b]we never saw before.
The mighty [c]Thomas Thumb victorious comes;
Millions of giants crowd his chariot wheels,
[d]Giants! to whom the giants in Guild-hall

Are

——— The morning rises slow,
And all those ruddy streaks that us'd to paint
The day's approach are lost in clouds, as if
The horrors of the night had sent 'em back,
To warn the sun he should not leave the sea,
To peep, &c.

[b] This line is highly conformable to the beautiful simplicity of the ancients. It hath been copied by almost every modern.

Not to be is not to be in woe. STATE OF INNOCENCE.
Love is not full but where 'tis sinful love. DON SEBASTIAN.
Nature is Nature, Eudina SOPHONISBA.
Men are but men, we did not make ourselves REVENGE.

[c] Dr. B——y reads; The mighty Tall-mall Thumb. Mr. D——s; The mighty Thumbing Thumb. Mr. T——d reads; Thundering. I think Thomas more agreeable to the great simplicity so apparent in our author.

[d] That learned historian Mr. S——n, in the third number of his criterion on our author, takes great pains to explode this passage. "It is, says he, difficult to guess what giants are here meant, unless the giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, or the giant Greatness in the Royal Villain; for I have heard of no other sort of giants in the reign of King Arthur." Petrus Burmannus thinks there Tom Thumbs, one whereof he supposes to have been the same person whom the Greeks called Hercules; and that by these giants are to be understood the Centaurs slain by that hero. Another Tom Thumb he conceives to have been no other than the Hermes Trismegistus of the ancients. The third Tom Thumb he places under the reign of King Arthur; to which third Tom Thumb, says he, the actions of the other two were attributed. Now, tho' I know that this opinion is supported by an assertion of Justus Lipsius, "Thomam illum Thumburn non aliam fuam Herculem fuisse satis constat," yet shall I venture to oppose one line of Mr. Midwinter against them all,

In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live.

"But then, says Dr. B——y if we place Tom Thumb in the court of king Arthur, it will be proper to place that court out of Britain, where no giants were ever heard of." Spencer, in his Fairy Queen, is of another opinion, where, describing Albion, he says,

——— For

Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While Thumb, regardleſs of their noice, rides on.
So ſome cock-ſparrow in a farmer's yard,
Hops at the head of a huge flock of turkeys.

DOOD. When goody Thumb firſt brought this Thomas forth,
The Genius of our land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O Arthur! did thy Genius reign.

NOOD. They tell me it is [e] whiſper'd in the books
Of all our ſages, that this mighty hero,
By Merlin's art begot, hath not a bone
Within his ſkin, but is a lump of griſtle.

DOOD. Then 'tis a griſtle of no mortal kind;
Some God, my Noodle, ſtept into the place
Of gaffer Thumb, and more than [f] half begot
This mighty Tom.

NOOD. ——[g] Sure he was ſent expreſs

——— Par Gitlin, a ſalvage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants.

And in the ſame canto,

Then Elfar, with two brethren giants had,
The one of which had two heads ———
The other three.

Elfam tenentis, amici.

[e] "To whiſper in books, ſays Mr. D———e, is arrant nonſenſe." I am afraid this learned man does not ſufficiently underſtand the extenſive meaning of the word Whiſper. If he had rightly underſtood what is meant by the 'ſenſes whiſp'ring the ſoul' in the Perſian Princeſs, or what 'whiſp'ring like winds' is in Aurengzebe, or like thunder in another author, he would have underſtood this. Emmeline in Dryden ſees a voice, but ſhe was not born blind, which is an excuſe Panthea cannot plead in Cyrus, who hears a ſigh.

——Your deſcription will ſurpaſs
All fiction, painting, or dumb ſhew of horror,
That ever ears yet heard, or eyes beheld.

When Mr. D———s underſtands theſe, he will underſtand whiſpering in books.

[f] ——Some ruffian ſtept into his father's place,
And more than half begot him. MARY Q. of Scots.

[g] ——For Ulmer ſeems ſent expreſs from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian clime.
LIBERTY ASSERTED.

From Heav'n to be the pillar of our ſtate.
Tho' ſmall his body be, ſo very ſmall
A chairman's leg is more than twice as large,
Yet is his ſoul like any mountain big,
And as a mountain once brought forth a mouſe,
[h] So doth this mouſe contain a mighty mountain.

DOOD. Mountain indeed! ſo terrible his name,
[i] The giant nurſes frighten children with it,
And cry Tom Thumb is come, and if you are
Naughty, will ſurely take the child away.

NOOD. But hark! [k] theſe trumpets ſpeak the king's approach.

DOOD. He comes moſt luckily for my petition.

[*Flouriſh.*

SCENE II.

KING, QUEEN, GRIZZLE, NOODLE, DOODLE, FOODLE.

KING. [l] Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day ſhall loſe his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.

Smil

[h] "Omne magis continet in ſe minus, ſed minus non in ſe magis continere poteſt," ſays Scaliger in Thumbo—I ſuppoſe he would have cavilled at theſe beautiful lines in the Earl of Eſſex

——Thy moſt inveterate ſoul,
That looks through the foul priſon of thy body.

And at thoſe of Dryden,

The palace is without too well deſign'd;
Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind. AURENGZEBE.

[i] Mr. Banks copied this almoſt verbatim,

It was enough to ſay, Hexe's Eſſex come,
And nurſes ſtill'd their children with the fright.
E. OF ESSEX

[k] The trumpet in a tragedy is generally as much as to ſay Enter king, which makes Mr. Banks, in one of his plays, call it the trumpet's formal ſound.

[l] Phraortes in the Captives ſeems to have been acquainted with king Arthur.

Proclaim

Smile Dollallolla——Ha! what wrinkled ſorrow,
[a]Hangs, ſits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow?
Whence flow thoſe tears faſt down thy blubber'd cheeks,
Like a ſwoln gutter, guſhing through the ſtreets?

QUEEN. [a]Exceſs of joy, my lord, I've heard folks ſay,
Gives tears as certain as exceſs of grief.

KING. If it be ſo, let all men cry for joy,
[b]'Till my whole court be drowned with their tears;
Nay,

Proclaim a feſtival for ſeven days ſpace,
Let the court ſhine in all its pomp and luſtre,
Let all our ſtreets reſound with ſhouts of joy;
Let muſick's care-diſpelling voice be heard!
The ſumptuous banquet, and the flowing goblet
Shall warm the cheek, and fill the heart with gladneſs.
Aſtarbe ſhall ſit miſtreſs of the feaſt.

[a] Repentance frowns on thy contracted brow. SOPHONISB'A.
Hung on his clouded brow, I mark'd deſpair. Ibid.
——— A ſullen gloom
Scowls on his brow. BUSIRIS.

[a] Plato is of this opinion, and ſo is Mr. Banks;
Behold theſe tears ſprung from freſh pain and joy.
E. OF ESSEX.

[b] Theſe floods are very frequent in the tragick authors.
Near to ſome murmuring brook I'll lay me down,
Whoſe waters if they ſhould too ſhallow flow,
My tears ſhall ſwell them up till I will drown.
LEE's SOPHONISBA.

Pouring forth tears at ſuch a laviſh rate,
That were the world on fire they might have drown'd
The wrath of Heaven, and quench'd the mighty ruin.
MITHRIDATES.

One author changes the waters of grief to thoſe of joy.
———Theſe tears that ſprung from tides of grief,
Are now augmented to a flood of joy, CYRUS the GREAT.

Another
Turns all the ſtreams of heat, and makes them flow
In pity's channel. ROYAL VILLAIN.

One

Nay, till they overflow my utmoſt land,
And leave me nothing but the ſea to rule.
DOOD. My liege, I a petition have here got.
KING. Petition me no petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other hours be ſet apart for buſineſs.
To-day it is our pleaſure to be * drunk,
And this our queen ſhall be as drunk as we.
QUEEN. (Tho' I already † half ſeas over am)
If the capacious goblet overflow
With arrack-punch——'fore George! I'll ſee it out;
Of rum and brandy I'll not taſte a drop.
KING. Tho' rack, in punch, eight ſhillings be a quart,
And rum and brandy be no more than ſix,
Rather than quarrel you ſhall have your will.
[*Trumpets.*

One drowns himſelf.

——— Pity like a torrent, pours me down,
Now I am drowning all within a deluge. ANNA BULLEN.

Cyrus drowns the whole world.

Our ſwelling grief
Shall melt into a deluge, and the world
Shall drown in tears. CYRUS the Great.

* An expreſſion vaſtly beneath the dignity of tragedy, ſays Mr. D——s, yet we find the *word* he cavils at in the mouth of Mithridates leſs properly uſed, and applied to a more terrible idea;

I would be drunk with death. MITHRIDATES.

The author of the new Sophoniſba taketh hold of this monoſyllable, and uſes it pretty much to the ſame purpoſe:

The Carthaginian ſword with Roman blood
Was drunk.

I would Mr. D——s, which gives him the beſt idea, a drunken king, or a drunken ſword?

Mr. Tate trufſes up king Arthur's reſolution in heroick;

Merry, my lord, o'th' captain's humour right,
I am reſolv'd to be dead drunk to-night.

Lee alſo uſes this charming word;

Love's the drunkenneſs of the mind. GLORIANA.

† Dryden hath borrowed this, and applied it impropperly;

I'm half ſeas o'er in death. CLEOM.

But

But ha! the warrior comes; the great Tom Thumb,
The little hero, giant-killing boy,
Preſerver of my kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III.

TOM THUMB *to them with officers, priſoners, and attendants.*

KING. [a] Oh! welcome moſt, moſt welcome to my arms.
What gratitude can thank away the debt
Your valour lays upon me?

QUEEN. ——— Oh! ye gods! *[Aſide.*

THUMB. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,
[c] I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

QUEEN. Was ever ſuch a godlike creature ſeen! *[Aſide.*

KING. Thy modeſty's a [d] candle to thy merit,
It ſhines itſelf, and ſhews thy merit too.
But ſay, my boy, where didſt thou leave the giants?

THUMB. My liege, without the caſtle gates they ſtand,
The caſtle gates too low for their admittance.

KING. What look they like?

THUMB. Like nothing but themſelves.

QUEEN. [e] And ſure thou art like nothing but thyſelf. *[Aſide.*

KING. Enough! the vaſt idea fills my ſoul.
I ſee them, yes, I ſee them now before me:

[a] This figure is in great uſe among the tragedians;
'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis. VICTIM.
I long, repent, repent and long again. BUSIRIS.

[b] A tragical exclamation.

[c] This line is copied verbatim in the captives.

[d] We find a candleſtick for this candle in two celebrated authors:
——— Each ſtar withdraws
His golden head, and burns within the ſocket. NERO.
A ſoul grown old and ſunk into the ſocket. SEBASTIAN.

[e] This ſimile occurs very frequently among the dramatick writers of both kinds.

The

The monſtrous, ugly, barb'rous ſons of whores.
But ha! what form majeſtick ſtrikes our eyes?
[x] So perfect, that it ſeems to have been drawn
By all the gods in council: ſo fair ſhe is,
That ſurely at her birth the council paus'd,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a woman!

THUMB. Then were the gods miſtaken—ſhe is not
A woman, but a gianteſs——whom we
[y] With much ado, have made a ſhift to hawl
Within the town; [z] for ſhe is by a foot
Shorter than all the ſubject giants were.

GLUM. We yeſterday were both a queen and wife,
One hundred thouſand giants own'd our ſway,
Twenty whereof were married to ourſelf.

QUEEN. Oh! happy ſtate of giantiſm——where huſbands
Like muſhrooms grow, whilſt hapleſs we are forc'd
To be content, nay, happy thought with one.

[x] Mr. Lee has ſtolen this thought from our author;

——This perfect face, drawn by the gods in council,
Which they were long a making. LUC. JUN. BRUT.

——At his birth the heavenly council paus'd,
And then at laſt cry'd out, This is a man!

Dryden hath improved this hint to the utmoſt perfection:

So perfect that the very gods, who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own ſkill, and cry'd, A lucky hit
Has mended our deſign! Their envy hindred,
Or you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When heaven would work for oſtentation ſake,
To copy out again. ALL FOR LOVE.

Banks prefers the works of Michael Angelo to that of the gods;

A pattern for the gods to make a man by,
Or Michael Angelo to form a ſtatue.

[y] It is impoſſible, ſays Mr. W——, ſufficiently to admire this natural eaſy line.

[z] This tragedy, which in moſt points reſembles the ancients, differs from them in this, that it aſſigns the ſame honour to lowneſs of ſtature, which they did to height. The gods and heroes in Homer and Virgil, are continually deſcribed higher by the head than their followers, the contrary of which is obſerved by our author. In ſhort, to exceed on either ſide, is equally admirable; and a man of three foot is as wonderful a ſight as a man of nine.

GLUM.

GLUM. But then to loſe them all in one black day,
That the ſame ſun, which riſing, ſaw me wife
To twenty giants, ſetting, ſhould behold
Me widow'd of them all.—[a] My worn out heart,
That ſhip, leaks faſt, and the great heavy lading,
My ſoul, will quickly ſink.

QUEEN. ————Madam, believe
I view your ſorrows with a woman's eye;
But learn to bear them with what ſtrength you may:
To-morrow we will have our grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then ſhall chooſe
What huſbands you think fit.

GLUM. ——[b] Madam, I am
Your moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant.

KING. Think, mighty princeſs, think this court your own,
Nor think the landlord me, this houſe my inn;
Call for whate'er you will, you'll nothing pay.
[c] I feel a ſudden pain within my breaſt,
Nor know I whether this ariſe from love
Or only the wind-cholick. Time muſt ſhew.
Oh Thumb! what do we to thy valour owe?
Aſk ſome reward, great as we can beſtow.

THUMB. [d] I aſk not kingdoms, I can conquer thoſe,
I aſk not money, money I've enough;
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For giants ſlain, and giants yet unborn,
Which I will ſlay——if this be call'd a debt,

[a] My blood leaks faſt, and the great heavy lading
My ſoul will quickly ſink. MITHRID.
My ſoul is like a ſhip. INJUR'D LOVE.

[b] This well-bred line ſeems to be copied in the Perſian Princeſs;
To be your humbleſt, and moſt faithful ſlave.

[c] This doubt of the king, puts me in mind of a paſſage in the Captives, where the noiſe of feet is miſtaken for the ruſtling of leaves.

————Methinks I hear
The ſound of feet;
No, 'twas the wind that ſhook yon cypreſs boughs.

[d] Mr. Dryden ſeems to have had this paſſage in his eye in the firſt page of Love Triumphant.

Take my receipt in full——I aſk but this,
[e] To ſun myſelf in Huncamunca's eyes.
KING. Prodigious bold requeſt. } [*Aſide.*
QUEEN. ——[f] Be ſtill my ſoul. }
THUMB. [g] My heart is at the threſhold of your mouth,
And waits its anſwer there.——Oh! do not frown;
I've try'd, to reaſon's tune, to tune my ſoul,
But love did overwind and crack the ſtring.
Tho' Jove in thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T,
I ſhou'd have lov'd her ſtill——for oh ſtrange fate,
Then when I lov'd her leaſt I lov'd her moſt!
KING. It is reſolv'd——the princeſs is your own.
THUMB. [h] Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy, Thumb!
QUEEN. Conſider, Sir, reward your ſoldier's merit,
But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb.
KING. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended realm
Knows not a name ſo glorious as Tom Thumb.
Let Macedonia Alexander boaſt,

[e] Don Carlos, in the Revenge, ſuns himſelf in the charms of his miſtreſs;

While in the luſtre of her charms I lay.

[f] A tragical phraſe much in uſe.

[g] This ſpeech hath been taken to pieces by ſeveral tragical authors, who ſeem to have rifled it, and ſhared its beauties among them.

My ſoul waits at the portal of thy breaſt,
To raviſh from thy lips the welcome news. ANNA BULLEN.

My ſoul ſtands liſtening at my ears. CYRUS THE GREAT.

Love to his tune my jarring heart would bring,
But reaſon overwinds and cracks the ſtring. D. OF GUISE.

——— I ſhou'd have lov'd,
Tho' Jove in muttering thunder had forbid it.
NEW SOPHONISBA.

And when it *(my heart)* wild reſolves to love no more.
Then is the triumph of exceſſive love. Ibidem.

[h] Maſiniſſa is one fourth leſs happy than Tom Thumb.

Oh! happy, happy, happy. Ibidem.

Let

Let Rome her Cæſars and her Scipios ſhow,
Her Meſſieurs France, let Holland boaſt Minheers,
Ireland her O's, her Macs let Scotland boaſt,
Let England boaſt no other than Tom Thumb.
QUEEN. Tho' greater yet his boaſted merit was,
He ſhall not have my daughter, that is pos'.
KING. Ha! ſayſt thou, Dollallolla!
QUEEN. ——— I ſay he ſhan't.
KING. [i] Then by our royal ſelf we ſwear you lie.
QUEEN. [k] Who but a dog, who but a dog
Would uſe me as thou doſt? Me, who have lain
[l] Theſe twenty years ſo loving by thy ſide;
But I will be reveng'd. I'll hang myſelf,
Then tremble all who did this match perſuade,
[m] For riding on a cat from high I'll fall,
And ſquirt down royal vengeance on you all.
NOOD. [n] Her majeſty the queen is in a paſſion,
KING. [o] Be ſhe, or be ſhe not——I'll to the girl
And pave thy way, oh Thumb.——Now by ourſelf,
We were indeed a pretty king of clouts
To truckle to her will.——For when by force
Or art the wife her huſband over-reaches,
Give him the petticoat, and her the breeches.

[i] No by myſelf. ANNA BULLEN.

[k] ——————Who cans'd
This dreadful revolution in my fate,
Ulamar. Who but a dog, who but a dog?
LIBERTY ASSERTED.

[l] ——————A bride,
Who twenty years lay loving by your ſide. BANKS.

[m] For born upon a cloud from high I'll fall,
And rain down royal vengeance on you all.
ALBION QUEEN.

[n] An information very like this we have in the Tragedy of Love; where Cyrus having ſtormed in the moſt violent manner, Cyaxares obſerves very calmly,

Why, nephew Cyrus——you are mov'd.

[o] 'Tis in your choice,
Love me, or love me not. CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

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THUMB. [p] Whiſper ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine;
Echoes repeat, that Huncamunca's mine!
The dreadful buſ'neſs of the war is o'er,
And beauty, heav'nly beauty, crowns my toils;
I've thrown the bloody garment now aſide,
And hymeneal ſweets invite my bride.
So when ſome chimney-ſweeper all the day,
Hath thro' dark paths purſu'd the ſooty way,
At night, to waſh his hands and face he flies,
And in his t'other ſhirt with his Brickduſta lies.

SCENE IV.

GRIZZLE *ſolus.*

[q] Where art thou, Grizzle! where are now thy glories?
Where are the drums that waken thee to honour?
Greatneſs is a lac'd coat from Monmouth-ſtreet,
Which fortune lends us for a day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's back.
The ſpiteful ſun but yeſterday ſurvey'd
His rival high as Saint Paul's cupola:
Now may he ſee me as Fleet-ditch laid low.

SCENE V.

QUEEN, GRIZZLE.

QUEEN. [r] Teach me to ſcold, prodigious-minded Grizzle.
Mountain of treaſon, ugly as the Devil.
Teach this confounded hateful mouth of mine
To ſpout forth words malicious as thyſelf,
Words, which might ſhame all Billingſgate to ſpeak.

[p] There is not one beauty in this charming ſpeech, but what hath been borrowed by almoſt every tragick writer.

[q] Mr. Banks has (I wiſh I could not ſay too ſervilely) imitated this of Grizzle in his Earl of Eſſex.

Where art thou, Eſſex, &c.

[r] The Counteſs of Nottingham in the Earl of Eſſex is apparently *acquainted* with Dollallolla.

GRIZ.

GRIZ. Far be it from my pride to think my tongue
Your royal lips can in that art inſtruct,
Wherein you ſo excel. But may I aſk,
Without offence, wherefore my queen would ſcold?
QUEEN. Wherefore? Oh! blood and thunder! han't you heard
(What ev'ry corner of the court reſounds)
That little Thumb will be a great man made?
GRIZ. I heard it, I confeſs——for who, alas!
*Can always ſtop his ears——But wou'd my teeth,
By grinding knives, had firſt been ſet on edge.
QUEEN. Would I had heard, at the ſtill noon of night,
The hallalloo of fire in every ſtreet!
Odſbobs! I have a mind to hang myſelf,
To think I ſhould a grandmother be made
By ſuch a raſcal.——Sure the king forgets,
When in a pudding, by his mother put,
The baſtard, by a tinker, on a ſtile
Was dropp'd.—O, good lord Grizzle! can I bear
To ſee him from a pudding mount the throne?
Or can, O can! my Huncamunca bear
To take a pudding's offspring to her arms?
GRIZ. Oh horror! horror! horror! ceaſe my queen,
†Thy voice, like twenty ſcreech-owls, wracks my brain.
QUEEN. Then rouſe thy ſpirit—we may yet prevent
This hated match.——
GRIZ. ——We will[‖]; not fate itſelf,
Should it conſpire with Thomas Thumb, ſhould cauſe it.
I'll ſwim thro' ſeas; I'll ride upon the clouds;
I'll dig the earth; I'll blow out ev'ry fire;

* Grizzle was not probably poſſeſſed of that glew of which Mr. Banks ſpeaks in his Cyrus.

I'll glew my ears to ev'ry word.

† Screech-owls, dark ravens, and amphibious monſters,
Are ſcreaming in that voice. MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

‖ The reader may ſee all the beauties of this ſpeech in a late Ode called the *Naval Lyrick*.

I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll riſe; I'll ruſh; I'll roar;
Fierce as the man whom [w] ſmiling dolphins bore,
From the proſaick to poetick ſhore.
I'll tear the ſcoundrel into twenty pieces.

QUEEN. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt him not;
For, tho' I would not have him have my daughter,
Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the giants?

GRIZ. I tell you, Madam, it was all a trick,
He made the giants firſt, and then he kill'd them;
As fox-hunters bring foxes to the wood,
And then with hounds they drive them out again.

QUEEN. How! have you ſeen no giants? Are there not
Now, in the yard, ten thouſand proper giants?

GRIZ. [x] Indeed, I cannot poſitively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.

QUEEN. Hence! from my ſight! thou traitor, hie away;
By all my ſtars! thou envieſt Tom Thumb.
Go, firrah! go, [y] hie away! hie!——thou art
A ſetting dog, be gone.

GRIZ.

[w] This epithet to a dolphin doth not give one ſo clear an idea as were to be wiſhed; a ſmiling fiſh ſeeming a little more difficult to be imagined than a flying fiſh. Mr. Dryden is of opinion, that ſmiling is the property of reaſon, and that no irrational creature can ſmile.

Smiles not allowed to beaſts, from reaſon move.
STATE OF INNOCENCE.

[x] Theſe lines are written in the ſame key with thoſe in the Earl of Eſſex:

Why ſayſt thou ſo, I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou ſhalt find by this, 'tis true.

Or with this in Cyrus;

The moſt heroick mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern tragedies.

[y] Ariſtotle, in that excellent work of his, which is very juſtly ſtiled his Maſter-piece, earneſtly recommends uſing the terms of art, however coarſe or even indecent they may be. Mr. Tate is of the ſame opinion.

BRUT

GRIZ. Madam, I go.
Tom Thumb ſhall feel the vengeance you have rais'd:
So, when two dogs are fighting in the ſtreets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog ſmarts for what that dog had done.

SCENE VII.

QUEEN *ſola.*

And whither ſhall I go?——Alack-a-day!
I love Tom Thumb——but muſt not tell him ſo;
For what's a woman when her virtue's gone?
A coat without its lace; wig out of buckle!
A ſtocking with a hole in't——I can't live
Without my virtue, or without Tom Thumb.
[z] Then let me weigh them in two equal ſcales,
In this ſcale put my virtue, that Tom Thumb.
Alas! Tom Thumb is heavier than my virtue.
But hold!——perhaps I may be left a widow:
This match prevented, then Tom Thumb is mine:
In that dear hope I will forget my pain.
So, when ſome wench to Tothill Bridewell's ſent,
With beating hemp and flogging ſhe's content,
She hopes in time to eaſe her preſent pain,
At length is free, and walks the ſtreets again.

BRU. Do not, like young hawks, fetch a courſe about,
Your game flies fair.
FRA. Do not fear it.
He anſwers you in your own hawking phraſe.
INJUR'D LOVE.

I think theſe two great authorities are ſufficient to juſtify Dollal-lolla in the uſe of the phraſe, "Hie away, hie" when in the ſame line ſhe ſays ſhe is ſpeaking to a ſetting-dog.

[z] We meet with ſuch another pair of ſcales in Dryden's King Arthur.

Arthur and Oſwald, and their different fates,
Are weighing now within the ſcales of Heaven.

Alſo in Sebaſtian.

This hour my lot is weighing in the ſcales.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

BAILIFF.

COME on, my truſty follower, come on:
This day diſcharge thy duty, and at night
A double mug of beer and beer ſhall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this way muſt Noodle paſs.

FOLLOW. No more, no more, Oh Bailiff! every word
Inſpires my ſoul with virtue.——Oh! I long
To meet the enemy in the ſtreet——and nab him:
To lay arreſting hands upon his back,
And drag him trembling to the ſpunging-houſe.

BAIL. There, when I have him, I will ſpunge upon him.
[a] Oh! glorious thought! by the ſun, moon, and ſtars,
I will enjoy it, tho' it be in thought!
Yes, yes, my follower, I will enjoy it.

FOLLOW. Enjoy it then ſome other time, for now
Our prey approaches.

BAIL. Let us retire.

SCENE II.

TOM THUMB, NOODLE, BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

THUMB. Truſt me, my Noodle, I am wondrous ſick;
For though I love the gentle Huncamunca,
Yet at the thought of marriage I grow pale:
For Oh!——[b] but ſwear thou'lt keep it ever ſecret,
I will unfold a tale will make thee ſtare.

[a] Mr. Rowe is generally imagin'd to have taken ſome hints from this ſcene in his character of Bajazet; but as he, of all the tragick writers, bears the leaſt reſemblance to our author in his diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condeſcend to copy him in this particular.

[b] This method of ſurprizing an audience by raiſing their expectation to the higheſt pitch, and then balking it, hath been practis'd with great ſucceſs, by moſt of our tragical authors.

NOOD.

NOOD. I ſwear by lovely Huncamunca's charms.
THUMB. Then know——[c]my grandmamma hath often ſaid,
Tom Thumb beware of marriage.
NOOD. Sir, I bluſh
To think a warrior, great in arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his grandmamma;
Can an old woman's empty dreams deter
The blooming hero from the virgin's arms?
Think of the joy that will your ſoul alarm,
When in her fond embraces claſp'd you lie,
While on her panting breaſt diſſolv'd in bliſs,
You pour out all Tom Thumb in every kiſs.
THUMB. Oh! Noodle, thou haſt fir'd my eager ſoul;
Spite of my grandmother ſhe ſhall be mine;
I'll hug, careſs, I'll eat her up with love:
Whole days, and nights, and years ſhall be too ſhort
For our enjoyment, every ſun ſhall riſe
B luſhing, to ſee us in our bed together.
NOOD. Oh, Sir! this purpoſe of your ſoul purſue.
BAIL. Oh, Sir! I have an action againſt you.
NOOD. At whoſe ſuit is it?
BAIL. At your taylor's, Sir?

[c] Almeda in Sebaſtian is in the ſame diſtreſs;

Sometimes methinks I hear the groan of ghoſts,
Thin hollow ſounds and lamentable ſcreams;
Then, like a dying echo from afar,
My mother's voice that cries, Wed not, Almeyda;
Forwarn'd, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime.

[d] "As very well he may, if he hath any modeſty in him," ſays Mr. D——s. The author of Buſiris is extremely zealous to prevent the ſun's bluſhing at any indecent object; and therefore on all ſuch occaſions he addreſſes himſelf to the ſun, and deſires him to keep out of the way.

Riſe never more, O ſun! let night prevail,
Eternal darkneſs cloſe the world's wide ſcene: BUSIRIS.

Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning. Ibid.

Mr. Banks makes the ſun perform the office of Hymen; and therefore not likely to be diſguſted at ſuch a ſight;

The ſun ſets forth like a gay brideman with you.
MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

Your taylor put this warrant in my hands,
And I arreſt you, Sir, at his commands.

THUMB. Ha! dogs! Arreſt my friend before my face!
Think you Tom Thumb will ſuffer this diſgrace!
But let vain cowards threaten by their word,
Tom Thumb ſhall ſhew his anger by his ſword.
[*Kills the bailiff and his follower.*

BAIL. Oh, I am ſlain!

FOL. I am murdered alſo,
And to the ſhades, the diſmal ſhades below,
My bailiff's faithful follower I go.

NOOD. [e] Go then to hell like raſcals as you are,
And give our ſervice to the bailiffs there.

THUMB. Thus periſh all the bailiffs in the land,
Till debtors at noon-day ſhall walk the ſtreet,
And no one fear a bailiff or his writ.

SCENE III.

The Princeſs HUNCAMUNCA's *Apartment.*

HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

HUNC. [f] Give me ſome muſick—ſee that it be ſad.

CLEORA *ſings.*

I.

Cupid, eaſe a love-ſick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardor wound the ſwain:
Beauty ſhould never ſigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleaſing ſmart,
Drive the arrow thro' his heart;
When one you wound, you then deſtroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

[e] Neurmahal ſends the ſame meſſage to heaven;

For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us to our friends above. AURENZEBE.

We find another to hell, in the Perſian Princeſs;

Villain, get thee down
To hell, and tell them that the fray's begun.

[f] *Anthony* gives the ſame command in the ſame words.

HUNC.

HUNC. [g] O Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! wherefore art thou Tom Thumb?
Why hadſt thou not been born of royal race?
Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?
Or elſe the king of Brentford, Old or New?

MUST. I am ſurpris'd that your highneſs can give yourſelf a moment's uneaſineſs about that little inſignificant fellow, [h] Tom Thumb the Great—one properer for a play-thing than a huſband.—Were he my huſband, his horns ſhould be as long as his body.—If you had fallen in love with a grenadier, I ſhould not have wonder'd at it.—If you had fallen in love with ſomething; but to fall in love with nothing!

HUNC. Ceaſe, my Muſtacha, on thy duty ceaſe.
The Zephyr, when in flow'ry vales it plays,
Is not ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet as Thummy's breath.
The dove is not ſo gentle to its mate.

MUST. The dove is every bit as proper for a huſband.——Alas! Madam, there's not a beau about the court looks ſo little like a man.——He is a perfect butterfly, a thing without ſubſtance, and almoſt without ſhadow too.

HUNC. This rudeneſs is unſeaſonable; deſiſt,
Or I ſhall think this railing comes from love.
Tom Thumb's a creature of that charming form,
That no one can abuſe, unleſs they love him.

MUST. Madam, the king.

SCENE IV.

KING, HUNCAMUNCA.

KING. Let all but Huncamunca leave the room.
[*Exe.* Cleora *and* Muſtacha.
Daughter, I have obſerv'd of late ſome grief
Unuſual in your countenance——your eyes,

[g] Oh! Marius, Marius, whereof art thou Marius?
OTWAY'S MARIUS.

[h] Nothing is more common than theſe ſeeming contradictions, ſuch as,

Haughty weakneſs. VICTIM.
Great ſmall world. NOAH'S FLOOD.

[i]That, like two open windows, us'd to ſhew
The lovely beauty of the rooms within,
Have now two blinds before them.—What is the cauſe?
Say, have you not enough of meat and drink?
We've giv'n ſtrict orders not to have you ſtinted.

HUNC. Alas! my lord, I value not myſelf.
That once I eat two fowls and half a pig;
[k]Small is that praiſe! but oh! a maid may want
What ſhe can neither eat nor drink.

KING. What's that?

HUNC. [l]O ſpare my bluſhes; but I mean a huſband.

KING. If that be all, I have provided one,

i Lee hath improv'd this metaphor.

Doſt thou not view joy peeping from my eyes,
The caſements open'd wide to gaze on thee?
So Rome's glad citizens to windows riſe,
When they ſome young triumpher fain would ſee.
GLORIANA.

k Almahide hath the ſame contempt for theſe appetites;

To eat and drink can no perfection be.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

The earl of Eſſex is of a different opinion, and ſeems to place the chief happineſs of a general therein.

Were but commanders half ſo well rewarded,
Then they might eat. BANKS's Earl of Eſſex.

But if we may believe one, who knows more than either, the devil himſelf, we ſhall find eating to be of more moment than is generally imagined.

Gods are immortal only by their food.
LUCIFER in the State of Innocence.

l "This expreſſion is enough of itſelf (ſays Mr. D——s) utterly to deſtroy the character of Huncamunca;" yet we find a woman of no abandoned character in Dryden adventuring farther, and thus excuſing herſelf;

To ſpeak our wiſhes firſt, forbid it pride,
Forbid it modeſty; true, they forbid it,
But Nature does not; when we are athirſt,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature ſtay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on. CLEOMENES.

Caſſandra ſpeaks before ſhe is aſked: Huncamunca afterwards. Caſſandra ſpeaks her wiſhes to her lover: Huncamunca only to her father.

A huſband

A huſband great in arms, whoſe warlike ſword
Streams with the yellow blood of ſlaughter'd giants,
Whoſe name in Terrâ Incognitâ is known,
Whoſe valour, wiſdom, virtue make a noiſe,
Great as the kettle-drums of twenty armies.
HUNC. Whom does my royal father mean?
KING. Tom Thumb.
HUNC. Is it poſſible?
KING. Ha! the window-blinds are gone,
[m]A country-dance of joy is in your face,
Your eyes ſpit fire, your cheeks grow red as beef.
HUNC. O, there's a magick-muſick in that ſound,
Enough to turn me into beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, ſince licens'd by your word,
I'll own Tom Thumb the cauſe of all my grief.
For him I've ſigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my ſheets.
KING. Oh! thou ſhalt gnaw thy tender ſheets no more,
A huſband thou ſhalt have to mumble now.
HUNC. Oh! happy ſound! henceforth let no one tell
That Huncamunca ſhall lead apes in hell.
Oh! I am overjoy'd!
KING. I ſee thou art.
[n]Joy lightens in thy eyes, and thunders from thy brows;
Tranſports, like lightning, dart along thy ſoul,
As ſmall-ſhot thro' a hedge.
HUNC. Oh! ſay not ſmall.
KING. This happy news ſhall on our tongue ride poſt,
Ourſelf will bear the happy news to Thumb.
Yet think not, daughter, that your powerful charms
Muſt yet detain the hero from his arms;

[m] Her eyes reſiſtleſs magick bear,
Angels, I ſee, and gods are dancing there.
LEE's SOPHONISBA.

[n] Mr. Dennis, in that excellent tragedy, called Liberty Aſſerted, which is thought to have given ſo great a ſtroke to the late French king, hath frequent imitations of this beautiful ſpeech of king Arthur;

Conqueſt light'ning in his eyes, and thund'ring in his arms:
Joy lighten'd in her eyes.
Joys like light'ning dart along my ſoul.

Various

Various his duty, various his delight;
Now in his turn to kiſs, and now to fight;
And now to kiſs again. So, mighty [8] Jove,
When with exceſſive thund'ring tir'd above,
Comes down to earth, and takes a bit——and then
Flies to his trade of thund'ring back again.

SCENE V.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

[9] GRIZ. Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!
Thy pouting breaſts, like kettle drums of braſs,
Beat everlaſting loud alarms of joy;
As bright as braſs they are, and oh! as hard;
Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

HUNC. Ha! doſt thou know me, princeſs as I am
[1] That thus of me you dare to make your game.

GRIZ. Oh Huncamunca. well I know that you
A princeſs are, and a king's daughter too;
But love no meanneſs ſcorns, no grandeur fears;
Love often lords into the cellar bears,
And bids the ſturdy porter come up ſtairs.
For what's too high for love, or what's too low?
Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

HUNC. But granting all you ſay of love were true,
My love, alas! is to another due!

[8] Jove, with exceſſive thund'ring tir'd above,
Comes down for eaſe, enjoys a nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to thund'ring goes again. GLORIANA

[9] This beautiful line, which ought, ſays Mr. W. to be writte in gold, is imitated in the New Sophoniſba;

Oh! Sophoniſba, Sophoniſba, oh!
Oh! Narva, Narva, oh!

The author of a ſong called Duke upon Duke, hath improv'd it.

Alas! O Nick, O Nick, alas!

Where by the help of a little falſe ſpelling, you have two mean ings in the repeated words.

[1] Edith, in the Bloody Brother, ſpeaks to her lover in the ſam familiar language;

Your grace is full of game.

In vain to me a ſuitoring you come,
For I'm already promis'd to Tom Thumb.
GRIZ. And can my princeſs ſuch a durgen wed,
One fitter for your pocket than your bed!
Advis'd by me, the worthleſs baby ſhun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy arms, and never flinch,
Who am a man by Jupiter ev'ry inch.
[r] Then while in joys together loſt we lie,
I'll preſs thy ſoul while gods ſtand wiſhing by.
HUNC. If, Sir, what you inſinuate you prove,
All obſtacles of promiſe you remove;
For all engagements to a man muſt fall,
Whene'er that man is prov'd no man at all.
GRIZ. Oh let him ſeek ſome dwarf, ſome fairy miſs,
Where no joint-ſtool muſt lift him to the kiſs.
But by the ſtars and glory you appear
Much fitter for a Pruſſian grenadier;
One globe alone on Atlas' ſhoulders reſts,
Two globes are leſs than Huncamunca's breaſts:
The milky way is not ſo white, that's flat,
And ſure thy breaſts are full as large as that.
HUNC. Oh, Sir, ſo ſtrong your eloquence I find,
Is it impoſſible to be unkind.
GRIZ. Ah! ſpeak that o'er again, and let the [s] ſound
From one pole to another pole rebound;
The earth and ſky each be a battledore,
And keep the ſound, that ſhuttlecock, up an hour;
To Doctors-Commons for a licence I,
Swift as an arrow from a bow will fly.
HUNC. Oh no! leſt ſome diſaſter we ſhould meet,
'Twere better to be marry'd at the Fleet.

[r] Traverſe the glitt'ring chambers of the ſky,
Born on a cloud in view of fate I'll lie.
And preſs her ſoul while gods ſtand wiſhing by.
HANNIBAL.

[s] Let the four winds from diſtant corners meet,
And on their wings firſt bear it into France;
Then back again to Edina's proud walls,
Till victim to the ſound th'aſpiring city falls.
ALBION QUEENS.

GRIZ.

GRIZ. Forbid it, all ye powers, a princeſs ſhould
By that vile place contaminate her blood;
My quick return ſhall to my charmer prove
I travel on the [t] poſt-horſes of love.

HUNC. Thoſe poſt-horſes to me will ſeem too ſlow,
Tho' they ſhould fly ſwift as the gods, when they
Ride on behind that poſt-boy, Opportunity.

SCENE VI.

TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

THUMB. Where is my princeſs, where's my Huncamunca?
Where are thoſe eyes, thoſe cardmatches of love,
That [u] light up all with love my waxen ſoul?
Where is that face, which artful nature made
[x] In the ſame moulds where Venus ſelf was caſt?

HUNC.

[t] I do not remember any metaphors ſo frequent in the tragick poets, as thoſe borrow'd from riding poſt;

The gods and opportunity ride poſt. HANNIBAL.
——Let's ruſh together,
For death rides poſt. DUKE OF GUISE.
Deſtruction gallops to thy murder poſt. GLORIANA.

[u] This image too very often occurs,

Bright as when thy eye
Firſt lighted up our loves. AURENGZEBE.
This not a crown alone lights up my neme. BUSIRIS.

[x] There is a great diſſenſion among the poets concerning the method of making man. One tells his miſtreſs, that the mold ſhe was made in being loſt, Heaven cannot form ſuch another. Lucifer, in Dryden, gives a merry deſcription of his own formation.

Whom heaven neglecting, made and ſcarce deſign'd,
But threw me in for lumber to the reſt.
STATE OF INNOCENCE.

In one place the ſame poet ſuppoſes man to be made of metal;

I was formed
Of that coarſe metal, which when ſhe was made,
The Gods threw by for rubbiſh. ALL FOR LOVE.

In

HUNC. [y]Oh! what is muſick to the ear that's deaf,
Or a gooſe-pye to him that has no taſte?
What are theſe praiſes now to me, ſince I
Am promis'd to another?

THUMB. Ha! promis'd?

HUNC. Too ſure; it's written in the book of fate.

THUMB. [z]Then I will tear away the leaf
Wherein it's writ, or if fate won't allow
So large a gap within it's journal-book,
I'll blot it out at leaſt.

In another of dough;

When the Gods moulded up the paſte of man,
Some of their clay was left upon their hands,
And ſo they made Egyptians. CLEOMENES.

In another of clay;

——— Rubbiſh of remaining clay. SEBASTIAN.

One makes the ſoul of wax;

Her waxen ſoul begins to melt apace. ANNA BULLEN.

Another of flint;

Sure our two ſouls have ſomewhere been acquainted
In former beings, or ſtruck out together,
One ſpark to Africk flew, and one to Portugal. SEBASTIAN.

To omit the great quantities of iron, brazen and leaden ſouls which are ſo plenty in modern authors—I cannot omit the dreſs of a ſoul, as we find in Dryden;

Souls ſhirted but with air. KING ARTHUR.

Nor can I paſs by a particular ſort of ſoul in a particular ſort of deſcription, in the New Sophoniſba.

Ye myſterious powers,
———Whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on the mountains walk, give me the calm,
The ſteady ſmiling ſoul, where wiſdom ſheds
Eternal ſun-ſhine, and eternal joy.

[y] This line Mr. Banks has plunder'd entire in his Anna Bullen.

[z] Good heav'n! the book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of that day.
Or if the order of the world below,
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when ſhe made her vow.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

GLUMDALCA, TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

GLUM. [a]I need not aſk if you are Huncamunca,
Your brandy-noſe proclaims———
HUNC. I am a princeſs;
Nor need I aſk who you are.
GLUM. A gianteſs;
The queen of thoſe who made and unmade queens.
HUNC. The man, whoſe chief ambition is to be
My ſweetheart, hath deſtroy'd theſe mighty giants.
GLUM. Your ſweetheart? Doſt thou think the man, who once
Hath worn my eaſy chains, will e'er wear thine?
HUNC. Well may your chains be eaſy, ſince, if fame
Says true, they have been try'd on twenty huſbands.
[b]The glove or boot, ſo many times pull'd on,
May well ſit eaſy on the hand or foot.
GLUM. I glory in the number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this face for one as bad as thine.
HUNC. Let me ſee nearer what this beauty is,
That captivates the hearts of men by ſcores.
[*Holds a candle to her face.*
Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the devil.
GLUM. You'd give the beſt of ſhoes within your ſhop
To be but half ſo handſome.
HUNC. ———Since you come

[a] I know ſome of the commentators have imagined, that Mr. Dryden, in the altercative ſcene between Cleopatra and Octavia, a ſcene which Mr. Addiſon inveighs againſt with great bitterneſs, is much beholden to our author. How juſt this their obſervation is, I will not preſume to determine.

[b] 'A cobling poet,' indeed, ſays Mr. D. and yet I believe we may find as monſtrous images in the tragick authors: I'll put down one;

Untie your folded thoughts, and let them dangle looſe as a bride's hair. INJUR'D LOVE.

Which line ſeems to have as much title to a milliner's ſhop, as our author's to a ſhoemaker's.

To

[c]To that, I'll put my beauty to the teſt:
Tom Thumb I'm yours, if you with me will go.
GLUM. Oh! ſtay, Tom Thumb, and you alone ſhall fill
That bed where twenty giants us'd to lie.
THUMB. In the balcony that overhangs the ſtage,
I've ſeen a whore two 'prentices engage;
One half a crown does in his fingers hold,
The other ſhews a little piece of gold;
She the half guinea wiſely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baſer coin.
GLUM. Left, ſcorn'd, and loath'd for ſuch a chit as this;
[d]I feel the ſtorm that's riſing in my mind,
Tempeſts, and whirlwinds riſe, and roll and roar.
I'm all within a hurricane, as if
[e]The world's four winds were pent within my carcaſe.
[f]Confuſion, horror, murder, guts and death!

SCENE VIII.

KING, GLUMDALCA.

KING. [g]Sure never was ſo ſad a king as I!
My life is worn as ragged as a coat

[a] Mr. L. takes occaſion in this place to commend the great care of our author to preſerve the metre of blank verſe, in which Shakeſpeare, Johnſon and Fletcher were ſo notoriouſly negligent; and the moderns, in imitation of our author, ſo laudably obſervant.

- - - Then does
Your Majeſty believe that he can be
A traitor! EARL OF ESSEX.

Every page of Sophoniſba gives us inſtances of this excellence.

[d] Love mounts and rolls about my ſtormy mind. AURENG.
Tempeſts and whirlwinds thro' my boſom move. CLEOM.

[e] With ſuch a furious tempeſt on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His bluſtring carcaſe. ANNA BULLEN.

[f] Verba tragica.

[g] This ſpeech has been terribly maul'd by the poet.

[h] - - My life is worn to rags:
Not worth a prince's wearing. LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

A beggar

A beggar wears; a prince ſhould put it off,
To love a captive and a gianteſs.
Oh love! Oh love! how great a king art thou!
My tongue's thy trumpet, and thou trumpeteſt,
Unknown to me, within me. [a] Oh Glumdalca!
Heaven thee deſign'd a gianteſs to make,
But an angelick ſoul was ſhuffled in.
[b] I am a multitude of walking griefs,
And only on her lips the balm is found,
[c] To ſpread a plaiſter that might cure them all.

GLUM. What do I hear?

KING. What do I ſee?

GLUM. Oh!

KING. Ah!

GLUM. Ah! wretched queen!

KING. Oh! wretched king!

[a] Muſt I beg the pity of my ſlave!
Muſt a king beg! But love's a greater king,
A tyrant, nay a devil that poſſeſſes me.
He tunes the organ of my voice, and ſpeaks
Unknown to me, within me. SEBASTIAN.

[b] When thou wert form'd heaven did a man begin;
But a brute ſoul by chance was ſhuffled in. AURENGZEBE.

[b] I am a multitude
Of walking griefs. NEW SOPHONISBA.

[c] I will take thy ſcorpion blood,
And lay it to my grief 'till I have eaſe. ANNA BULLEN.

[a] Our author, who every where ſhews his great penetration into human nature, here outdoes himſelf: where a leſs judicious poet would have raiſed a long ſcene of whining love, he, who underſtood the paſſions better, and that ſo violent an affection as this muſt be too big for utterance, chooſes rather to ſend his characters off in this ſullen and doleful manner: in which admirable conduct he is imitated by the author of the juſtly celebrated Eurydice. Dr. Young ſeems to point at this violence of paſſion:

— — Paſſion chooks
Their words, and they're the ſtatues of deſpair.

And Seneca tells us, "Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent."— The ſtory of the Egyptian king in Herodotus is too well known to need to be inſerted; I refer the more curious reader to the excellent Montagne, who hath written an eſſay on this ſubject.

GLUM.

GLUM. Ah!
KING. Oh!

SCENE IX.

TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA, PARSON.

PARSON. Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing;
For, if I gueſs right, Tom Thumb this night
Shall give a being to a new Tom Thumb.
THUMB. It ſhall be my endeavour ſo to do.
HUNC. Oh! fy upon you, Sir, you make me bluſh.
THUMB. It is the virgin's ſign, and ſuits you well:
P I know not where, nor how, nor what I am;
q I'm ſo tranſported I have loſt myſelf.
HUNC. Forbid it, all ye ſtars, for you're ſo ſmall,
That were you loſt you'd find yourſelf no more.
So the unhappy ſempſtreſs once, they ſay,
Her needle in a pottle, loſt, of hay;

In

• To part is death——————
——————'Tis death to part.
——————Ah.
——————Oh. DON CARLOS.

P Nor know I whether.
What am I, who or where. BUSIRIS.

I was I know not what, and am I know not how.
GLORIANA.

q To underſtand ſufficiently the beauty of this paſſage, it will be neceſſary that we comprehend every man to contain two ſelfs. I ſhall not attempt to prove this from philoſophy, which the poets make ſo plainly evident.
One runs away from the other;

——Let me demand your majeſty,
Why fly you from yourſelf? DUKE OF GUISE.

In a nd, one ſelf is a guardian to the other;
Leave me the care of me. CONQUEST OF GRANADA.
Again,
Myſelf am to myſelf leſs near. Ibid

In the ſame, the firſt ſelf is proud of the ſecond;
I myſelf am proud of me. STATE OF INNOCENCE.

In

In vain ſhe look'd, and look'd, and made her moan,
For ah! the needle was for ever gone.

PARSON. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole land be peopled with Tom Thumbs.
[r] So when the Cheſhire cheeſe a maggot breeds,
Another and another ſtill ſucceeds:
By thouſands, and ten thouſands they increaſe,
Till one continu'd maggot fills the rotten cheeſe.

SCENE X.

NOODLE, *and then* GRIZZLE.

NOOD. [s] Sure Nature means to break her ſolid chain,
Or elſe unfix the world, and in a rage
To hurl it from its axle-tree and hinges;
All things are ſo confus'd! the king's in love,
The

In a third, diſtruſtful of him;

Fain would I tell, but whiſper it in my ear,
That none beſides might hear, nay not myſelf.
EARL OF ESSEX.

In a 4th, honours him;

I honour Rome,
And honour too myſelf. SOPHONISBA.

In a 5th, at variance with him;

Leave me not thus at variance with myſelf. BUSIRIS.

Again, in a 6th;

I find myſelf divided from myſelf. MEDEA.
She ſeemed the ſad effigies of herſelf. BANKS.
Aſſiſt me, Zulema, if thou would'ſt be
The friend thou ſeemeſt, aſſiſt me againſt me.
ALBION QUEENS.

From all which it appears that there are two ſelfs; and therefore Tom Thumb's loſing himſelf, is no ſuch ſoleciſm as hath been repreſented by men, rather ambitious of criticizing, than qualified to criticize.

[r] Mr. F. imagines this parſon to have been a Welſh one from his ſimile.

[s] Our author hath been plundered here, according to cuſtom.

Great Nature, br ak thy chain that links together
The fabric of the world, and make a chaos,
Like that within my ſoul. LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Startle

The queen is drunk, the princeſs married is.
GRIZ. Oh! Noodle, haſt thou Huncamunca ſeen?
NOOD. I've ſeen a thouſand fights this day, where none
Are by the wonderful bitch herſelf outdone,
The king, the queen, and all the courts are fights.
GRIZ. [t] D——n your delay, you trifler, are you drunk, ha?
I will not hear one word but Huncamunca.
NOOD. By this time ſhe is marry'd to Tom Thumb.
GRIZ. [u] My Huncamunca!
NOOD. Your Huncamunca,
Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every man's Huncamunca.
GRIZ. If this be true, all womankind are damn'd.
NOOD. If it be not, may I be ſo myſelf.
GRIZ. See where ſhe comes! I'll not believe a word
Againſt that face, upon whoſe [w] ample brow
Sits innocence with majeſty enthron'd.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

GRIZ. Where has my Huncamunca been? See here
The licence in my hand!
HUNC. Alas! Tom Thumb.
GRIZ. Why doſt thou mention him?
HUNC. Ah me! Tom Thumb.
GRIZ. What means my lovely Huncamunca?
HUNC. Hum!
GRIZ. Oh! ſpeak.
HUNC. Hum!

—— Startle Nature, unfix the globe,
And hurl it from its axle-tree and hinges.
ALBION QUEENS.

The tott'ring earth ſeems ſliding off its props.

[t] D—n your delay, ye torturers proceed,
I will not hear one word but Almahide.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[u] Mr. Dryden hath imitated this in All for Love.

[w] This Miltonic ſtile abounds in the New Sophoniſba.

——And on her ample brow
Sat Majeſty.

GRIZ.

GRIZ. Ha! your every word is hum:
[x] You force me ſtill to anſwer you, Tom Thumb.
Tom Thumb, I'm on the rack, I'm in a flame,
Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, you love the name;
So pleaſing is that ſound, that were you dumb,
You ſtill would find a voice to cry, Tom Thumb.

HUNC. Oh! be not haſty to proclaim my doom,
My ample heart for more than one has room;
A maid, like me, Heaven form'd at leaſt for two,
I married him, and now I'll marry you.

GRIZ. Ha! doſt thou own thy falſhood to my face?
Think'ſt thou that I will ſhare thy huſband's place?
Since to that office one cannot ſuffice,
And ſince you ſcorn to dine one ſingle diſh on,
Go, get your huſband put into commiſſion.
Commiſſioners to diſcharge (ye Gods) it fine is,
The duty of a huſband to your highneſs;
Yet think not long I will my rival bear,
Or unreveng'd the ſlighted willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding tempeſt, now confin'd
Within the hollow caverns of my mind,
In dreadful whirl ſhall roll along the coaſts,
Shall thin the land of all the men it boaſts,
[a] And cram up ev'ry chink of hell with ghoſts.

So

[x] Your every anſwer ſtill ſo ends in that,
You force me ſtill to anſwer you Morat. AURENGZEBE.

[y] Morat, Morat, Morat, you love the name. Ibid.

[z] 'Here is a ſentiment for the virtuous Huncamunca!' (ſays Mr. D—s) and yet, with the leave of this great man, the virtuous Panthea in Cyrus, hath an heart every whit as ample.

For two I muſt confeſs are gods to me,
Which is my Abradatus firſt, and thee.
CYRUS THE GREAT.

Nor is the lady in Love Triumphant more reſerv'd, tho' not ſo intelligible.

— I am ſo divided,
That I grieve moſt for both, and love both moſt.

[a] A ridiculous ſuppoſition to any one who conſiders the great and extenſive largeneſs of hell, ſays a commentator: but not ſo to thoſe who conſider the great expanſion of immaterial ſubſtance. Mr. Banks

[a] So have I ſeen, in ſome dark winter's day,
A ſudden ſtorm ruſh down the ſky's high-way,
Sweep thro' the ſtreets with terrible ding dong,
Guſh thro' the ſpouts, and waſh whole crouds along.
The crouded ſhops, the thronging vermin ſkreen,
Together cram the dirty and the clean,
And not one ſhoe-boy in the ſtreet is ſeen.

HUNC. Oh, fatal raſhneſs! ſhould his fury ſlay
My hapleſs bridegroom on his wedding-day;
I, who this morn of two choſe which to wed,
May go again this night alone to bed.

[c] So have I ſeen ſome wild unſettled fool,
Who had her choice of this and that joint-ſtool;

Banks makes one ſoul to be ſo expanded, that heaven could not contain it;

The heavens are all too narrow for her ſoul.
VIRTUE BETRAY'D.

The Perſian Princeſs hath a paſſage not unlike the author of this;

We will ſend ſuch ſhoals of murder'd ſlaves,
Shall glut hell's empty regions.

This threatens to fill hell even tho' it was empty; lord Grizzle only to fill up the chinks, ſuppoſing the reſt already full.

[b] Mr. Addiſon is generally thought to have had this ſimile in his eye, when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the third act of his Cato.

[c] This beautiful ſimile is founded on a proverb, which does honour to the Engliſh language;

Between two ſtools the breech falls to the ground.

I am not ſo well pleaſed with any written remains of the ancients, as with thoſe little aphoriſms which verbal tradition hath delivered down to us, under the title of Proverbs. It were to be wiſhed, that inſtead of filling their pages with the fabulous theology of the pagans, our modern poets would think it worth their while to enrich their works with the proverbial ſayings of their anceſtors. Mr. Dryden hath chronicled one in heroick;

Two ifs ſcarce make one poſſibility.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

My lord Bacon is of opinion, that whatever is known of arts and ſciences, might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of Solomon. I am of the ſame opinion in relation to thoſe above-mentioned: at leaſt I am confident that a more perfect ſyſtem of ethics, as well as œconomy, might be compiled out of them than is at preſent extant, either in the works of the ancient philoſophers, or thoſe more valuable, as more voluminous ones of the modern divines.

To give the preference to the either loth,
And fondly coveting to ſit on both:
While the two ſtools her ſitting-part confound,
Between 'em both fall ſquat upon the ground.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *King* ARTHUR's *Palace.*

[d] GHOST *ſolus.*

HAIL! ye black horrors of midnight's midnoon!
Ye fairies, goblins, bats and ſcreech-owls, hail!
And Oh! ye mortal watchmen, whoſe hoarſe throats
Th' immortal ghoſts dread croakings counterfeit,
All hail!——Ye dancing fantoms, who by day,
Are ſome condemn'd to faſt, ſome feaſt in fire;
Now play in church-yards, ſkipping o'er the grave,
To the [e] loud muſick of the ſilent bell,
All hail!

[d] Of all the particulars in which the modern ſtage falls ſhort of the ancient, there is none ſo much to be lamented as the great ſcarcity of Ghoſts. Whence this proceeds, I will not preſume to determine. Some are of opinion, that the moderns are unequal to that ſublime language which a ghoſt ought to ſpeak. One ſays, ludicrouſly, that ghoſts are out of faſhion; another, that they are properer for comedy; forgetting, I ſuppoſe, that Ariſtotle hath told us, that a ghoſt is the ſoul of tragedy: for ſo I render the ψυχη ο μυθ ὁ της τραγωδιας, which M. Dacier, amongſt others, hath miſtaken; I ſuppoſe miſled by not underſtanding the Fabula of the Latins, which ſignifies a Ghoſt as well as Fable.

——"Te premet nox, fabulæque manes." HOR.

Of all the ghoſts that have even appeared on the ſtage, a very learned and judicious foreign critick gives the preference to this of our author. Theſe are his words, ſpeaking of this tragedy.

——"Nec quidquam in illa admirabilius quam phaſma quodam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis ſpectris, quibuſcum ſcatet Angelorum tragœdia, longè (pace D—yſii V. Doctiſſ. dixerim) prætulerim."

[e] We have already given inſtances of this figure.

SCENE

SCENE II.

KING *and* GHOST.

KING. What noiſe is this——What villain dares,
At this dread hour, with feet and voice prophane,
Diſturb our royal walls?
GHOST. One who defies
Thy empty power to hurt him; [f] one who dares
Walk in thy bed-chamber.
KING. Preſumptuous ſlave!
Thou dieſt.
GHOST. Threaten others with that word,
[g] I am a ghoſt, and am already dead.
KING. Ye ſtars! 'tis well; were thy laſt hour to come
This moment had been it; [h] yet by thy ſhroud
I'll pull thee backward, ſqueeze thee to a bladder,
'Till thou doſt groan thy nothingneſs away.
Thou fly'ſt! 'Tis well. [*Ghoſt retires.*

[f] Almanzor reaſons in the ſame manner;

——— A ghoſt I'll be,
And from a ghoſt, you know, no place is free.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[g] "The man who writ this wretched pun (ſays Mr. D.) would have picked your pocket:" which he proceeds to ſhew not only bad in itſelf, but doubly ſo on ſo ſolemn an occaſion. And yet in that excellent play of Liberty Aſſerted, we find ſomething very much reſembling a pun in the mouth of a miſtreſs, who is parting with the lover ſhe is fond of;

UL. Oh, mortal woe, one kiſs and then farewel.
IRENE. The Gods have given to others to fare well.
O miſerably muſt Irene fare.

Agamemnon, in the Victim, is full as facetious on the moſt ſolemn occaſion, that of ſacrificing his daughte;

Yes, daughter, yes; you will aſſiſt the prieſt;
Yes, you muſt offer up your vows—for Greece.

[h] I'll pull thee backwards by thy ſhroud o light,
Or elſe I'll ſqueeze thee, like a bladder, there,
And make thee groan thyſelf away to air.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Snatch me, ye Gods, this moment into nothing.
CYRUS THE GREAT.

[1]I thought what was the courage of a ghoſt!
Yet, dare not, on thy life——Why ſay I that,
Since life thou haſt not?——Dare not walk again
Within theſe walls, on pain of the Red-Sea.
For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,
As ſure, ſure as a gun, I'll have thee laid——
GHOST. Were the Red-Sea a ſea of Holland's gin,
The liquor (when alive) whoſe very ſmell
I did deteſt, did loath——yet, for the ſake
Of Thomas Thumb, I would be laid therein.
KING. Ha! ſaid you?
GHOST. Yes, my liege, I ſaid Tom Thumb,
Whoſe father's ghoſt I am——once not unknown
To mighty Arthur. But, I ſee, 'tis true,
The deareſt friend, when dead, we all forget.
KING. 'Tis he, it is the honeſt gaffer Thumb.
Oh! let me preſs thee in my eager arms,
Thou beſt of ghoſts! thou ſomething more than ghoſt!
GHOST. Would I were ſomething more, that we again
Might feel each other in the warm embrace.
But now I have th' advantage of my king,
[k]For I feel thee, whilſt thou doſt not feel me.
KING. But ſay, [l]thou deareſt air, oh! ſay, what dread,
Important buſineſs ſends thee back to earth?
GHOST. Oh! then prepare to hear——which, but to hear,

[1] So, art thou gone? Thou canſt no conqueſt boaſt,
I thought what was the courage of a ghoſt.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

King Arthur ſeems to be as brave a fellow as Almanzor, who ſays moſt heroically,

—— —— In ſpite of ghoſts I'll on:

[k] The ghoſt of Lauſaria in Cyrus, is a plain copy of this, and is therefore worth reading.

Ah, Cyrus!
Thou may'ſt as well graſp water, or fleet air,
As think of touching my immortal ſhade.
CYRUS THE GREAT.

Thou better part of heavenly air.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[l]

Is full enough to ſend thy ſpirit hence.
Thy ſubjects up in arms, by Grizzle led,
Will, ere the roſy-finger'd morn ſhall ope
The ſhutters of the ſky, before the gate
Of this thy royal palace, ſwarming ſpread:
[m] So have I ſeen the bees in cluſters ſwarm,
So have I ſeen the ſtars in froſty nights,
So have I ſeen the ſand in windy days,
So have I ſeen the ghoſts on Pluto's ſhore,
So have I ſeen the flowers in ſpring ariſe,
So have I ſeen the leaves in Autumn fall,
So have I ſeen the fruits in ſummer ſmile,
So have I ſeen the ſnow in winter frown.

KING. D——n all thou haſt ſeen!——Doſt thou,
beneath the ſhape
Of gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuſe me
With ſimilies to keep me on the rack?
Hence——or, by all the torments of thy hell,
[n] I'll run thee thro' the body, tho' thou'ſt none.

GHOST. Arthur, beware; I muſt this moment hence,
Not frighted by your voice, but by the cocks!
Arthur beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending fate;
For if thou'rt kill'd to-day,
To-morrow all thy care will come too late.

SCENE III.

KING *ſolus.*

KING. Oh! ſtay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And whilſt thou telleſt me what's like my fate,
Oh! teach me how I may avert it too!
Curſt be the man who firſt a ſimile made!

[m] "A ſtring of ſimilies (ſays one) proper to be hung up in the cabinet of a prince."

[n] This paſſage has been underſtood ſeveral different ways by the commentators. For my part, I find it difficult to underſtand it at all. Mr. Dryden ſays,

I have heard ſomething how two bodies meet,
But how two ſouls join I know not.

So that 'till the body of a ſpirit be better underſtood, it will be difficult to underſtand how it is poſſible to run him through it.

Curſt ev'ry bard who writes!——So have I ſeen
Thoſe whoſe compariſons are juſt and true,
And thoſe who liken things not like at all.
The devil is happy, that the whole creation
Can furniſh out no ſimile to his fortune.

SCENE IV.

KING, QUEEN.

QUEEN. What is the cauſe, my Arthur, that you ſteal
Thus ſilently from Dollallolla's breaſt?
Why doſt thou leave me in the [o] dark alone,
When well thou know'ſt I am afraid of ſprites?

KING. Oh! Dollallolla! do not blame my love;
I hop'd the fumes of laſt night's punch had laid
Thy lovely eye-lids faſt.——But, Oh! I find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives;
Each morn, as the returning ſun, they wake,
And ſhine upon their huſbands.

QUEEN. Think, Oh think!
What a ſurpriſe it muſt be to the ſun,
Riſing, to find the vaniſh'd world away.
What leſs can be the wretched wife's ſurpriſe
When, ſtretching out her arms to fold thee faſt,
She fold her uſeleſs bolſter in her arms.
[p] Think, think on that—Oh! think, think well on that!
I do remember alſo to have read
[q] In Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphoſis,
That Jove in form inanimate did lie
With beauteous Danae; and truſt me, love,
[r] I fear'd the bolſter might have been a Jove.

KING.

[o] Cydaria is of the ſame fearful temper with Dollallolla.

I never durſt in darkneſs be alone. IND. EMP.

[p] Think well of this, think that, think every way.
SOPHONISBA.

[q] Theſe quotations are more uſual in the comick, than in the tragick writers.

[r] "*This diſtreſs* (ſays Mr. D—) I muſt allow to be extremely *beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous character of Dollallolla.*

KING. Come to my arms, moſt virtuous of thy ſex;
Oh, Dollallolla! were all wives like thee,
So many huſbands never had worn horns.
Should Huncamunca of thy worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were bleſt——Oh fatal name!
For didſt thou know one quarter what I know,
Then wouldſt thou know—Alas! what thou wouldſt know!

QUEEN. What can I gather hence? Why doſt thou ſpeak
Like men who carry raree-ſhows about?
"Now you ſhall ſee, gentlemen, what you ſhall ſee."
O tell me more, or thou haſt told too much.

SCENE V.

KING, QUEEN, NOODLE.

NOOD. Long life attend your majeſties ſerene,
Great Arthur, king, and Dollallolla, queen!
Lord Grizzle, with a bold rebellious crowd,
Advances to the palace, threat'ning loud,
Unleſs the princeſs be deliver'd ſtraight,
And the victorious Thumb, without his pate,
They are reſolv'd to batter down the gate.

SCENE VI.

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, NOODLE.

KING. See where the princeſs comes! Where is Tom Thumb?

HUNC. Oh! Sir about an hour and half ago
He ſallied out to encounter with the foe,
And ſwore, unleſs his fate had him miſled,
From Grizzle's ſhoulders to cut off his head,
And ſerve't up with your chocolate in bed.

KING. 'Tis well, I find one devil told us both.
Come, Dollallolla, Huncamunca, come,
Within we'll wait for the victorious Thumb;

lolla, who is ſo exceeding delicate, that ſhe is in the higheſt apprehenſion from the inanimate embrace of a bolſter. An example worthy of imitation from all our writers of tragedy."

In peace and ſafety we ſecure may ſtay,
While to his arm we truſt the bloody fray;
Tho' men and giants ſhould conſpire with gods,
[s] He is alone equal to all theſe odds.

QUEEN. He is, indeed, a [t] helmet to us all,
While he ſupports we need not fear to fall;
His arm diſpatches all things to our wiſh,
And ſerves up ev'ry foe's head in a diſh.
Void is the miſtreſs of the houſe of care,
While the good cook preſents the bill of fare;
Whether the cod, that northern king of fiſh,
Or duck, or gooſe, or pig, adorn the diſh,
No fears the number of her gueſts afford,
But at her hour ſhe ſees the dinner on the board.

SCENE VII. *A Plain.*

Lord GRIZZLE, NOODLE, *and Rebels.*

GRIZ. Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd;

For

[s] 'Credat Judæus Apella, Non ego——(ſays Mr. D.)——For paſſing over the abſurdity of being equal to odd, can we poſſibly ſuppoſe a little inſignificant fellow—I ſay again, a little inſignificant fellow able to vie with a ſtrength which all the Sampſons and Hercules of antiquity would be unable to encounter?'

I ſhall refer this incredulous critick to Mr. Dryden's defence of his Almanzor; and leſt that ſhould not ſatify him, I ſhall quote a few lines from the ſpeech of a much braver fellow than Almanzor, Mr. Johnſon's Achilles:

Tho' human race riſe in embattel'd hoſts,
To force her from my arms—Oh, ſon of Atreus!
By that immortal power, whoſe deathleſs ſpirit
Informs this earth, I will oppoſe them all. VICTIM.

[t] 'I have heard of being ſupported by a ſtaff (ſays Mr. D.) but never of being ſupported by a helmet.' I believe he never heard of ſailing with wings, which he may read in no leſs a poet than Mr. Dryden;

Unleſs we borrow wings, and ſail thro' air.
LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

What will he ſay to a kneeling valley?

——————I'll ſtand
Like a ſafe valley, that low bends the knee
To ſome aſpiring mountain. LOVER'S LOVE.

I am

For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found
[s] No enemy to fight withal.
NOOD. Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this day,
[w] This firſt of April to engage our foes.
GRIZ. This day, of all the days of th' year I'd chooſe,
For on this day my grandmother was born.
Gods! I will make Tom Thumb an April-fool;
[x] Will teach his wit an errand it ne'er knew,
And ſend it poſt to the Elyſian ſhades.
NOOD. I'm glad to find our army is ſo ſtout,
Nor does it move my wonder leſs than joy.
GRIZ. [y] What friends we have, and how we came ſo ſtrong,
I'll ſoftly tell thee as we march along.

SCENE VIII. *Thunder and Lightning.*

TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *cum ſuis.*

THUMB. Oh, Noodle! haſt thou ſeen a day like this?
[z] The unborn thunder rumbles o'er our heads,

I am aſham'd of ſo ignorant a carper, who doth not know that an epithet in tragedy is very often no other than an expletive. Do not we read in the new Sophoniſba of 'grinding chains, blue plagues, white occaſions, and blue ſerenity?' Nay, it is not the adjective only, but ſometimes half a ſentence is put by way of expletive, as 'Beauty pointed high with ſpirit,' in the ſame play—and 'In the lap of bleſſing, to be moſt curſt,' in the Revenge.

[s] A victory like that of Almanzor:
Almanzor is victorious without fight.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[w] Well have we choſen an happy day for fight.
For every man in courſe of time has found,
Some days are lucky, ſome unfortunate. KING ARTHUR.

[x] We read of ſuch another in Lee;
Teach his rude wit a flight ſhe never made,
And ſend her poſt to the Elyſian ſhade. GLORIANA.

[y] Theſe lines are copied verbatim in the Indian Emperor.

[z] Unborn thunder rolling in a cloud. CONQ. OF GRANADA.

[a] As if the Gods meant to unhinge the world,
And heaven and earth in wild confuſion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring ball.

MERL. Tom Thumb!

THUMB. What voice is this I hear?

MERL. Tom Thumb!

THUMB. Again it calls.

MERL. Tom Thumb!

GLUM. It calls again.

THUMB. Appear, who'er thou art, I fear thee not.

MERL. Thou haſt no cauſe to fear, I am thy friend.
Merlin by name, a conjuror by trade,
And to my art thou doſt thy being owe.

THUMB. How!

MERL. Hear then the myſtick getting of Tom Thumb.

[b] His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow;
And yet the way to get a ſon,
This couple knew not how;
Until ſuch time the good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him in great diſtreſs,
In ſecret manner ſhows,
How in his heart he wiſh'd to have
A child in time to come,
To be his heir, tho' it may be
No bigger than his thumb:
Of which old Merlin was foretold,
That he his wiſh ſhould have;
And ſo a ſon, of ſtature ſmall,
The charmer to him gave.

Thou'ſt heard the paſt, look up and ſee the future.

[a] Were heav'n and earth in wild confuſion hurl'd,
Should the raſh gods unhinge the tolling world,
Undaunted would I tread the tott'ring ball,
Cruſh'd, but unconquer'd in the dreadful fall.
FEMALE WARRIOR.

[b] *See the hiſtory of* TOM THUMB, *page* 2.

THUMB.

THUMB. [c] Loſt in amazement's gulph my ſenſes ſink;
See there, Glumdalca, ſee another [d] me!

GLUM. O ſight of horror! ſee, you are devour'd
By the expanded jaws of a red cow.

MERL. Let not theſe ſights deter thy noble mind,
[e] For lo! a ſight more glorious courts thy eyes;
See from afar a theatre ariſe;
There ages, yet unborn, ſhall tribute pay
To the heroick actions of this day:
Then buſkin tragedy at length ſhall chuſe
Thy name the beſt ſupporter of her muſe.

THUMB. Enough, let every warlike muſick ſound,
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

SCENE IX.

Lord GRIZZLE, NOODLE, *Rebels, on one ſide.*
TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *on the other.*

NOOD. At length the enemy advances nigh,
[f] I hear them with my ear, and ſee them with my eye.

GRIZ. Draw all your ſwords; for liberty we fight,
[g] And liberty the muſtard is of life.

THUMB. Are you the man whom men fam'd Grizzle name?

GRIZ.

[c] ——— Amazement ſwallows up my ſenſe,
And in th' impetuous whirl of circling fate
Drinks down my reaſon. PERSIAN PRINCESS.

[d] ——— I have outfac'd myſelf,
What! am I two? Is there another me? K. ARTHUR.

[e] The character of Merlin is wonderful throughout, but moſt ſo in this prophetic part. We find ſeveral of theſe prophecies in the tragic authors, who frequently take this opportunity to pay a compliment to their country, and ſometimes to their prince. None but our author (who ſeems to have deteſted the leaſt appearance of flattery) would have paſt by ſuch an opportunity of being a political prophet.

[f] I ſaw the villain, Myron, with theſe eyes I ſaw him.
BUSIRIS.

In both which places it is intimated, that it is ſometimes poſſible to ſee with other eyes than your own.

[g] 'This muſtard (ſays Mr. D.) is enough to turn one's ſtomach. I would be glad to know what idea the author had in his head when he

GRIZ. [h] Are you the much more fam'd Tom Thumb?

THUMB. The ſame.

GRIZ. Come on, our worth upon ourſelves we'll prove;
For liberty I fight.

THUM. And I for love.

[*A bloody engagement between the two armies here; drums beating, trumpets ſounding, thunder and lightning.——They fight off and on ſeveral times. Some fall.* Grizzle *and* Glumdalca *remain.*

GLUM. Turn, coward, turn, nor from a woman fly.

GRIZ. Away—thou art too ignoble for my arm.

GLUM. Have at thy heart.

GRIZ. Nay, then I thruſt at thine.

GLUM. You puſh too well; you've run me thro' the guts,
And I am dead.

GRIZ. Then there's an end of one.

THUMB. When thou art dead, then there's an end of two.
[i] Villain.

GRIZ. Tom Thumb!

THUMB. Rebel!

GRIZ. Tom Thumb.

THUMB. Hell!

he wrote it: This will be, I believe, beſt explained by a line of Mr. Dennis:

And gave him liberty, the ſalt of life.

LIBERTY ASSERTED.

The underſtanding that can digeſt the one, will not riſe at the other.

[h] HAN. Are you the chief, whom fam'd Scipio call?
SCIP. Are you the much more famous Hannibal?

HANNIBAL.

[i] Dr. Young ſeems to have copied this engagement in his Buſiris?

MYR. Villain!
MEM. Myron!
MYR. Rebel!
MEM. Myron!
MYR. Hell!
MEM. Mandane,

GRIZ.

GRIZ. Huncamunca!
THUMB. Thou haſt it there.
GRIZ. Too ſure I feel it.
THUMB. To hell then, like a rebel as you are,
And give my ſervice to the rebels there.
GRIZ. Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou ſhalt enjoy
Thy Huncamunca undiſturb'd; I'll ſend
[k] My ghoſt to fetch her to the other world;
[l] It ſhall but bait at heaven, and then return.
[m] But, ha! I feel death rumbling in my brains,
[n] Some kinder ſpright knocks ſoftly at my ſoul,
And gently whiſpers it to haſte away.
I come, I come, moſt willingly I come.
[o] So when ſome city wife, for country air,
To Hampſtead or to Highgate does repair;
Her, to make haſte, her huſband does implore,
And cries, 'My dear, the coach is at the door.'
With equal wiſh, deſirous to be gone,
She gets into the coach, and then ſhe cries—'Drive on!'
THUMB. With thoſe laſt words [p] he vomited his ſoul,
Which

[k] This laſt ſpeech of my Lord Grizzle hath been of great ſervice to our poets:

——————— I'll hold it faſt
As life, and when life's gone I'll hold this laſt;
And if thou tak'ſt it from me when I'm ſlain,
I'll ſend my ghoſt, and fetch it back again.
CONQ. OF GRANADA.

[l] My ſoul ſhould with ſuch ſpeed obey,
It ſhould not bait at heav'n to ſtop its way.

Lee ſeems to have had this laſt in his eye:

'Twas not my purpoſe, Sir, to tarry there,
I would but go to heaven to take the air. GLORIANA.

[m] A riſing vapour rumbling in my brains. CLEOMENES.

[n] Some kind ſprite knocks ſoftly at my ſoul,
To tell me fate's at hand.

[o] Mr. Dryden ſeems to have had this ſimile in his eye, when he ſays,

My ſoul is packing up, and juſt on wing.
CONQ. OF GRANADA.

[p] *And in a purple* vomit pour'd his ſoul. CLEOMENES.

Which, [q] like whipt cream, the devil will ſwallow down.
Bear off the body, and cut off the head,
Which I will to the king in triumph lug.
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to breakfaſt.

SCENE X.

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, *and Courtiers.*

KING. Open the priſons, ſet the wretched free,
And bid our treaſurer diſburſe ſix pounds
To pay their debts.———Let no one weep to-day.
Come, Dollallolla; [r] curſe that odious name!
It is ſo long it aſks an hour to ſpeak it.
By heavens! I'll change it into Doll, or Loll,
Or any other civil monoſyllable,
That will not tire my tongue.—Come, ſit thee down.
Here ſeated let us view the dancer's ſports;
Bid 'em advance. This is the wedding-day
Of princeſs Huncamunca and Tom Thumb;
Tom Thumb! who wins two victories [s] to-day,
And this way marches, bearing Grizzle's head.
A dance here.

NOOD. Oh! monſtrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh! Oh!
Deaf be my ears, for ever blind my eyes!
Dumb be my tongue! feet lame! all ſenſes loſt!

[q] The devil ſwallows vulgar ſouls
Like whipt cream. SEBASTIAN.

[r] How I could curſe my name of Ptolemy!
It is ſo long it aſks an hour to write it.
By heaven! I'll change it into Jove, or Mars!
Or any other civil monoſyllable,
That will not tire my hand. CLEOMENES.

[s] Here is a viſible conjunction of two days into one, by which our author may have either intended an emblem of a wedding, or to inſinuate, that men in the honey-moon are apt to imagine time ſhorter than it is. It brings into my mind a paſſage in the comedy called, The Coffee-Houſe Politician;

We will celebrate this day at my houſe to-morrow.

Howl

[t] Howl wolves, grunt bears, hiſs ſnakes, ſhriek all ye ghoſts!

KING. What does the blockhead mean?

NOOD. I mean, my liege,

[u] Only to grace my tale with decent horror:

Whilſt from my garret, twice two ſtories high,
I look'd abroad into the ſtreets below;
I ſaw Tom Thumb attended by the mob,
Twice twenty ſhoe-boys, twice two dozen links,
Chairmen and porters, hackney-coachmen, whores;
Aloft he bore the grizly head of Grizzle;
When of a ſudden thro' the ſtrects there came
A cow, of larger than the uſual ſize,
And in a moment——gueſs! Oh! gueſs the reſt!
And in a moment ſwallow'd up Tom Thumb.

KING. Shut up again the priſons, bid my treaſurer
Not give three farthings out—hang all the culprits,
Guilty or not——no matter——Raviſh virgins,
Go bid the ſchoolmaſters whip all their boys;
Let lawyers, parſons, and phyſicians looſe,
To rob, impoſe, on, and to kill the world.

NOOD. Her majeſty the queen is in a ſwoon.

QUEEN. Not ſo much in a ſwoon, but I have ſtill
Strength to reward the meſſenger of ill news.
[*Kills* Noodle.

NOOD. Oh! I am ſlain.

CLE. My lover's kill'd, I will revenge him ſo.
[*Kills the* Queen.

HUNC. My mamma kill'd! vile murdereſs, beware.
[*Kills* Cleora.

DOOD. This for an old grudge to thy heart.
[*Kills* Huncamunca.

MUST. And this
I drive to thine, Oh Doodle! for a new one.
[*Kills* Doodle.

KING. Ha! murdereſs vile, take that.
[*Kills* Muſtacha.

[t] Theſe beautiful phraſes are all to be found in one ſingle ſpeech of King Arthur, or the Britiſh Worthy.

[u] I was but teaching him to grace his tale
With *decent horror*, CLEOMENES.

And

* And take thou this. [*Kills himſelf, and falls.*
So when the child whom nurſe from danger guards,
Sends Jack for muſtard with a pack of cards,
Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,
'Till the whole pack lies ſcatter'd and o'erthrown;
So all our pack upon the floor is caſt,
And all I boaſt is——that I fall the laſt. [*Dies.*

* We may ſay with Dryden,

Death did at length ſo many ſlain forget,
And left the tale and took them by the great.

I know of no tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloody cataſtrophe than Cleomenes, where the curtain covers five principal characters dead on the ſtage. Theſe lines too,

I aſk no queſtions then, of who kill'd who?
The bodies tell the ſtory as they lie.

ſeem to have belonged more properly to this ſcene of our author.—Nor can I help imagining they were originally his. The Rival Ladies too ſeem beholden to this ſcene;

We're now a chain of lovers link'd in death;
Julia goes firſt, Gonſalvo hangs on her,
And Angelina hangs upon Gonſalvo,
As I on Angelina.

No ſcene, I believe, ever received greater honours than this. It was applauded by ſeveral Encores, a word very unuſual in tragedy.—And it was very difficult for the actors to eſcape without a ſecond ſlaughter. This I take to be a lively aſſurance of that fierce ſpirit of liberty which remains among us, and which Mr. Dryden in his Eſſay on Dramatic Poetry, hath obſerved.—"Whether cuſtom (ſays he) hath ſo inſinuated itſelf into our countrymen, or nature hath ſo formed them to fierceneſs, I know not; but they will ſcarcely ſuffer combats, and other objects of horror to be taken from them."——And indeed I am far from having them encouraged in this martial diſpoſition; nor do I believe our victories over the French have been owing to any thing more than to thoſe bloody ſpectacles daily exhibited in our tragedies, of which the French ſtage is ſo entirely clear.

THE

THE LETTER-WRITERS:

OR, A NEW WAY TO KEEP A WIFE AT HOME.

A FARCE,

IN THREE ACTS.

First Acted in 1731.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

RAKEL,	Mr. LACY.
COMMONS,	Mr. MULLART.
Mr. WISDOM,	Mr. JONES.
Mr. SOFTLY,	Mr. HALLAM.
RISQUE,	Mr. REYNOLD.
JOHN,	Mr. WATHAM.
SNEAKSBY,	Mr. DAVENPORT.

WOMEN.

Mrs. WISDOM,	Mrs. LACY.
Mrs. SOFTLY,	Mrs. MULLART.
BETTY,	Mrs. STOKES.

Conſtables, Whores, Fidlers, Servants, &c

SCENE, *the Street.*

A

NEW WAY

TO KEEP A

WIFE AT HOME.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

RAKEL, RISQUE.

RAKEL [*Reading a Letter.*]

"SIR,

"YOUR late behaviour hath determined me
"never to ſee you more; if you get entrance
"into this houſe for the future, it will not be
"by my conſent; for I deſire you would henceforth
"imagine there never was any acquaintance between
"you and LUCRETIA SOFTLY."

So! the letter was thrown out of the window, was it?

RISQ. Ay, Sir, I am ſure there is no good news in it, by the face of that jade Suſan. I know by the countenance of the maid when the miſtreſs is in good humour.

RAK. Well, may you meet with better ſucceſs in the next expedition. Here, carry this letter to Mrs. Wiſdom: I'll wait here till your return with an anſwer.

RISQ. But, Sir——

RAK. Well, Sir?

RISQ. *This* affair, Sir, may end in a blanketing, and that

that is a danger. I never love to run with an empty ſtomach.

Rak. Sirrah! if I were to be toſſed myſelf, I would wiſh to be as empty as poſſible; but thou art ſuch an epicure, thou art continually thinking on thy belly.

Risq. The reaſon of that is very plain, Sir; for I am continually hungry. Whilſt I followed your honour's heels as a ſoldier, I expected no better fare; but ſince I have been promoted to the office of a pimp, I ought to live in another manner. Would it not vex a man to the heart to run about gnawing his nails like a ſtarv'd ſkeleton, and ſee every day ſo many plump brethren of the ſame profeſſion riding in their coaches?

Rak. Bring me but an anſwer to my wiſh, and then———

Risq. Don't promiſe me, Sir——for then I ſhall be ſure of having nothing.——If you were but as like a great man in your riches, as you are in your promiſes, I ſhould dine oftener by two or three days a week than I do now.

Rak. To your buſineſs. It is happy for the nation that this fellow run away from his maſter; for had he become an authoriſed attorney, he would have been a greater burden to the town he was quartered on than our whole regiment.

SCENE II.

RAKEL, COMMONS.

Com. Captain Rakel, your ſervant.

Rak. Jack Commons!—My dear rake, welcome to town: how do all our friends at quarters?

Com. All in the old way. I left your two brother officers with two parſons and the mayor of the town as drunk as your drums.

Rak. Mr. Mayor, indeed, is a thorough honeſt fellow; and hath not, I believe, been ſober ſince he was in the chair: he encourages that virtue as a magiſtrate, which he lives by as a publican.

Com. Very fine, faith! and if the mayor was a glazier, I ſuppoſe he would encourage breaking windows too.

Rak.

Rak. But prithee, what hath brought thee to town?

Com. My own inclinations chiefly. I reſolved to take one ſwing in the charming plains of iniquity; ſo I am come to take my leave of this delicious lewd place, of all the rakes and whores of my acquaintance,——to ſpend one happy month in the joys of wine and women, and then ſneak down into the country, and go into orders.

Rak. Ha, ha, ha. And haſt thou the impudence to pretend to a call?

Com. Ay, Sir; the uſual call; I have the promiſe of a good living. Lookee, captain, my call of piety is much the ſame as yours of honour.—You will fight, and I ſhall pray, for the ſame reaſons, I aſſure you.

Rak. If thy gown doth not rob thee of ſincerity, thou wilt have one virtue under it at leaſt.

Com. Ay, ay, ſincerity is all that can be expected; that is the chief difference among men. All men have ſins; but ſome hide them. Vice is as natural to us as our ſkins, and both would equally appear, if we had neither clothes nor hypocriſy to cover them.

Rak. Thou art a fine promiſing holderforth, faith, and doſt begin to preach in a moſt orthodox manner.

Com. Pox of preaching! will you go ſteal an act or two of the new tragedy?

Rak. Not I——I go to no tragedy——but the tragedy of Tom Thumb.

Com. The tragedy of Tom Thumb! what the devil is that?

Rak. Why, Sir, it is a tragedy that makes me laugh: and if your ſermons will do as much, I ſhall be glad to make one of your audience.

Com. Will you to the tavern?

Rak. No, I am engaged.

Com. Engaged; then it muſt be to a bawdy-houſe, and I'll along with you:

Rak. Indeed, you cannot, my young levite; for mine is a private bawdy-houſe, and you will not be admitted, even tho' you had your gown on.

Com. If thy engagement be not preſſing, thou ſhalt go along with me: I will introduce thee to a charming fine girl, a relation of mine.

Rak.

RAK. Doſt thou think me dull enough to undergo the ceremonies of being introduced by a relation to a modeſt woman?—Haſt thou a mind to marry me to her?

COM. No, Sir, ſhe is married already.—There are a brace of them, as fine women as you have ſeen, and both married to old huſbands.

RAK. Nay, then they are worth my acquaintance, and ſome other time thou ſhalt introduce me to them.

COM. Nay, thou ſhalt go drink tea with one of them now—It is but juſt by—I dined there to-day, and my uncle is now gone abroad. Come, 'tis but two ſteps into the ſquare here, at the firſt two lamps.

RAK. The firſt two lamps!

COM. Ay, no farther——Her huſband's name is Wiſdom.

RAK. By all that's unlucky, the very woman I have ſent Riſque to! [*Aſide.*

COM. Come, we'll go make her a viſit now, and to-morrow I'll carry thee to my aunt Softly.

RAK. Another miſtreſs of mine, by Lucifer. [*Aſide.* Haſt thou no more female relations in town?

COM. No more! Won't two ſerve your unreaſonable appetite?

RAK. But thou ſeemeſt to be ſo free of them, I could wiſh thee, for the ſake of the publick, related to all the beauties in Chriſtendom. But, Jack, I hope theſe two aunts of thine are not rigidly virtuous.

COM. Ha, ha, ha.—Do not I tell thee they are young and handſome, and that their huſbands are old?

RAK. And thou wouldſt not take it amiſs if one were to dub an uncle of thine a cuckold?

COM. Harkee, Tom, if thou hadſt read as much as I, thou wouldſt know that cuckold is no ſuch term of reproach as it is imagined: half the great men in hiſtory are cuckolds on record. Take it amiſs! ha, ha, ha. Why, my uncle himſelf will not; for the whole world knows he is a cuckold already.

RAK. How!

COM. Ay, Sir, when an old man goes publickly to church with a young woman, he proclaims that title *loud enough.* But come, will you to my aunt?

RAK

RAK. You muſt excuſe me now.

COM. When I make you ſuch another offer, you ſhan't refuſe it: I thought you would have poſtpon'd any buſineſs for a miſtreſs.

RAK. But I am in purſuit of another miſtreſs, one I am pre-engaged to.—Afterwards, Sir, I am at the ſervice of your whole family.

COM. Succeſs attend your iniquity.—I'll enquire for you at the Tilt-yard. So, your ſervant.

RAK. Yours.—A very pretty fellow this—I find, if he ſhould diſcover my amours, he is not likely to be any obſtacle to them.

SCENE III.

RAKEL, RISQUE.

RAK. So, Sir.

RISQ. Sir, I have with great dexterity deliver'd your honour's letter, and with equal pleaſure have brought you an anſwer.

RAK. [*Reads.*]

"Be here at the time you mention, my huſband is "luckily out of the way. I wiſh your happineſs be "(as you ſay) entirely in the power of

ELIZABETH WISDOM."

Ay, now thou haſt performed well indeed, and I'll give thee all the money I have in my pocket for an encouragement. Odſo! I have but ſix-pence about me——here, take, take this and be diligent.

RISQ. Very fine encouragment truly! This it is to ſerve a poor, beggarly, louſy——If half this dexterity had been employ'd in the ſervice of a great man, I had been a captain or a Middleſex juſtice long ago.—But I muſt tug along the empty portmanteau of this ſhabby no-pay enſign. Pox on't, what can a man expect who is but the rag-carrier of a rag carrier?

SCENE IV.

Mrs. WISDOM, RAKEL.

MRS. WISD. Sure never any thing was ſo lucky for us as this threatning letter: while my huſband imagined

gined I ſhould go abroad, he was almoſt continually at home; but now he thinks himſelf ſecure of my not venturing out, he is ſcarce ever with me.

Rak. How ſhall I requite this goodneſs which can make ſuch a confinement eaſy for my ſake?

Mrs. Wisd. The woman that thinks it worth her while to confine herſelf for her gallant, thinks herſelf ſufficiently requited by his company.

Betty. [*Entring.*] Oh! Madam, here's my maſter come home: had he not quarrell'd with the footman at the door, he had certainly found you together.

Rak. What ſhall I do?

Mrs. Wisd. Step into this cloſet—quick, quick: what can have ſent him home ſo ſoon?

SCENE V.

Mr. WISDOM, *Mrs.* WISDOM.

Oh! my dear! you are better than your word now; this is kind indeed, to return ſo much earlier than your promiſe.

Mr. Wisd. Mr Mortgageland hath diſappointed me: I'm afraid ſome body elſe hath taken him off my hands; ſo let ſome of the ſervants get me my night-gown and ſlippers, for I intend to ſtay at home all the evening.

Mrs. Wisd. Was ever ſuch ill-luck!——they are both in my cloſet.——Lord, child, why will you put on that odious night-gown; indeed, it doth not become you—you don't look pretty in it, lovey, indeed you don't.

Mr. Wisd. Pſhaw; it doth not become a wife to diſlike her huſband in any dreſs whatſoever.

Mrs. Wisd. Well, my dear, if you command, I will be always ready to obey.—Betty, go fetch your maſter's night-gown out of my cloſet.—Take care you don't open the door too wide, leſt you throw down a China baſon that is juſt within it.

Mr. Wisd. Come, give me a kiſs; you look very pretty to night, you little wanton rogue. Adod! I ſhall, I ſhall make thee amends for the pleaſures you *miſs abroad.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Wisd. So, you won't put the money where the rogues order you, and you'll have your poor wife murdered to ſave twenty guineas.

Mr. Wisd. If you ſtay at home, you will not be murder'd, and I ſhall ſave many a twenty guineas.

Mrs. Wisd. But then, I ſhall loſe all my acquaintance by not returning their viſits.

Mr. Wisd. Then I ſhall loſe all my torments: and truly, if I owe this loſs to the letter-writer, I am very much obliged to him. I would have tied a much larger purſe to the knocker of my door to have kept it free from that rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, which continually thunder'd at it.

SCENE VI.

Mr. SOFTLY, *Mr.* WISDOM, *Mrs.* WISDOM.

Mr. Softly. Mr. Wiſdom, your ſervant. Madam, I am your humble ſervant. A friend of yours, Mr. Wiſdom, expects you at Tom's.

Mr. Wisd. Nay, if he be come, I muſt leave thee for one hour, my dear. So, take the key of my cloſet, and fetch me that bundle of parchment that lies in the bureau.

Mrs. Wisd. I will, my dear.—This is extremely lucky. [*Aſide.*

SCENE VII.

Mr. WISDOM, *Mr.* SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. Well: doth the plot ſucceed notably?

Mr Wisd. To my wiſh. She hath not ventured to ſtir abroad ſince, This demand you have drawn upon my wife for twenty pouds, will be of more ſervice to me than a draught on the bank for ſo many hundreds.

Mr. Soft. I wiſh your threatning letter to my wife had met with the ſame ſucceſs: but, alack! it hath a quite contrary effect. She ſwears, ſhe'll go abroad the more now to ſhew her courage: but that ſhe may not appear too raſh, ſhe hath put me to the expence of an additional footman; and, inſtead of ſtaying at home, ſhe carries all my blunderbuſſes abroad.——

Her coach, when ſhe goes a viſiting, looks like a general officer's going to a campaign.

MR. WISD. But if it came to that extremity, I would lock up my doors, and ſhut her in, on pretence of ſhutting rogues out.

MR. SOFT. But I cannot ſhut her companions out: I ſhould have a regiment of women on my back for ill-uſing my wife, and have a ſentence of cuckoldom pronounced againſt me at all the aſſemblies and viſiting days in town. If I could prevail by ſtratagem; well: but I am too certain of the enemy's ſtrength to attempt the ſubduing her by force.

MR. WISD. Thank my ſtars, my wife is of another temper.

MR. SOFT. You will not take it ill, brother, Wiſdom: but your wife is not a woman of that ſpirit as mine is.

MR. WISD. No, Heaven be praiſed; for of all evil ſpirits, that of a woman ſurely is the worſt.

MR. SOFT. Truly, it is a perfection that coſts a man as much as it is worth.

MR. WISD. But what do you intend to do?

MR. SOFT. I know not. Something I muſt; for my houſe at preſent is like a garriſon; I have continually guards mounting and diſmounting, while I know of no enemy but my wife, and ſhe's within.

SCENE VIII.

Mr. SOFTLY, *Mr.* WISDOM, *Mrs.* WISDOM.

MRS. WISD. Here are the parchments, my dear.

MR. WISD. You know the neceſſity of my engagement, and will excuſe me.

MR. SOFT. No ceremony with me, brother.

MR. WISD. If you will ſtay with my wife till my return, ſhe will be much obliged to you: you may entertain one another at picquet; you are no high player any more than ſhe.

MRS. WISD. I ſhall be too hard for him; for I fancy he is a player much about your pitch, and you know I always get the better of you.

MR.

MR. WIS. Well, Well, to it, to it. I leave you together.

SCENE IX.

Mr. SOFTLY, *Mrs.* WISDOM.

MR. SOFT. I am but a bad player, Madam; but to divert you.

MRS. WISD. How ſhall I get rid of him?—I am not much inclined to picquet at preſent, Mr. Softly.

MR. SOFT. Hum! very likely! any other game that you pleaſe——if I can play at it.

MRS. WISD. No, you can't play at it—for to be plain, I am obliged to write a letter into the country. I hope you'll excuſe me.

MR. SOFT. Oh! dear ſiſter! I will divert the time with one of theſe news-papers: ay, here's the Grub-ſtreet Journal—An exceeding good paper this; and hath commonly a great deal of wit in it.

MRS. WISD. ——But——I am the worſt perſon in the world at writing: the leaſt noiſe diſturbs me.

MR. SOFT. I am as mute as a fiſh.

MRS. WISD. I know not how to expreſs it, I am ſo aſhamed of the humour.——But I cannot write whilſt any one is in the room.

MR. SOFT. Hum! very probable! there is no accounting for ſome humours.—Well—you may truſt me in the cloſet. This cloſet and I have been acquainted before now. [*Offers to go in.*

MRS. WISD. By no means, I have a thing in that cloſet you muſt not ſee.

SCENE X.

Mr. SOFTLY, *Mrs.* WISDOM, COMMONS.

COM. What, is not my uncle Wiſdom returned yet?

MRS. WISD. I am ſurpriſed you ſhould return, Sir, unleſs you have learnt more civility than you ſhewed at dinner to-day; your behaviour then ſeem'd very unfit for one who intends to put on that ſacred habit you are deſign'd for.

COM. You may be as ſcurrilous as you pleaſe,

aunt: it hath been always my reſolution to ſee my relations as ſeldom as I can; and when I do ſee them, never to mind what they ſay.—I have been at your houſe too, uncle Softly, and have met with juſt ſuch another reception there: but come, you and I will go drink one honeſt bottle together—I have not crack'd a bottle with you ſince I came to town.

MRS. WISD. For heaven's ſake, dear brother, do any thing to get him hence.

MR. SOFT. Well, nephew, as far as a pint goes.

COM. Ay, ay, a pint is the beſt introduction to a bottle.——Aunt, will you go with us?

MRS. WISD. Faugh; brute.

COM. If you won't, you may let it alone.

Mr. SOFT. Siſter, your humble ſervant.

MRS. WISD. I'll take care to prevent all danger of a ſurpriſe [*locks the door*]——there.——Captain, captain, you may come out, the coaſt is clear.

SCENE XI.

Mrs. WISDOM, RAKEL.

RAK. Theſe huſbands make the moſt confounded long viſits.

MRS. WISD. Huſbands! why I have had half a dozen viſitants ſince he went away; I thought you had overheard us.

RAK. Not I, truly; I have been entertaining myſelf with the Whole Duty of Man, at the other end of the cloſet.

MRS. WISD. You are very unconcerned in danger, captain.

RAK. Yes, Madam, danger is my profeſſion; and theſe ſort of dangers are ſo common to me, that they give me no ſurpriſe. I have declared war with the whole commonwealth of huſbands ever ſince I arriv'd at years of diſcretion.

MRS. WISD. Rather with the wives, I'm afraid.

RAK. No, Madam; I always conſider the wife as the town, and the huſband as the enemy in poſſeſſion of it. I am not for burning nor raſing where I go; but when I have driven the enemy out of his fortreſs,

I march

I march in the moſt gentle peaceable manner imaginable. So, Madam, if you pleaſe, we will walk into the cloſet together.

MRS. WISD. What, to read the Whole Duty of Man? Ha, ha, ha!

RAK. Ay, my angel! and you ſhall ſay I practiſe what I read.——[*Takes her in his arms, Mr.* Wiſdom *knocks, ſhe ſtarts from him.*

MR. WISD. [*without*] What, have you ſhut yourſelves in?

RAK. Ourſelves! oh! the devil, doth he know I am here?

MRS. WISD. No, no, no; to your hole, quick, quick, quick.

MR. WISD. Why, child, Mr. Softly, don't you hear? what, have you play'd yourſelf aſleep?

MRS. WISD. Oh! my dear, are you there?

SCENE XII.

Mr. WISDOM, *Mrs.* WISDOM.

MR. WISD. [*Entering.*] If we were not ſo nearly related, I ſhould not like this locking up together. Heyday! where is my brother Softly?

MRS. WISD. Alas! my dear, my ungracious nephew hath been here, and taken him away to the tavern.

MR. WISD. Why will you ſuffer that fellow to come within my doors, when you know it is againſt my will?

MRS. WISD. Alas, child, I don't know how to ſhut your doors againſt your own relations.

MR. WISD. And what were you doing, hey? that you were lock'd in ſo cloſe by yourſelf.

MRS. WISD. I was only ſaying a few prayers, my dear; but indeed theſe incendiaries run ſo in my head, I never think myſelf ſafe enough.

MR. WISD. Heaven bleſs the hour I firſt thought of putting them there. [*Aſide.*

MRS. WISD. Well, child, this is very good in you to come home ſo ſoon.

MR. WISD. I only call on you in my way to the

city; for I muſt ſpeak to alderman Longhorns before I ſleep. I am ſorry you loſt brother Softly; he might have diverted you a little.

MRS. WISD. I can divert myſelf well enough in my cloſet for that matter.

MR. WISD. Ay, do ſo. Reading is an innocent and inſtructive diverſion I will be back with the utmoſt expedition. Is your cloſet lock'd, child? there are ſome papers in it which I muſt take with me.——

MRS. WISD. What ſhall I do!—Lud, my dear, I——I——have loſt the key, I think.

MR. WISD. Then it muſt be broke open; for they are of the utmoſt conſequence.——Nay, if you can't tell where you have laid it, I can't ſtay, the lock muſt be broke open; I'll call up one of the ſervants.

MRS. WISD. Nay, then, confidence aſſiſt me.——Here, here it is, child.—I have nothing but aſſurance to truſt to; and I am reſolv'd to exert the utmoſt.

[*Opens the door,* Rakel *runs againſt him, throws him down; he looks on Mrs.* Wiſdom, *ſhe points to the door, and he runs out. Mrs.* Wiſdom *ſhrieks.*

MR. WISD. Oh! I am murder'd.

MRS. WISD. The incendiaries are come. My dream is out, my dream is out.

MR. WISD. My horns are out——

MRS. WISD. Oh! my dear, ſure never any thing was ſo lucky as this ſtay of yours. Heaven knows what he would have done to me had I been alone.

MR. WISD. Ay, ay, my dear, I know what he would have done to you very well.

MRS. WISD. I hope you will be adviſed, and put the money where you are deſir'd, before any thing worſe happens.

MR. WISD. I ſhall put you out of doors before any thing worſe happens.

MRS. WISD. My dear?

MR. WISD. My devil! come, come, confeſs, it is done already; am I one or no?

MRS. WISD. Are you what, my love?

MR. WISD. Am I a beaſt, a monſter? a huſband?

MRS. WISD. Defend me——Sure the fright hath turn'd

turn'd your brain. Are you a huſband? yes, I hope ſo, or what am I?

MR. WISD. Ah! crocodile! I know very well what ſort of a robber was here. Nay, perhaps he was a robber, and you may have conſpired together to rob me; I don't doubt but you was concern'd in writing the letter too. No one likelier to extort money from a man than his wife.

MRS. WISD. Oh! barbarous, cruel, inhuman aſperſion!

MR. WISD. Is he a conjurer as well as a thief, and could he go through the key-hole? How came he into that cloſet? How came he into that cloſet, Madam, without your knowledge? Anſwer me that. Did he go through the door?

MRS. WISD. I ſwear by———

MR. WISD. Hold, hold. I don't queſtion but you will ſwear through a thouſand doors to get off.

Enter JOHN.

JOHN. Oh! Sir, this moment, as I was walking in the yard, I ſpied a fellow offering to get in at my lady's cloſet window.———

MR. WISD. How!

JOHN. Dear Sir, ſtep but into the cloſet, you will find the window broke all to pieces.

MR. WISD. The villains!—John, take the candle and go in before me.

MRS. WISD. Miraculous fortune! Now will I ſtand it out that Rakel got in the ſame way. Sure it muſt have been the devil that hath broke theſe windows to encourage us to ſin—by this delivery.——Oh! here comes my huſband; it is my turn now to be angry, and his to aſk pardon.

MR. WISD. John, do you watch carefully in the yard this night. I proteſt a man will ſhortly be ſafe no where.

MRS. WISD. Not when thieves get through key-holes.

MR. WISD. Come, I aſk thy pardon; I am ſorry I ſuſpected thee: I will make thee amends, I will—I will *ſtay at home* this week with thee in ſpite of buſi-

neſs: thou ſhalt tie me to thy girdle. Nay, do not take on thus, I will buy thy forgiveneſs. Here, here is a purſe to put thy money in; and it ſhall not be long before I give thee ſome money to put in thy purſe——you ſhall take the air every day in Hyde-Park, and I'll go with you for a guard: I vow you ſhall forgive me, I'll kiſs you till you do.

MRS. WISD. You know the way to mollify me.

MR. WISD. Why, I was but in jeſt: I never thought you had any hand in the letter.

MRS. WISD. Did you not indeed?

MR. WISD. No, indeed; may I be worſe than robb'd if I did.

MRS. WISD. Well, but don't jeſt ſo any more.

MR. WISD. I promiſe you:—but I muſt not loſe a moment before I go into the city——

MRS. WISD. And will you leave me again to night?

MR. WISD. You muſt excuſe neceſſity, my dear.

MRS. WISD. My dear, I ſhall always obey your commands without any farther reaſon.

MR. WISD. What a happy man am I in a wife! if all women were but ſuch bleſſings to their huſbands as thou art, what a Heaven would matrimony be.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The ſtreet.*

RAKEL, *and afterwards* RISQUE.

RAKEL.

LOVE and war I find ſtill require the ſame talents; to be unconcerned in danger, is abſolutely neceſſary to both. I know not whether it was more lucky that I thought of this ſtratagem, or that I found Riſque on the ſpot to execute it. I dare ſwear ſhe will ſoon take the hint: nor do I ſee any other way ſhe could poſſibly have come off.——So, raſcal, what ſucceſs!

RISQ. I have broke the windows with a vengeance; I have made room enough for your honour to march in

in, at the head of a company of grenadiers, and all this without the leaſt noiſe. But I hope the lady did not uſe your honour very ill, that her windows muſt be broken.

RAK. No, Mr. Inquiſitive, I have done it for the lady's ſake, to give her an opportunity of ſaying I broke in there; for when I was taken in the cloſet, I was obliged to bring her off by pretending myſelf a robber.

RISQ. But if he ſhould take you at your word, and proſecute you, who would bring your honour off?

RAK. No matter: it were better fifty ſuch as I were hang'd, than one woman ſhould loſe her reputation. But as the cloſet was full of things of value, my touching none would ſufficiently preſerve me from any villainous imputation, ſhould the worſt happen.

RISQ. I fancy, indeed, it would be no diſgrace, to be thought to have ſtolen all you have in your pocket.

RAK. What's that you are muttering? Harkee, raſcal, be ſure not to go to bed: I ſhall not be at home till early in the morning—Now for my unkind miſtreſs; I may have better ſucceſs there than I found with my kind one.

How bleſs'd is a ſoldier while licenc'd to range,
How pleaſant this whore for that to exchange!

RISQ. Go thy ways, young Satan; the old gentleman himſelf cannot be much worſe. Let me conſider a little. My maſter doth not come home till morning, the cloſet is full of things of value, and I can very eaſily get into it.—Agad, and I'll have a trial. I am in no great danger of being caught in the fact; ſo if I bring off a good handſome booty—my maſter ſtands fair for being hang'd for it. Heyday! what the devil have we here?

SCENE II.

COMMONS, *with Whores and Muſick*, RISQUE.

COM. [*Sings*] Tol, lol de rol lol———Now am I Alexander the Great, and you my Statira and Roxana.———You ſons of whores, play me Alexander the Great's *march*.

1 Fid. We don't know it, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Com. Don't you! Why then—play me the Black Joke.

2 Wh. Play the White Joke; that's my favourite.

Com. Ay, ay, Black or White, they are all alike to me. [*Muſick plays.*

2 Wh. We had better go to the tavern, my dear; the juſtices of peace are ſo ſevere againſt us, we ſhall be taken up and ſent to Bridewell.

Com. The juſtices be hang'd, they dare not attack a man of my quality. The moment they know me to be a lord, they would let us all go again.

1 Wh. Nay, my dear, I aſk you pardon; I did not know you were a lord.

Com. Yes, my dear, yes; my Lord Kilſob, that's my title, of the kingdom of Ireland.

Risq. [*Advancing*] My Lord Kilſob, I am glad to ſee your honour in town.

Com. Ha! Ned Riſque, give me thy hand, boy. Come, honeſt Riſque, thou ſhalt go to the tavern with me, and I'll treat thee with a whore and a bottle of wine——But harkee. [*Whiſpers.*

1 Wh. A lord, and ſo familiar with this fellow! This is ſome clerk or apprentice ſtrutting about with his maſter's ſword on.

2 Wh. I fancy, Suky, this is a ſharper, and no coming-down cull.

1 Wh. Ay, damn him, he'll make us pop our unders for the reckoning: we'll not go with him.

Com. If thou canſt lend me half a crown, do; the devil take me if I do not pay thee again to-morrow.

Risq. That I would with all my heart, but I have not one ſouſe, I aſſure you.——I am on buſineſs for my maſter, and in a great hurry.——

Com. Get thee gone for a good-for-nothing dog as thou art. Come, Sirrah, play on to the tavern.

2 Wh. I don't know what you mean, Sir; we are no company for ſuch as you.——

Com. I own you are not fit company for a lord; ——but no matter, ſeveral lords keep ſuch company; *and ſince I ſtoop to you*——

1 Wh.

1 Wh. You ſtoop to us, ſcrub!

2 Wh. You a lord! You are ſome attorney's clerk, or haberdaſher's 'prentice.

1 Wh. Do you ſit behind a deſk, or ſtand behind a counter?

2 Wh. We're not for ſuch as you, we'd have you to know, fellow.

Com. But I am for ſuch as you——and that I'll make you know with a vengeance——whores, ſtrumpets.

Whores. Murder, murder, robbery, murder.

Com. I'll ſcour you with a pox.

[*Beats them off, and returns.*

2 Fid. I wiſh we were well rid of this chap; I wiſh we get any thing by him.

1 Fid. I wiſh we get off with a whole ſkin and a whole fiddle.

Com. I have paid you off, however.

1 Fid. I wiſh your honour would pay us off too; for we are obliged to play to ſome country dances.

Com. Are not you impudent dogs to aſk any thing for ſuch muſick?—I'll not give you a ſouſe: you are a couple of wretched ſcrapers, and play ten degrees worſe than the univerſity waits. If you had your merit, you would have your fiddles broke about your heads.

1 Fid. Sir, you don't talk like a gentleman.

Com. Don't I, Sir? Why then I'll act like a gentleman. [*Draws.*] This is the way a man of honour pays debts, you dogs; I'll let out your own guts to make fiddle ſtrings of. A couple of cowardly dogs! run away from one. Blood! I have rooted the whole army. Hannibal could have done no more. What pity it is ſuch a brave fellow as I am ſhould be made a parſon of! [*Link-boy croſſes.*

Here, you ſon of a whore, come here. Are you the ſun, or the moon, or one of the ſeven ſtars?

Link. Does your honour want a light, Sir?

Com. Want a light Sir! Ay, Sir. Do you take me for a Diſſenter, you raſcal? Do you think I carry my light within, ſirrah? I travel by an outward light. So lead on, you dog, and light me into darkneſs.

A ſoph, he is immortal,
And never can decay;
For how ſhould he return to duſt
Who daily wets his clay?

SCENE III.

RAKEL *and Mrs.* SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Forget that letter; it was the effect of a ſudden ſhort-liv'd anger which aroſe from a laſting love: jealouſy is ſurely the ſtrongeſt proof of that paſſion.

Rak. It is a proof I always wiſh to be without, if all my miſtreſſes were as forward to believe my ſincerity.

Mrs. Soft. All your miſtreſſes!——Bravo.

Rak. I ſpeak of you, Madam, in the plural number, as we do of kings, from my reverence; for if I have another miſtreſs upon earth, may I be——

Mrs. Soft. Marry'd to her——which would be curſe enough on both. But do not think, captain, that ſhould I once diſcover my rival, it would give me any uneaſineſs; the ſuſpicion of the falſhood raiſed my anger, but the knowledge of it would only move my contempt. Be aſſur'd I have not love enough to make me uneaſy if I knew you were falſe: ſo hang jealouſy, I will believe you true.

Rak. By all the tranſports we have felt together, by all the eager raptures which this very night hath witneſſed to my paſſion—— [Softly *hems without.*

Mrs. Soft. Oh! heaven! my huſband is upon the ſtairs.——

Rak. A judgment fallen upon me before I had forſworn myſelf.—Have you no cloſet? no chimney?

Mrs Soft. None, nor any way but this out of the room; he muſt ſee you—Say nothing, but bow, and obſerve me.

SCENE IV.

Mr. SOFTLY, *Mrs.* SOFTLY, RAKEL.

Mr. Soft. Sure, never man was ſo put to it to get rid

rid of ſo troubleſome companion.—Hey-day, what's here?

Mrs. Soft. Sir, I aſſure you, I am infinitely oblig'd to you, and ſo is my huſband: I am ſorry he is not at home to return you thanks.

[*She curteſies all this time to him, who bows to her.*

Mr. Soft. What is the matter, child? what hath the gentleman done for me?

Mrs. Soft. Oh! my dear, I am glad you are come ——The gentleman hath done a great deal for me, he hath guarded me home from the play. Indeed, my dear, I am infinitely obliged to the gentlemen.

Mr. Soft. Ay, we are both infinitely oblig'd to him. Sir, I am your humble ſervant: I give you a great many thanks, Sir, for the civility you have conferr'd on my wife. I aſſure you, Sir, you never did a favour to any who will acknowledge it more.

Rak. The devil take me, if ever I did: I have been as civil to ſeveral wives: but thou art the firſt huſband that ever thank'd me for it.

Mr. Soft. Sir, if you will partake of a ſmall collation we have within, we ſhall think ourſelves much honour'd in your company.

Rak. Sir, the honour would be on my ſide; but I am unhappily engag'd to ſup with the duke of Fleet-ſtreet

Mr. Soft. I hope, Sir, you will ſhortly give us ſome other opportunity to thank you.

Mrs. Soft. Pray, Sir, do not let it be long.

Mr. Soft. Sir, my doors will be always open to you.

Rak. All theſe acknowledgments for ſo ſmall a gallantry make me aſham'd: I was only fortunate in the occaſion of doing what no young gentleman could have refuſed. However, Sir, I ſhall take the firſt opportunity to kiſs your hands, and am your moſt obedient humble ſervant.——Not a ſtep, Sir.

Mr. Soft. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Mr. SOFTLY, *Mrs.* SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. I proteſt one of the civileſt gentlemen I ever ſaw.

Mrs. Soft. Moſt infinitely well-bred.

Mr. Soft. I have been making a viſit to my neighbour Wiſdom, where whom ſhould I meet with but that unlucky rogue, my nephew Commons, who hath taken me to the tavern, and I proteſt, almoſt fluſter'd me.

Mrs. Soft. He was here juſt as you went out, and as rude as ever; but I gave him a ſufficient rebuff: I fancy he'll ſcarce venture here again. And indeed, my dear, he is ſo very ſcandalous, I wiſh you would not ſuffer him.

Mr. Soft. He will be ſettled in the country ſoon, and ſo we ſhall be rid of him quite. But, my dear, I have ſome news to tell you: my ſiſter Wiſdom hath received juſt ſuch another letter as yours, threatning to murder her in her chair the firſt time ſhe goes abroad, unleſs ſhe lays twenty guineas under a ſtone. Indeed, ſhe ſhews abundance of prudence on this occaſion, by keeping at home: ſhe doth not go abroad and frighten her poor huſband, as you do.

Mrs. Soft. My ſiſter Wiſdom receiv'd ſuch a letter! I am heartily glad you have told me of it; for I owe her a viſit, and on this occaſion it would be unpardonable to neglect a moment.——Who's there—Order my chair this inſtant, and do you and the other footman take to your arms.

Mr. Soft. Why, you would not viſit her at this time o'night.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! my dear! it is time enough; it is not yet ten. Oh! I would not for the world, when ſhe will be ſure too that I know it. My dear, your ſervant: I'll make but a ſhort viſit, and be back again before you can be ſet down to ſupper.

Mr. Soft. Was ever ſo unfortunate a wretch as I am! All my contrivances to keep her at home, do but ſend her abroad the more. But I have a virtuous wife, how-

however; and truly virtuous women are ſo rare in this age one cannot pay too dear for her——Oh! a virtuous wife is a moſt prodigious bleſſing.

SCENE VI. *Mr.* Wisdom's *Houſe.*

RAKEL, *Mrs.* WISDOM.

Rak. To rally again the ſame night after ſuch a rebuff, is, I think, Madam, a ſign of uncommon bravery.

Mrs. Wisd. What is it in me to lead you to that rally, captain, when I muſt ſhare the chief part of the danger too?

Rak. Why indeed, Madam, to ſend me word of this ſecond retreat of your huſband, was a kindneſs I know but one way how to thank you for; and I will thank thee ſo heartily, my dear, dear, lovely angel——

Betty. [*Entering*] Oh! Madam! here's Mrs. Softly juſt coming up.

Rak. Mrs. Softly!

Mrs. Wisd. How came ſhe to be let in? Were not my orders, not at home?

Bet. She ſaid ſhe knew you were at home, and would ſee you.—She will be here this inſtant.

Rak. [*Offers to go into the cloſet.*] The door is lock'd.

Mrs. Wisd. And my huſband hath the key.—It ſignifies not much if ſhe ſees you.

Rak. Oh! Madam, I am tenderer of your reputation.—This table will hide me. [*Gets under it.*

SCENE VII.

Mrs. WISDOM, *Mrs.* SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! my dear, I am exceedingly concern'd to hear of your misfortune; I ran away the very minute Mr. Softly brought me the news.

Mrs. Wisd. I am very much obliged to you, my dear.

Mrs. Soft. But I hope you are not frighten'd, my dear.

Mrs. Wisd. It is impoſſible to avoid a little ſurpriſe on ſuch an occaſion.

Mrs.

MRS. SOFT. Oh yes! a little ſurprize at firſt; but when one hath ſufficient guards about one there can be no danger. Have you not heard that I receiv'd juſt ſuch another letter about three days ago?

MRS. WISD. And venture abroad ſo late?

MRS SOFT. Ha, ha, ha! have I not a vaſt deal of courage?

MRS. WISD. Indeed, I think ſo. I am ſure I have not ſlept one wink theſe three nights.

MRS. SOFT. I have not ſlept much—for I was up two of them at a ball.

MRS. WISD. Why, you venture abroad as fearleſs as if no ſuch thing had happen'd.

MRS. SOFT. It is only the expence of a footman or two the more; no one would ſtay at home for that, you know. Sure you don't intend to confine yourſelf any longer on this account. I would not ſtay at home three days, if I had receiv'd as many letters as go by the poſt in that time.

MRS. WISD. You have more courage than I: the apprehenſion of the danger with me would quite extinguiſh the pleaſure.

MRS. SOFT. Oh! you cowardly creature, there is no pleaſure without danger; but I thank heaven, my thoughts are always ſo full of the former, that I leave no room for any meditation on the latter.

SCENE VIII.

Mr. WISDOM, *Mrs.* WISDOM, *Mrs.* SOFTLY, CONSTABLE, SERVANTS.

JOHN. I'll take my oath I ſaw him go in.

MRS. WISD. Bleſs me, my dear, what's the matter.

MR. WISD. Don't be frighten'd, child; this fellow hath ſeen the rogue that was here to-day get into the houſe again. Mr. Conſtable, that is the cloſet-door: you have the key; therefore do you enter firſt, and we'll all follow you.

JOHN. Ay, ay, let me alone; do you but lay hands on him, and I'll knock his brains out.

MRS. SOFT. Lud, ſiſter, how you tremble! Take

example

example by me, and don't be frighten'd.——Here, John, Thomas, bring up your blunderbuſſes.

MRS. WISD. Support me, or I faint.

SCENE IX.

RISQE [*diſcover'd.*]

CONST. You may as well ſubmit, Sir, for we are too ſtrong for you.

JOHN. Confeſs, Sirrah! confeſs. How many are there of you?

MR. WISD. Search his pockets, Mr. Conſtable.

MRS. WISD. What do I ſee! } [*Aſide.*
MRS. SOFT. Captain Rakel's man! }

MRS. WISD. It is ſufficient! the goods are found upon him. Sirrah! confeſs your accomplices this moment; you have no other way to ſave your life than by becoming evidence againſt your gang.

JOHN. Learn to betray your friends, ſirrah! if you would rob like a gentleman and not be hang'd for it.

MRS. WISD. And ſo, Sir, I ſuppoſe it was you that writ the threatening letter to my wife. Why don't you ſpeak? You may as well confeſs; for you will be hang'd whether you confeſs or no.

CONST. Would it not be your wiſeſt way to impeach your companions? ſo you may not only ſave your life, but get rewarded for your roguery.

MRS. WISD. Is the raſcal dumb? We'll find ways to make him ſpeak, I warrant you.

SCENE X.

To them, COMMONS, *drunk and fighting.*

COM. Hey, uncle, what a pox do you keep open houſe at this time of night? Oons, I thought you uſed to ſneak to bed at ſoberer hours.

MR. WISD. How often muſt I forbid you my houſe?

COM. Sir, you may forbid me as often as you pleaſe; when your door is open, I ſhall never be able to paſs by.

MR. WISD. You ſhall find a very warm reception.

COM. As warm as you pleaſe, for it is damn'd cold with-

without. But come, where's your liquor? You do not entertain all this company without wine, I hope. Why, what a pox are all theſe?——the militia!

MRS. WISD. Sir, if you do not go out of my doors this inſtant, you ſhall be forc'd out.

COM. Damn your doors, Sir, and your tables too; I'll turn your houſe out o'doors, Sir.——

[*Overturns the table, and diſcovers* Rakel.

SCENE XI.

Mr. WISDOM, *Mrs.* WISDOM, *Mrs.* SOFTLY, RAKEL, RISQUE, CONSTABLE, SERVANTS.

JOHN. More rogues! more rogues!

CONST. I have him ſecure enough.

MR. WISD. This ſecond viſit, Sir, is exceeding kind. I ſuppoſe, Sir, this is the honeſt gentleman that conveys away the goods; we have ſtopped the goods, and ſhall convey you both to a proper habitation.

RAK. Damnation!
MRS. WISD. Ruin'd beyond retrieval.
MRS. SOFT. May I believe my eyes?
} [*Aſide.*

MR. WISD. [*To* Riſque.] You will have but a ſhort time to conſider on't; ſo it were good for you to reſolve on being an evidence, and ſave your own neck at the expence of his.

RISQ. Well, Sir, If I muſt peach, I muſt, I think.

MR. WISD. [*To* Rakel.] Do you know this gentleman, Sir?

RAK. [*Aſide*] Confuſion! what ſhall I do?

CONST. How the rogues ſtare at one another! What, did you never ſee one another before?

RISQ. Pox take him, I wiſh I had never ſeen him; I'm ſure I am like to pay dear enough for his acquaintance.

MR. WISD. You have no other way to prevent it than by ſwearing againſt him.

RISQ. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll ſwear againſt him; he brought me to this ſhame, ſo let him look to it: I never took theſe courſes till I became acquainted with that highwayman

wayman there, who hath robb'd on all the roads of England.

Rak. Ha!

Const. And will you ſwear that this fellow wrote the letter to my maſter, to threaten to murder my lady whenever ſhe went abroad?

Risq. Ay, that I will; I ſaw him write it with my own eyes,

Mr. Wisd. ——————You ſaw him write it?

Risq. Yes, an't pleaſe your honour.

Mr. Wisd. I find this fellow will do our buſineſs without any other evidence. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Soft. Can this be poſſible? [*Aſide.*

Mr. Wisd. And ſo if my wife had ventured abroad, you had put your deſign in execution?

Risq. —She would have been murder'd the very firſt time, an't pleaſe your honour.

Mr. Wisd. See there now—Did I not adviſe you like a friend?——In ſhort, I know not when it will be ſafe for you to ſtir without your own door.

Mrs. Wisd. And was I to have fallen by the hands of this gentleman?

Risq. Yes, Madam; he was to have murder'd your ladyſhip, and I was to have robb'd you.

Rak. Dog! villain!

Risq. Don't give ill language, Tom; I have often told you what your rogueries would come to. I told you, you would never leave off thieving but at the gallows.

Rak. Villain, be aſſur'd, I will be reveng'd on thee.

Risq. I deſire of your worſhip that we may not be put together; I do not care for ſuch company.

Mr. Wisd. Mr. Conſtable, convey them to the round-houſe; let them be kept ſeparately, and in the morning you ſhall hear from me.

Rak. [*To Wiſd.*] Sir, ſhall I beg to ſpeak one word with you?

Mr. Wisd. You are ſure he has no arms about him, Mr. Conſtable?

Const. No, Sir, he hath no arms about him nor any thing elſe.

Rak. *This proſecution* will end in nothing but your own

own ſhame; [*Apart to* Wiſd.] ſo you had better ſet me at liberty. Be aſſured that I am not the perſon you take me for; my character will make it evident that my deſign was neither to rob nor murder you: my crime, Sir, will appear to be ſuch as (Heaven be praiſed) our laws do not hang a man for.—As for that fellow there, he is my ſervant; but how, or with what deſign he came here, I cannot tell.

MR. WISD. And is this what you have to ſay, Sir?

RISQ. Don't believe a word he ſays, Sir; for he is one of the damnedſt liars that ever was hanged; he'll tell you he kept a juſtice of peace for a ſervant, if you will believe him.

MR. WISD. He ſays he kept you as ſuch.

RISQ. Ay, there it is now. Art thou not a ſad dog, Tom? But thou wilt pay for all thy rogueries ſhortly.

[Wiſdom *points to the Conſtable.*

CONST. Come, bring them along; march you poor beggarly raſcal——you a rogue, and be damn'd to you, without a penny in your pocket.

SCENE XII.

Mr. WISDOM, *Mrs.* WISDOM, *Mrs.* SOFTLY.

MR. WISD. Don't be frighten'd, my dear, while you are at home, you are in no danger. Sifter Softly, I am ſorry you find my family in ſuch diſorder.

MRS. SOFT. I am heartily ſorry for your ſake, dear brother; but Heaven knows how ſoon it may be our own fate; for I ſuppoſe you know we have receiv'd a letter too.

MR. WISD. We muſt find ſome way to break the neck of this trade. Here's my poor wife will not be able to ſtir abroad this winter.

MRS. SOFT. Not ſtir abroad this winter! Marry, forbid it; ſhe hath ſtaid at home already longer than I would have done, had the danger been ten times greater: I would rather loſe my life than my liberty.—Where's the difference whether one be lock'd up in one's own grave, or one's own houſe?——My ſoul is ſuch an enemy to confinement, that if my body were confin'd, it would not ſtay in it.

MR.

Mr. Wisd. Oh lud! here's doctrine for my wife. May your body never enter my doors again, I pray Heaven. [*Aside.*] But if you have no more fears for yourself, I hope you would have ſome for your huſband.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! dear Sir, the woman who loves her huſband as well as herſelf is an exceeding good Chriſtian. That man muſt be an unreaſonable creature, who expects a woman to abſtain from pleaſures for his ſake.

Mr. Wisd. Hoity-toity! I hope you'll allow that a woman ought to avoid ſome pleaſures for the ſake of her huſband.

Mrs. Soft. Oh, certainly! ought, no doubt on't. But to ſpeak freely, I am afraid when once a woman's pleaſures run counter to the intereſt of her huſband; when once ſhe finds greater pleaſures abroad than at home, I am afraid all the threatening letters in Europe will not keep her from them.

Mr. Wisd. Oh lud! Oh lud!

Mrs. Soft. But to ſhew you that I am of a contrary opinion, I will leave the moſt agreeable company in the world to go home to my huſband.——No ceremony.

Mr. Wisd. I will ſee you in your chair.

Mrs. Soft. Siſter, your ſervant.

Mrs. Wisd. My dear, I am yours.—What ſhall I think! Rakel cannot be guilty of ſuch villainy. But then how came his ſervant here? He ſent him to break the windows—and he exceeded his commiſſion——It muſt be ſo——and what he hath ſaid was only forg'd to excuſe himſelf.

SCENE XIII.

Mr. WISDOM, *Mrs.* WISDOM.

Mr. Wisd. I wiſh you well home, Madam: and may you never come abroad again.—My dear, I am afraid ſhe hath quite ſtruck you dumb with ſurprize. This woman is a walking contagion, and ought not to be admitted into one's houſe. She is able to raiſe a univerſal conjugal rebellion in the nation.

Mrs. Wisd. Alas! my dear! I wiſh this affair had not happen'd. I vow I feel a ſort of pity for theſe poor wretches,

wretches, whom neceſſity hath driven to ſuch courſes. One of them ſeems ſo young too, that if he were forgiven, perhaps he might amend.

MR. WISD. His method of robbing, perhaps, and the next time cut our throats.

MRS. WISD. Strict juſtice ſeems too rigorous in my opinion; and tho' it may be a womaniſh weakneſs, I could wiſh you would forgive him.

MR. WISD. Be aſſur'd, my love, it is a womaniſh weakneſs which makes you plead for the life of a young fellow. By the women's conſent, we ſhould have no rogues hang'd till after they are forty.

MRS. WISD. In one ſo young, vice hath not ſo ſtrong a root.

MR. WISD. You lie, my dear; vice hath often the ſtrongeſt root in a young fellow. So ſay no more, I am determin'd he ſhall be hang'd: I will go take my meſs of ſugar-ſops, and to bed. In the morning early I will go to a juſtice of the peace.

MRS. WISD. But conſider, my dear, will you not provoke the reſt of the gang to revenge?

MR. WISD. Fear nothing, my dear.

While in your huſband's arms you keep your treaſure,
You're free from hurt.

MRS. WISD. ——————or hope of pleaſure.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An inner room in the round-houſe.*

COMMONS, RAKEL.

COMMONS.

PRITHEE, Tom, forgive me.

RAK. Forgive thee! Death and damnation! doſt thou inſult my misfortunes? Doſt thou think I am come to the tree, where I am to whine out of the world like a good chriſtian, and forgive all my enemies? If thou wilt hear my laſt prayer, damn thee heartily, *heartily*.

COM.

COM. Amen, if I deſign'd thee any miſchief.

RAK. Rat your deſigns; it is equal to me whether you deſign'd it or not; and I will forgive you and that raſcal Riſque at the ſame time.

COM. Nay, but dear Tom, why the danger is not ſo great as thou apprehendeſt: it will never be believed that thou didſt intend to rob my uncle; thy reputation will prevent that.

RAK. But it will be believed that I intended to cuckold your uncle; my reputation will not prevent that: and I would rather ſacrifice the world than my miſtreſs——Oons! I believe thou didſt intend to diſcover me, to ſave the virtue of thy aunt.

COM. To ſave the devil; You ſhould lie with all my aunts, and with my mother and ſiſters: nay, I will carry a letter for you to any of them.

RAK. Carry a letter! if thou wilt get me two letters that were taken out of my pocket when I was ſearch'd, I will forgive thee——It is in vain to keep it a ſecret. Your uncle Wiſdom hath in his poſſeſſion a letter from each of your aunts, which unleſs we get back, muſt ruin them both.

COM. But I ſuppoſe he hath read them already.

RAK. Then they are ruined already.

COM. Prithee, what are the letters?

RAK. I believe, Sir, you may gueſs what buſineſs is between them and me.

COM. Harkee, Tom——— there is no ſmut in them.

RAK. There is nothing more in them than from the one an invitation to come and ſee her, and from the other a very civil meſſage that ſhe will never ſee my face again.

CONST. [*Enters.*] Captain, you muſt go before the juſtice. As for you, Sir, you have your liberty to go where you pleaſe. I hope you will be as good as your word, and remember to buy your ſtockings at my ſhop; for if I had not perſuaded the gentleman to make up the affair, you might have gone before the juſtice too.

COM. Mr. Conſtable, I am obliged to you; and the next time you take me up, I hope I ſhall have more

money

money in my pocket. Come, noble captain, be not dejected; I'll ſtand by thee, whatever be the conſequence——Mr. Conſtable, we'll wait on you immediately.——Harkee, I have a thought juſt riſen may bring the ladies off in the eaſieſt manner imaginable.

RAK. What hath the devil inſpired thee with?

COM. Suppoſe now I ſhould ſwear that I forg'd their hands. Luckily for the purpoſe I have had a quarrel this very day with my uncle Wiſdom, and another with my aunt Softly: ſo that we may perſuade the old gentleman that I ſent the letters to you in order to be reveng'd on them. Now, if we could perſuade them this.

RAK. Which we might, if they were as ready to believe any thing as thou art to ſwear any thing; but as the caſe happeneth to be quite contrary, thy ſtratagem is good for nothing; ſo fare you well. Nothing will proſper with me whilſt I keep ſuch a wicked fellow company.

COM. The invitation muſt be from my aunt Wiſdom by his being there——Odd, if there be no direction, it may do——Thou art ſuch a dear wicked dog, I cannot leave thee in the lurch.

SCENE II.

Mr. WISDOM. *Mrs.* WISDOM.

MR. WISD. Pray, no more of your good-nature, my dear. It is a very good-natur'd thing, truly, to ſave one rogue's throat, that he may cut twenty honeſt people's. The good-nature of women is as furious as their ill-nature; they would ſave or deſtroy, without diſtinction. But by this time, I ſuppoſe my brother Softly is ready. So, child, good-morrow.

MRS. WISD. Nay, my dear, I dare not truſt myſelf even in my own houſe without you, now you have provok'd the gang. So, if you are determined to go, you ſhall carry me to return my ſiſter's viſit.

MR. WISD. Indeed my dear, I will carry you to a maſquerade as ſoon. No, no; no more viſiting there. If my ſiſter's huſband's brother marries a mad woman, *ſhe ſhall* not ſpoil my wife; I'll carry you to no ſuch

lectures,

lectures. She will teach you more naughtineſs in half an hour, than half a dozen modern comedies; nay, than the lewd epilogues to as many modern tragedies.

MRS. WISD. Which you never ſuffer me to go to, tho' you ſeldom miſs yourſelf.

MR. WISD. Well, I muſt not loſe a moment; good-morrow.

MRS. WISD. So you leave me behind to be murder'd.

MR. WISD. You'll come to no harm, I warrant you.

MRS. WISD. I cannot think that, when I know what you are going upon. If this generous creature ſhould have honour enough to preſerve my reputation, ſhall I ſuffer him to preſerve it at the expence of a life, which was dearer to me than fame before, and by ſuch an inſtance of honour will become ſtill more precious. No, ſhould it come to that, I will give up my honour to preſerve my lover, and will be myſelf the witneſs to his innocence.——Who's there?

SCENE III.

Mrs. WISDOM, BETTY.

MRS. WISD. Call a chair.

BET. Madam!

MRS. WISD. Call a chair.

BET. And is your ladyſhip reſolv'd to venture abroad?

MRS. WISD. I begin to laugh at the danger I apprehended. But however, that I may not be too bold, order the footman to take a blunderbuſs with him: and, d'ye hear, order him to hire chairmen, and arm them with muſkets. I am reſolv'd to pluck up a ſpirit, Betty, and ſhew my huſband that I am like other women.

BET. I am heartily glad to ſee your ladyſhip hath ſo much courage; I always lik'd thoſe families the beſt where the ladies govern'd the moſt. Where ladies govern there are ſecrets, and where there are ſecrets there are vails.——I liv'd with a lady once who uſed to give

her clothes away every month, and her huſband durſt not oppoſe it.

MRS. WISD. Go, do as I bid you in a moment. I have no time to loſe; I will but put on my mantle and be ready.

SCENE IV. *Mr.* SOFTLY's *Houſe.*

Mrs. SOFTLY *alone.*

MRS. SOFT. That he ſhould convey himſelf under her table without her knowledge, is ſomething difficult to believe. Nor can I imagine any neceſſities capable of driving him to ſo abandon'd a courſe. Her concern ſeem'd to have another cauſe than fear. Beſides, I remember when we were at the maſquerade together, he talked to her near an hour; and if I miſtake not, ſhe was ſo pleaſed with his converſation, that ſhe gave him encouragements which he was unlikely to have miſtaken.——It muſt be ſo——whatever was his deſign, ſhe was privy to it. He is falſe, and ſo adieu, good captain.

SCENE V.

Mr. SOFTLY, *Mrs.* SOFTLY.

MR. SOFT. My dear, your ſervant: no news of my brother Wiſdom yet? I have been conſidering how lucky it is that ours was not the houſe attack'd—we might not ſo happily have diſcovered it. (Poor fool, how little ſhe ſuſpects who the incendiaries were.)

MRS. SOFT. Heaven ſend the gang be quite broke; I ſhall be oblig'd to make more ſervants mount the guard now whenever I go out.

MR. SOFT. It would be much more adviſeable for you to ſtay at home, and then no one need mount guard upon you but your huſband.

MRS. SOFT. Never name it, I am no more ſafe at home than abroad; for if the rogues ſhould ſet our houſe on fire, I am ſure no one would wiſh to be in it.

MR. SOFT. Still my arguments retort upon me, and like food to ill blood promote the diſeaſe, not the cure. *Well, my* dear, take your ſwing, I'll give you no more

of

of my advice——and I heartily wiſh you may never ſtay at home.

MRS. SOFT. Why do you wiſh ſo?

MR. SOFT. Becauſe I am ſure you muſt be lam'd firſt.

MRS. SOFT. Why indeed, my dear, I think no one would ſtay at home who had legs to go abroad.

MR. SOFT. Truly, my dear, if I was ſure ſhe would have ſtaid at home, I would have choſen a wife without legs before the fineſt legg'd woman in the univerſe; but ſhe who can't walk will be carry'd. I have no need to complain of your legs, for they ſeldom carry you farther than your own door. And truly, my dear, reckoning the number of your attendants, you go abroad now upon a dozen legs.

SERVANT. [*Enters.*] Sir, Mr. Wiſdom to wait on your worſhip.

MR. SOFT. Shew him up:—Will you ſtay and hear the trial?

MRS. SOFT. No, I have other buſineſs; by that time I am dreſs'd, I expect a lady to call on me to go to another trial; I mean the rehearſal of the new opera.

SCENE VI.

Mr. WISDOM, *Mr.* SOFTLY.

MR. SOFT. Brother Wiſdom, your ſervant: my wife tells me you have made a diſcovery of the incendiaries. Ha, ha, ha! ſhe little thinks who wrote the letters.

MR. WISD. No, nor do you think who will appear to have written them.

MR. SOFT. I hope we ſhall not appear to have written them.

MR. WISD. No, no. One of the fellows I have in cuſtody offers to ſwear it on the other.

MR. SOFT. How! but you know we cannot admit of ſuch a teſtimony, whereof we know the falſhood.

MR. WISD. And what then? you don't take the falſe oath, do you? Are you to anſwer for the ſins of another?

MR. SOFT. But will not the other circumſtances do without that of the letter?

MR. WISD. Yes, they will do to hang him; but will not have the ſame terror on our wives.

MR. SOFT. I am glad of it with all my heart; I am ſure I have ſeverely paid for all the terrors I have given my wife: if I could bring her to be only as bad as ſhe was before, I ſhould think myſelf entirely happy. In ſhort, brother, I have found by woeful experience, that mending our wives is like mending our conſtitutions, when often after all our pains we would be glad to return to our former ſtate.

MR. WISD. Well, brother, if it be ſo, I have no reaſon to repent having been a valetudinarian.—But let me tell you, brother, you do not know how to govern a wife.

MR. SOFT. And let me tell you, brother, you do not know what it is to have a woman of ſpirit to govern.

MR. WISD. A fig for her ſpirit, I know what it is to have a virtuous wife; and perhaps I am the only man in town that knows what it is to keep a wife at home.

MR. SOFT. Brother, do not upbraid me with my wife's going abroad: if ſhe doth, it is in the beſt company. And for virtue—for that, Sir, my wife's name is Lucretia—Lucretia the ſecond; and I don't queſtion but ſhe's as chaſte as the firſt was.

MR. WISD. Ay, ay, and I believe ſo too.——But don't let the ſqueamiſhneſs of your conſcience put a ſtop to my ſucceſs: And let me tell you, if you are not advantaged by the ſtratagem, you will be diſadvantaged by the diſcovery; for if you put ſuch a ſecret into your wife's boſom, let me tell you, you are not Solomon the ſecond.

SCENE VII.

Mr. WISDOM, *Mr.* SOFTLY, CONSTABLE, RAKEL, RISQUE, CLERK, SERVANTS.

SERVANT. Sir, here is a conſtable with ſome priſoners.

MR.

MR. SOFT. Bring them in. Brother Wiſdom, I will ſtretch both law and conſcience as wide as poſſible, to ſerve you.

CONST. Come, gentlemen, walk in and take your places.

MR. SOFT. Are theſe the two fellows, Mr. Conſtable, that you found laſt night broke into Mr. Wiſdom's houſe?

CONST. Yes, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

RISQ. We are the two rogues, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

MR. WISD. This fellow is to be admitted evidence againſt the other.

RISQ. Yes, I am evidence for the king.

MR. SOFT. Where is my clerk? Mr. Sneakſby, let that fellow be ſworn.

RISQ. May it pleaſe your worſhip, I have a ſort of ſcruple of conſcience; I have been told that you are apter to hire rogues to ſwear againſt one another, than to pay them for it when they have done it. Therefore, ſuppoſing it to be all the ſame caſe with your worſhip, I ſhould be glad to be paid beforehand.

MR. SOFT. What does the ſimple fellow mean?

MR. WISD. Perhaps we ſhall not want his evidence; here are ſome papers which were found in the other's pocket. I have open'd one of them only, which I find to contain the whole method of their conſpiracy.

MR. SOFT. Mr. Sneakſby, read theſe papers.

SNEAKS. [*Reads.*] 'To enſign Rakel. Parole Plunder.'

MR. WISD. Plunder's the word, agad!

SNEAKS. 'For the guard to-morrow, enſign Rakel, 'two ſerjeants, two corporals, one drum, and ſix and 'thirty men.'

MR. SOFT. Why the rogues are incorporated, they are regimented——we ſhall ſhortly have a ſtanding army of rogues as well as of ſoldiers.

MR. WISD. Six and thirty rogues about the town to-day: Mr. Softly, we muſt look to our houſes, I expect to hear of ſeveral fires and murders before night.

MR. SOFT. Truly, brother Wiſdom, I fear it will be

be neceſſary to keep the city train-bands continually under arms.

Mr. Wisd. They won't do, Sir; they won't do. Six and thirty of theſe bloody fellows would beat them all.——Sir, ſix and thirty of theſe rogues would require at leaſt one hundred of the foot-guards to cope with them.

Mr. Soft. Mr. Sneakſby read on, we ſhall make farther diſcoveries I'll engage.

Sneaks. Here's a woman's hand, may it pleaſe your worſhip.

Mr. Soft. Read it, read it. There are women robbers as well as men.

Sneaks. [*Reads.*] 'Be here at the time you mention, my huſband is luckily out of the way. I wiſh 'your happineſs be, as you ſay, entirely in the power 'of Elizabeth Wisdom.'

Mr. Wisd. What's that? Who's that?

Sneaks. Elizabeth Wiſdom.

Mr. Wisd. [*Snatches the letter.*] By all the plagues of hell, my wife's own hand too.

Mr. Soft. I always thought ſhe would be diſcover'd one time or other, to be no better than ſhe ſhould be. [*Aſide.*

Mr. Wisd. I am confounded, amazed, ſpeechleſs.

Mr. Soft. What's the matter, brother Wiſdom? Sure your wife doth not hold correſpondence with theſe people; your wife! that durſt not go abroad for fear of them; who is the only wife in town that her huſband can keep at home.

Mr. Wisd. Blood and furies, I ſhall become the jeſt of the town.

Sneaks. May it pleaſe your worſhip, here is one letter more, in a woman's hand too.

Mr. Soft. The ſame woman's hand, I warrant you.

Sneaks. [*Reads.*] 'Sir, your late behaviour hath 'determined me never to ſee you more: if you get 'entrance into this houſe for the future, it will not 'be by my conſent; for I deſire you would hence-'forth imagine there never was any acquaintance 'between you and Lucretia Softly.'

Mr.

MR. WISD. Ha!

MR. SOFT. Lucretia Softly!——Give me the letter.——Brother Wiſdom, this is ſome counterfeit.

MR. WISD. It muſt be ſo. Sure it cannot come from Lucretia the ſecond; ſhe that is as chaſte as the firſt Lucretia was.——She correſpond with ſuch as theſe, who never goes out of doors but to the beſt company in town!

MR. SOFT. 'Tis impoſſible!

MR. WISD. You may think ſo; but I who underſtand women better, will not be ſo eaſily ſatisfy'd.—— I'll go fetch my wife hither, and if ſhe doth not acquit herſelf in the plaineſt manner, brother Softly, you ſhall commit her and her rogues together.—— Ha! What do I ſee? An apparition!

SCENE VIII.

To them, Mrs. WISDOM, *guarded.*

MRS. WISD. Let the reſt of my guards ſtay without————My dear, your ſervant.

MR. WISD. This muſt be ſome deluſion, this can't be real.

MRS. WISD. I ſee you are ſurpris'd at my courage, my dear; but don't think I have ventur'd hither alone, I have a whole regiment of guards with me.

MR. WISD. You have a whole regiment of devils with you, my dear.

MRS. WISD. Ha, ha, ha.

SCENE IX.

To them, Mrs. SOFTLY.

MRS. SOFT. Joy of your coming abroad, ſiſter Wiſdom; I flew to meet you the moment my ſervants brought me the agreeable news you were here.

MRS. WISD. I am extremely oblig'd to you, Madam; but I wiſh this ſurprize may have no ill effect on poor Mr. Wiſdom; he looks as if he had ſeen an apparition.

MRS. SOFT. Nay, it will be a great ſurpriſe to all

your acquaintance; you muſt have made an hundred viſits before it will be believ'd.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear, I intend to make almoſt as many before I go home again.

Mr. Wisd. Plagues and furies!

Mr. Soft. I fancy, brother Wiſdom, you begin to be as weary of the letter-project as myſelf.

Mr. Wisd. Harkee, you, crocodile——devil! come here, do you know this hand? [Softly *ſhews Mrs* Softly *her letter at the ſame time.*

Mrs. Wisd. ——Ha! [*Starts.*

Mr. Wisd. You counterfeited your fear bravely; you were much terrify'd with the thoughts of the enemy, while you kept a private correſpondence with him.

SCENE *the laſt.*

To them, COMMONS.

Com. So uncles, I ſee you take turns to keep the rendezvous. Uncle Wiſdom, I hope you are not angry with me for what I ſaid laſt night. When a man is drunk, you know, his reaſon is not ſober; and when his reaſon is not ſober, a man that acts according to his reaſon cannot act ſoberly. There's logick for you, uncle; you ſee I have not forgotten all my univerſity learning.

Mr. Wisd. I ſhall take another opportunity, Sir, to talk with you.

Com. Well, aunt Wiſdom, I hope you will reconcile my uncle to me; I ſhould have waited on you laſt night, according to your invitation, when my uncle was abroad, but I was engag'd. I received your letter too, Madam.

Mrs. Soft. My letter, brute!

Com. Yes, Madam; did you not ſend me a letter laſt night that you would never ſee my face again, deſiring me to forget that I had ever any acquaintance with you; nay, I think you may be aſham'd to own it; here's a good-natur'd woman that tries to make up all differences between relations.——Ha! *what do I ſee!* captain Rakel.

Rak.

Rak. You ſee a man who is juſtly puniſh'd by the ſhame he now ſuffereth for the injury he hath done you. Thoſe two letters you mention, I took laſt night from your bureau, which you accidentally left open: and fir'd with the praiſes which you have ſo often and ſo juſtly beſtow'd on this lady, I took that opportunity, when ſhe told me her huſband would be abſent, to convey myſelf thro' the window into the cloſet. What follow'd, I need not mention any more than what I deſign'd.

Com. Rob my bureau, Sir!

Rak. Nay, dear Jack, forgive me; theſe ladies have the greateſt reaſon to be offended, ſince the letters being found in my pockets, had like to have cauſed ſome ſuſpicions which would not have been to their advantage.

Mrs. Wisd. Excellent creature!

Rak. But, gentlemen, if you pleaſe to look at theſe letters, you will find they are not directed to me.

Mrs. Wisd. They have no direction at all.

Mr. Soft. I told you, brother—my wife could not be guilty.

Mr. Wisd. I am heartily glad to find mine is not—you ſee, Madam, what your diſobedience to my orders had like to have occaſioned.—How often have I ſtrictly commanded you never to write to that fellow!

Mrs. Wisd. His careleſſneſs hath cured me for the future.

Mr. Wisd. And ſo, Sir, you keep company with highwaymen, do you?

Com. What do you mean, Sir?

Mr. Wisd. Sir, you will know when your acquaintance is ſent to Newgate.——Brother Softly, I deſire you would order a Mittimus for theſe fellows inſtantly.

Com. A Mittimus! for whom?

Mr. Wisd. For theſe honeſt gentlemen, your acquaintance, who broke into my houſe.

Com. Do you know, Sir, that this gentleman is an officer of the army?

Mr. Wisd. Sir, it is equal to me what he is. If he

he be an officer, he only proves that a rogue may be under a red coat, and very ſhortly you will prove that a rogue may be under a black one.

COM. Why, Sir, you will make yourſelves ridiculous, that will be all you will get by it. I'll be the captain's witneſs, he had no ill deſign on your houſe.

MR. WISD. And I ſuppoſe, Sir, you will be his witneſs that he did not write the letter threatning to murder my wife.

MRS. SOFT. That I will. If any one be convicted as an incendiary, I am afraid it will go hard with you two.—I over-heard your fine plot.—Siſter Wiſdom, do you know this hand?—This is the threatning letter. [*Shewing a letter.*

MRS. WISD. Sure it cannot be my huſband's.

MRS. SOFT. As ſurely as that which you receiv'd was written by mine.

MRS. WISD. Amazement! What can it mean?

MRS. SOFT. Only a new way to keep a wife at home; which, I dare ſwear, mine heartily repents of.

MR. SOFT. Ay, that I do indeed.

MRS. WISD. And is it poſſible that theſe terrible threatning letters can have come from our own dear huſbands?

MRS. SOFT. From thoſe very hands that ſhould defend us againſt all our enemies.

MR. SOFT. ——Come, brother Wiſdom,——I ſee we are fairly detected; we had as good plead guilty, and ſue for mercy. I aſſure you, my dear, I ſhall think myſelf very happy if you will return to your old way of living, and go abroad juſt as you did before this happen'd.

MR WISD. Truly, I believe it would have been ſoon my intereſt to have made the ſame bargain.

MRS. SOFT. Lookee, my dear, as for the blunderbuſſes, I agree to leave them at home: but I am reſolv'd not to part with the additional footman: he muſt remain as a ſort of monument of my victory.

MR. SOFT. Well, brother Wiſdom, what ſhall be done with the priſoner? This fellow's oath will have no great weight in a court of juſtice.

MR. WISD. Do juſt what you will; I am ſo glad

and

and ſorry, pleas'd and diſpleas'd, that I am almoſt out of my ſenſes.

RAK. I told you how the proſecution would end. Upon my honour, Sir, I had no deſign upon any thing that belongs to you, but your wife.

MR. WISD. Your very humble ſervant, Sir. I do believe you by the emptineſs of your pockets; but this gentleman ſeemed to have ſome other deſign by the fulneſs of his.

Mr. SOFT. With what conſcience, ſirrah, did you preſume to take a falſe oath?

RISQ. With the ſame, Mr. Juſtice, that you would have received it, when you knew it to be falſe.—— Lookee, gentlemen, you had beſt hold your tongues, or I ſhall become evidence for the king againſt you both. As for my maſter, he, I hope, will forgive me; for I only intended to get the reward, and then I would have ſworn all back again. Sir, if your honour doth not forgive me, I'll confeſs that I brought you the letters from the ladies, and ſpoil all yet.

RAK. By your amendment, I know not what I may be brought to do——till I get you to the regiment.

COM. Well, uncle Wiſdom, you are not angry, are you?

MRS. WISD. Let me intercede, my dear.

MR. WISD. You are always interceding for him; I wiſh his own good behaviour would. I think, for the ſake of religion, I will buy him what he deſires, a commiſſion in the army; and then the ſooner he is knock'd in the head, the better.

RAK. Well, brother, if thou doſt come among us, it may be ſome time or other in my power to make thee reparation.—But to you, Madam, I never ſhall be able to give any ſatisfaction for my bold deſigns againſt your virtue.

MRS. WISD. Unleſs by deſiſting for the future.

MRS. SOFT. Be aſſured if my ſiſter forgives you the injury you intended her, I never will.

MR. SOFT. Come, come, my dear, you muſt be of a more forgiving temper; and ſince matters are

like to be amicably adjuſted, you ſhall entertain the company at breakfaſt, and we will laugh away the frolick.

Rak. Pray, ladies, let me give you this advice:—If you ſhould ever write a love letter, never ſign your name to it.—And gentlemen, that you may prevent it——think not by any force or ſiniſter ſtratagem to impriſon your wives. The laws of England are too generous to permit the one, and the ladies are generally too cunning to be outwitted by the other.——But let this be your maxim,

Thoſe wives for pleaſures very ſeldom roam,
Whoſe huſbands bring ſubſtantial pleaſures home.

THE

THE

GRUB-STREET OPERA.

As it was acted at the

THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

By SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

SING. NOM. Hic, hæc, hoc.
GEN. Hujus.
DAT. Huic.
ACCUS. Hunc, hanc, hoc.
VOC. Caret.
LIL. Gram. quod vid.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir Owen Apshinken, a gentleman of Wales, in love with tobacco,	Mr. Furnival.
Maſter Owen Apshinken, his ſon, in love with womankind,	Mr. Stopler.
Mr. Apshones, his tenant,	Mr. Wathan.
Puzzletext, his chaplain, in love with women, tobacco, drink, and backgammon,	Mr. Reynolds.
Robin, his butler, in love with Sweetiſſa,	Mr. Mullart.
William, his coachman, enemy to Robin, in love with Suſan,	Mr. Jones.
John, his groom, in love with Margery,	Mr. Dove.
Thomas, the gardener,	Mr. Hicks.

WOMEN.

Lady Apshinken, wife to Sir Owen, a great houſewife, governante to her huſband, a zealous advocate for the church,			Mrs. Furnival.
Molly Apshones, daughter to Mr. Apſhones, a woman of ſtrict virtue,			Miſs P. Vaughan.
Sweetissa, waiting-woman,	Women of ſtrict virtue, in love with	Robin,	Mrs. Nokes.
Susan, cook,		Will,	Mrs. Mullart.
Margery, houſemaid,		John,	Mrs. Lacy.

SCENE, Wales, North or South.

INTRODUCTION.

SCRIBLERUS, PLAYER.

PLAYER.

I Very much approve the alteration of your title from the Welch to the Grub-ſtreet Opera.

SCRIB. I hope, Sir, it will recommend me to that learned ſociety: for they like nothing but what is moſt indiſputably their own.

PLAY. I aſſure you, it recommends you to me, and will, I hope, to the town.

SCRIB. It would be impolitick in you, who are a young beginner, to oppoſe that ſociety, which the eſtabliſhed theatres ſo profeſſedly favour: beſides, you ſee the town are ever on its ſide: for I would not have you think, Sir, all the members of that auguſt body confined to the ſtreet they take their name from: no, no, the rules of Grub-ſtreet are as extenſive as the rules of the King's-Bench. We have them of all orders and degrees, and it is no more a wonder to ſee our members in ribbans, than to ſee them in rags.

PLAY. May the whole ſociety unite in your favour.

SCRIB. Nay, Sir, I think no man can ſet out with greater aſſurance of ſucceſs.—It was the favour which the town hath already ſhewn to the Welch Opera, which gave birth to this, wherein I have kept only what they particularly approved in the former.—— You will find ſeveral additions to the firſt act, and the ſecond and third, except in one ſcene, entirely new.

PLAY. You have made additions, indeed, to the alternative or ſcolding ſcenes, as you are pleaſed to call them.

SCRIB. Oh, Sir! they cannot be heighten'd; too much altercation is the particular ſpirit of Grub-ſtreet: With what ſpirit do Robin and Will rap out *the lie at one* another, for half a page together. You

lie,

lie, and you lie—Ah! ha! the whole wit of Grub-ſtreet conſiſts in theſe two little words—you lie.

PLAY. That is eſteemed ſo unanſwerable a repartee, that it is among gentlemen generally the laſt word that is ſpoken.

SCRIB. Ay, Sir, and it is the firſt and laſt among ours.——I believe I am the firſt that hath attempted to introduce this ſort of wit upon the ſtage; but it hath flouriſhed among our political members a long while. Nay, in ſhort, it is the only wit that flouriſhes among them.

PLAY. And you may get as much by it as they do.——But, pray Sir, what is the plot or deſign of this Opera? For I could not well diſcover at the rehearſals.

SCRIB. As for plot, Sir——I had writ an admirable one; but having obſerved that the plot of our Engliſh Operas have had no good effect on our audiences——ſo I have e'en left it out—For the deſign, it is deep——very deep.——This Opera was writ, Sir, with a deſign to inſtruct the world in œconomy. ——It is a ſort of family Opera. The huſband's made macum; and is very neceſſary for all married men to have in their houſes.——So if you pleaſe I will communicate a word or two of my deſign to the audience, while you prepare matters behind the ſcenes.

PLAY. I ſhall expect you there, Sir.

The author does, in humble ſcenes, produce
Examples fitted to your private uſe.
Teaches each man to regulate his life,
To govern well his ſervants and his wife.
Teaches that ſervants will their maſters chouſe;
That wives will ride their huſbands round the houſe.
Teaches that jealouſy does oft ariſe,
Becauſe men's ſenſe is dimmer than their eyes.
Teaches young gentlemen do oft purſue
More women than they well know how to—woo;

Teaches

Teaches that parſons teach us the right way,
And when we err we mind not what they ſay.
Teaches that pious women often groan,
For ſake of their religion—when they've none;
Teaches that virtue is the maid's beſt ſtore:
Teaches all theſe, and teaches nothing more.

THE

THE
GRUB-STREET OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* OWEN APSHINKEN'S *Houſe. Tables and Chairs.*

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN *and* PUZZLE-TEXT, *ſmoking.*

Sir OWEN.

COME, Mr. Puzzletext, it is your glaſs—Let us make an end of our breakfaſt before Madam is up.—Oh Puzzletext! what a fine thing it is for a man of my eſtate to ſtand in fear of his wife, that I dare not get drunk ſo much as——once a day, without being called to an account for it.

PUZ. Petticoat-government is a very lamentable thing indeed.——But it is the fate of many an honeſt gentleman.

AIR I.

What a wretched life
Leads a man a tyrant wife,
While for each ſmall fault he's corrected:
One bottle makes a ſot,
One girl is ne'er forgot,
And duty is always neglected.
But tho' nothing can be worſe
Than this fell domeſtic curſe,
Some comfort this may do you,
So vaſt are the hen-peck'd bands,
That each neighbour may ſhake hands,
With my humble ſervice to you.

SIR

SIR OWEN. Oh, Puzzletext! if I could but enjoy my pipe undiſturb'd, how happy ſhould I be! for I never yet could taſte any pleaſure, but in tobacco.

PUZ. Tobacco is a very good thing, indeed, and there is no harm in taking it abundantly.

SCENE II.

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN, *Lady* APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT.

LADY AP. At your morning-draught, Sir Owen, I find, according to cuſtom; but I ſhall not trouble myſelf with ſuch a drone as you are. Methinks you, Mr. Puzzletext, ſhould not encourage drunkenneſs.

PUZ. I aſk your ladyſhip's pardon; I profeſs I have ſcarce drank your health this morning——and wine, while it contributeth only to the chearing of the ſpirits, is not forbidden us—I am an enemy to exceſs but as far as the ſecond bottle, nay, to ſome conſtitutions, a third, is, no doubt, allowable—and I do remember to have preached with much perſpicuity even after a fourth.

LADY AP. Oh intolerable! do you call four bottles no exceſs?

PUZ. To ſome it may, to others it may not.—Exceſs dependeth not on the quantity that is drank, but on the quality of him who drinketh.

LADY AP. I do not underſtand this ſophiſtry——tho' I think I have ſome ſkill in divinity——

PUZ. Oh, Madam! no one more.—Your ladyſhip is the honour of your ſex in that ſtudy, and may properly be termed 'The great Welch lamp of divinity.'

LADY AP. I have always had an inclination to maintain religion in the pariſh—and ſome other time ſhall be glad to diſpute with you concerning exceſs—but at preſent I muſt impart ſomething to you concerning my ſon, whom I have obſerved too familiar with the maids——

PUZ. Which of the maids, Madam? Not one of my miſtreſſes, I hope. *Aſide.*

LADY AP. Truly, with all of them—and unleſs we *prevent it*, I am afraid we ſhall hear of a marriage, not much

much to our liking——and you know, Mr. Puzzletext, how hard a thing it would be for us, who have but one child, to have him throw himſelf away.

PUZ. What methods ſhall we take in order thereto?

LADY AP. I know but of one—we muſt prevent his marrying them, by marrying them to others—we have as many men as maids; now I rely on you to match them up to one another;—for whilſt there is one unmarried wench in the houſe, I ſhall think him in danger—Oh, Mr. Puzzletext! the boy takes after his father, not me—his head is full of nothing but love; for whatever nature hath done for him in another way, ſhe hath left his head unfurniſh'd.

PUZ. Love, in a young mind, is powerful indeed.

AIR II. Lads of Dunce.

If love gets into a ſoldier's heart,
He puts off his helmet, his bow and his dart.
Achilles, charm'd with a nymph's fair eye,
A diſtaff took, and his arms laid by.
The gay gods of old their heav'n wou'd quit,
And leave their Ambroſia for a mortal tit-bit;
The firſt of that tribe, that whoremaſter Jove,
Prefer'd to all heav'ns, the heav'n of love.

LADY AP. I think you have already aſked them all in the church, ſo that you have only to haſten the match——this I aſſure you, I ſhall not forget the favour. I am now going to take a ſhort airing in the Park, in my own chaiſe, and would have you remember we have no time to loſe.

PUZ. Well, Sir, you heard what my lady ſays—what ſhall I do?

SIR OWEN. E'en what ſhe commands.—If ſhe interferes not with my pipe, I am reſolv'd not to interfere with her family.——Let her govern, while I ſmoke.

PUZ. Upon my word, Sir Owen is a thorough epicurean philoſopher. I muſt now ſeek the young ſquire, who is a philoſopher of another kind.

SCENE

SCENE III.

OWEN *ſolus.* [*With two letters.*]

This is the day wherein Robert and Sweetiſſa propoſe to be married, which, unleſs I can prevent, I loſe all my hopes of her! for when once a woman knows what's what, ſhe knows too much for me.—— Sure never man was put ſo to it in his amours—for I do not care to venture on a woman after another, nor does any woman care for me twice.

AIR III. Let the drawer bring clean glaſſes.

How curſt the puny lover!
How exquiſite the pain,
When love is fumbled over,
To view the fair's diſdain!
But Oh! how vaſt the bleſſing!
Whom to her boſom preſſing,
She whiſpers, while careſſing,
Oh! when ſhall we again?

Here are two letters, which I have forged; one as from Suſan to Robin, the other from William to Sweetiſſa: theſe muſt be dropt where they may be found by the improper parties, and will create a jealouſy whereof I may reap the fruit, and Sweetiſſa's maidenhead be yet my own.

SCENE IV.

PUZZLETEXT *and* OWEN.

PUZ. Mr. Owen! I have been ſearching you. I am come, child, to give you ſome good inſtructions—I am ſorry to hear you have an intention to diſgrace your family, by a marriage inferior to your birth.

OWEN. Do not trouble your head with my marriage, good Mr. Parſon.—When I marry, 'twill be to pleaſe myſelf, not you.

PUZ. But let it not be ſuch a marriage as may reflect upon your underſtanding.—Conſider, Sir,—conſider who you are.

AIR

AIR IV. March in Scipio.

Think, mighty Sir, ere you are undone,
Think who you are, Apſhinken's only ſon;
At Oxford you have been, at London eke alſo;
You're almoſt half a man, and more than half a beau:
Oh do not then diſgrace the great actions of your life!
Nor let Apſhinken's ſon be buried in his wife.

PUZ. You muſt govern your paſſions, maſter Owen.

OWEN. You may preach, Mr. parſon, but I ſhall very little regard you. There is nothing ſo ridiculous as to hear an old fellow railing at love.

PUZ. It is like a young fellow railing at age——

OWEN. Or a courtier out of place at court.

AIR V. Sir Thomas I cannot.

The worn-out rake at pleaſure rails,
And cries, 'Tis all idle and fleeting;
At court, the man, whoſe int'reſt fails,
Cries, All is corruption and cheating:
But would you know
Whence both theſe flow?
Tho' ſo much they pretend to abhor 'em,
That rails at court,
This at love's ſport,
Becauſe they are neither fit for 'em,
fit for 'em,
Becauſe they are neither fit for 'em.

OWEN. Beſides, doctor, I fancy you have not always govern'd your own paſſions, tho' you are ſo fond of correcting others: as a poet burleſques the nonſenſe of others, while he writes greater nonſenſe himſelf ——

PUZ. Or as a prude corrects the vices of others, while ſhe is more vicious herſelf.

OWEN. Or as a parſon preaches againſt drinking, and then goes to the alehouſe.

PUZ. Very true—if you mean a preſbyterian parſon.

AIR

AIR VI. One evening having loſt my way.

I've heard a non-con parſon preach
'Gainſt whoring, with juſt diſdain;
Whilſt he himſelf to be naught did teach
Of females as large a train
As ſtars in the ſky, or lamps in the ſtreet,
Or beauties in the Mall we meet,
Or as—or as—or as,
Or as the whores in Drury-lane.

OWEN. Thy ſimilies are all froth, like bottled ale ——and it is as difficult to get thee out of a ſimile as out of an alehouſe.

AIR VII. Dutch ſkipper.

PUZ. The gaudy ſun adorning
With brighteſt rays the morning,
the morning,
Shines o'er the eaſtern hill;
And I will go a ſporting.

OWEN. And I will go a courting,
a courting,
There lies my pleaſure ſtill.

PUZ. In gaffar Woodford's ground,
A bruſhing hare is found,
A courſe which even kings themſelves might ſee;

OWEN. And in another place
There lies a bruſhing laſs,
Which will give one ten times more ſport than ſhe.

SECOND PART.

PUZ. What pleaſure to ſee, while the greyhounds are running,
Poor puſs's cunning and ſhifting, and ſhunning!
To ſee with what art ſhe plays ſtill her part,
And leaves her purſuers afar:
Firſt this way, then that;
Firſt a ſtretch, and then ſquat,
Till quite out of breath,
She yields her to death.
What joy with the ſportman's compare?

OWEN.

OWEN. How ſweet to behold the ſoft blooming laſs,
With bluſhing face, claſp'd cloſe in embrace!
To feel her breaſts riſe, ſee joy fill her eyes,
And glout on her heav'n of charms!
While ſighing and whining,
And twiſting and twining,
With kiſſing and preſſing,
And fondeſt careſſing,
With rapture ſhe dies in your arms.
[*Exeunt.*

SWEETISSA, *and* MARGERY.

SWEET. If ever you had known what it was to love, Margery, you would not have wonder'd how I could prefer a man to his maſter.

MARG. I ſhould not have wonder'd indeed, if our young ſquire had been like moſt young country ſquires—but he is a fine gentleman, Sweetiſſa.

SWEET. From ſuch fine gentlemen, may my ſtars deliver me, Margery.

MARG. What, I ſuppoſe you are afraid of being made jealous, by his running after other women.

SWEET. Pſhaw! I ſhould not think him worth being jealous of—he runs after every woman he ſees; and yet, I believe, ſcarce knows what a woman is.—— Either he has more affectation than deſire, or more deſire than capacity. O Margery, when I was in London with Madam, I have ſeen ſeveral ſuch ſparks as theſe; ſome of them would attempt making love too. —Nay, I have had ſuch lovers!—But I could never find one of them that would ſtand it out.

AIR VIII. Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray.

In long pig-tails and ſhining lace,
Our beaux ſet out a wooing;
Ye widows, never ſhew them grace,
But laugh at their purſuing.
But let the daw that ſhines ſo bright,
Of borrow'd plumes bereſt be,
Alas! poor dame, how naked the ſight!
You'll find there's nothing left ye.

Oh Margery, there's more in Robin's little finger,—than in a beau's whole body.

MARG. Yes, and more roguery in him than——

SWEET. I know you are prejudiced againſt him from what William ſays; but be aſſured that is all malice; he is deſirous of getting his place.

MARG. I rather think that a prejudice of yours againſt William.

SWEET. O Margery, Margery! an upper ſervant's honeſty is never ſo conſpicuous as when he is abuſed by the under ſervants.—They muſt rail at ſome one; and if they abuſe him, he preſerves his maſter and miſtreſs from abuſe.

MARG. Well, I would not have ſuch a ſweetheart.

SWEET. Puh! if all you ſay were true, what is it to me? If women were to conſider the roguery of their lovers, we ſhould have even fewer matches among people of quality than we have.

AIR IX. Mad Moll.

Why ſhould not I love Robin?
And why ſhould not Bob love me!
While ev'ry one elſe he is fobbing,
He ſtill may be honeſt to me.
For tho' his maſter he cheats,
His miſtreſs ſhares what he gains;
And whilſt I am taſting the ſweets,
The devil take her who complains.

MARG. But ſhould he be taken indeed;
Ah, think what a ſhame it would be
To have your love dragg'd out of bed,
And thence in a cart to the tree.

SWEET. Let halters tie up the poor cheat,
Who only deſerves to be bang'd;
The wit who can get an eſtate,
Hath ſtill too much wit to be hang'd.

But I don't ſpeak this on Robin's account: for if all my maſter's anceſtors had met with as good ſervants as Robin, he had enjoyed a better eſtate than he hath now.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

AIR X. Maſquerade minuet.

ROB. Oh my Sweetiſſa!
Give me a kiſs-a,
Oh what a bliſs-a
To behold your charms!
My eyes with gazing
Are ſet a blazing.

SWEET. Come then and quench them within my arms.

ROB. Oh my Sweetiſſa! thou art ſtraighter than the ſtraighteſt tree—ſweeter than the ſweeteſt flower—thy hand is as white as milk, and as warm; thy breaſt is as white as ſnow, and as cold.——Thou art, to ſum thee up at once, an olio of perfections; or in other words, a garden of bliſs which my ſoul delights to walk in.——Oh! I will take ſuch ſtrides about thy form, ſuch vaſt, ſuch mighty ſtrides——

SWEET. Oh Robin! it is as impoſſible to tell thee how much I love thee, as it is to tell——how much water there is in the ſea.

ROB. My dear Sweetiſſa! had I the learning of the author of that opera book in the parlour-window, I could not make a ſimile to my love.

SWEET. Be aſſur'd there ſhall be no love loſt between us.

AIR XI. Young Damon once the happieſt ſwain.

When mutual paſſion hath poſſeſs'd,
With equal flame each amorous breaſt,
How ſweet's the rapt'rous kiſs!
While each with ſoft contention ſtrive,
Which higheſt ecſtaſies ſhall give,
Or be more mad with bliſs.

ROB. Oh my Sweetiſſa! how impatient am I till the parſon hath ſtitch'd us together; then, my dear, nothing but the ſciſſars of the Fates ſhould ever cut us aſunder.

SWEET. How charming is thy voice! ſweeter than bagpipes to my ear: I could liſten for ever.

ROB. And I could view thee ever; thy face is brighter than the brighteſt ſilver. Oh could I rub my ſilver to be as bright as thy dear face, I were a butler indeed!

SWEET. Oh Robin! there is no rubbing on my face; the colour which I have, nature, not art, hath given; for on my honour, during the whole time I have lived with my miſtreſs, out of all the pots of paint which I have plaiſter'd on her face, I never ſtole a bit to plaiſter on my own.

ROB. Adieu, my dear, I muſt go whet my knives; by that time the parſon will be return'd from courſing, and we will be married this morning.—Oh Sweetiſſa! it is eaſier to fathom the depth of the bottomleſs ſea, than my love.

SWEET. Or to fathom the depth of a woman's bottomleſs conſcience, than to tell thee mine.

ROB. Mine is as deep as the knowledge of phyſicians.

SWEET. Mine as the projects of ſtateſmen.

ROB. Mine as the virtue of whores.

SWEET. Mine as the honeſty of lawyers.

ROB. Mine as the piety of prieſts.

SWEET. Mine as——I know not what.

ROB. Mine—as—as—as—I'gad I don't know what.

AIR XII. All in the Downs.

Would you my love in words diſplay'd,
A language muſt be coin'd to tell,
No word for ſuch a paſſion's made,
For no one ever lov'd ſo well.
Nothing, Oh! nothing's like my love for you,
And ſo my deareſt, and ſo my deareſt, and my dear, adieu.

SCENE VII.

SWEETISSA *and* MARGERY.

SWEET. Oh my Margery! if this fit of love *continues*, how happy ſhall I be!

MARG.

MARG. Ay, it will continue the uſual time, I warrant you, during the honey-moon.

SWEET. Call it the honey-year, the honey-age, Oh Margery! ſure never woman lov'd as I do!—tho' I am to be married this morning, ſtill it ſeems long to me.——To a mind in love, ſure an hour before marriage ſeems a month.

MARG. Ay, my dear, and many an hour after marriage ſeems a twelvemonth; it is the only thing wherein the two ſtates agree; for we generally wiſh ourſelves into it, and wiſh ourſelves out of it.

SWEET. And then into it again; which makes one poet ſay, love is like the wind.

MARG. Another, that it is like the ſea.

SWEET. A third, a weather-cock.

MARG. A fourth, a Jack with a lanthorn.

SWEET. In ſhort, it is like every thing.

MARG. And like nothing at all.

AIR XIII. Ye nymphs and ſilvan gods.

SWEET. How odd a thing is love,
Which the poets fain would prove
To be this and that,
And the Lord knows what,
Like all things below and above.
But believe a maid,
Skill'd enough in the trade
Its myſteries to explain;
'Tis a gentle dart,
That tickles the heart,
And tho' it gives us ſmart,
Does joys impart,
Which largely requite all the pain.

MARG. Oh, my dear! whilſt you have been ſinging, ſee what I have diſcover'd!

SWEET. It is a woman's hand, and not my own. [*Reads.*] Oh my Margery; now I am undone indeed. —Robin is falſe, he has lain with, and left our Suſan.

MARG. How!

SWEET. This letter comes from her to upbraid him with it.

MARG. Then you have reaſon to thank fate for this timely diſcovery.——What would it avail you to have found it out when you were married to him?—When you had been his wife, what would it have profited you to have known he had another?

SWEET. True, true Margery; when once a woman is married, 'tis too late to diſcover faults.

AIR XIV. Red houſe.

Ye virgins who would marry,
Ere you chooſe, be wary,
If you'd not miſcarry,
Be inclin'd to doubting:
Examine well your lover,
His vices to diſcover,
With caution con him over,
And turn quite inſide out him;
But wedding paſt,
The ſtocking caſt,
The gueſts all gone,
The curtain drawn,
Be henceforth blind,
Be very kind,
And find no faults about him.

SWEET. Oh Margery! I am reſolved never to ſee Robin more.

MARG. Keep that reſolution, and you will be happy.

SCENE VIII.

ROBIN.

How truly does the book ſay—hours to men in love are like years. Oh for a ſhower of rain to ſend the parſon home from courſing, before the canonical hours are over! Ha! what paper is this?—The hand of our William is on the ſuperſcription.

To Mrs SWEETISSA.

"MADAM,

"Hoping that you are not quite de-t-e-r-ter-m-"n-e-ed, determined to marry our Robin, this c om

"

" for to let you know"—[I'll read no more: can there be ſuch falſhood in mankind?—I find footmen are as great rogues as their maſters; and henceforth I'll look for no more honeſty under a livery, than an embroidered coat—but let me ſee again]—" to let you know I am ready to fulfil my promiſe to you."

Ha! ſhe too is guilty.—Chambermaids are as bad as their ladies, and the whole world is one neſt of rogues.

AIR XV. Black Joke.

The more we know of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find
In every land as well as Wales;
For would you ſee no roguery thrive,
Upon the mountains you muſt live,
For rogues abound in all the vales.
The maſter and the man will nick,
The miſtreſs and the maid will trick;
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore,
There's not one honeſt man in a ſcore,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

SCENE IX.

ROBIN *and* JOHN.

ROB. Oh John, thou beſt of friends! come to my arms.—For thy ſake I will ſtill believe there is one honeſt——one honeſt man in the world.

JOHN. What means our Robin?

ROB. O my friend, Sweetiſſa is falſe, and I'm undone—let this letter explain the reſt.

JOHN. Ha! and is William at the bottom of all—Our William who us'd to rail againſt women and matrimony! Oh, 'tis too true what our parſon ſays, there's no belief in man.

ROB. Nor woman neither.——John, art thou my friend?

JOHN. When did Robin aſk me what I have not done? Have I not left my horſes undreſt, to whet thy knives? Have I not left my ſtable unclean'd, to clean

thy ſpoons? and even the bay ſtone-horſe unwater'd, to waſh thy glaſſes?

ROB. Then thou ſhalt carry a challenge for me to William.

JOHN. Oh Robin! conſider what our parſon ſays, —We muſt not revenge, but forget and forgive.

ROB. Let our parſon ſay what he will—When did he himſelf forgive? did he forgive gaffer Jobſon having wrong'd him of two cocks of hay in five loads?—did he forgive gammar Sowgrunt for having wrong'd him of a tyth-pig? did he forgive Suſan Foulmouth, for telling him he lov'd the cellar better than his pulpit?—No, no, let him preach up forgiveneſs, he forgives nobody.—So I will follow his example, not his precepts.—Had he hit me a ſlap in the face, I could have put it up. Had he ſtole a ſilver ſpoon, and laid the blame on me, tho' I had been turn'd away, I could have forgiven him. But to try to rob me of my love —that, that, our John, I can never forgive him.

AIR XVI. Tipling John.

The dog his bit
Will often quit,
A battle to eſchew;
The cock his corn
Will leave in barn,
Another cock in view.
One man will eat
Another's meat,
And no contention ſeen;
Since all agree,
'Tis beſt to be,
Tho' hungry, in a whole ſkin.
But ſhould each ſpy
His miſtreſs by
A rival move his ſuit,
He quits his fears,
And by the ears
They fall together to't.
A rival ſhocks
Men, dogs, and cocks,

And

And makes the gentleſt froward;
He who won't fight
For miſtreſs bright,
Is ſomething worſe than coward.

JOHN. Nay, to ſay the truth, thou haſt reaſon on thy ſide. Fare-thee-well.—I'll go deliver thy meſſage, and thou ſhalt find I will behave myſelf like a Welchman, and thy friend.

SCENE X.

ROBIN.

Now were it not for the ſin of ſelf-murder, would I go hang myſelf at the next tree, Yes, Sweetiſſa, I would hang myſelf, and haunt thee.—Oh woman, woman! is this the return you make true love.—No man is ſure of his miſtreſs, till he has gotten her with child. —A lover ſhould act like a boy at ſchool, who ſpits in his porridge that no one may take it from him—Should William have been beforehand with me—Oh!

SCENE XI.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

SWEET. Oh! the perjury of men! I find dreams do not always go by contraries; for I dreamt laſt night, that I ſaw our Robin married to another.

[*A long ſilence, and walking by one another. She takes out her handkerchief, and burſts out a crying.*]

ROB. Your crying won't do, Madam; I can tell you that.——I have been your fool long enough——I have been cheated by your tears too often, to believe them any longer.

SWEET. Oh barbarous, perfidious, cruel wretch! —Oh! I ſhall break my heart—Oh!

ROB. No, no, your heart is like a green ſtick, you may bend it, but cannot break it.—It will bend like a willow, and twiſt round any one.

SWEET. Monſter! monſter!

ROB. Better language would ſhew better breeding.

AIR XVII. Hedge-lane.

Indeed, my dear,
With ſigh and tear,
Your point you will not carry;
I'd rather eat,
The offal meat,
Than others leavings marry.

SWEET. Villain, well
You would conceal
Your falſhood by ſuch catches;
Alas! too true.
I've been to you,
Thou very wretch of wretches.

Well you know
What I might do
Would I but with young maſter.

ROB. Pray be ſtill,
Since by our Will,
You're now with child of baſtard.

SWEET. I with child?

ROB. Yes, you with child.

SWEET. I with child, you villain?

ROB. Yes, you,
Madam, you,
Are now with child by William.

It is equal to me with whom you play your pranks; and I'd as lieve be my maſter's cuckold as my fellow-ſervant's.——Nay, I had rather; for I could make him pay for it.

SWEET. Oh, moſt inhuman! doth thou not expect the cieling to fall down on thy head, for ſo notorious a lie? Doſt thou believe in the Bible? Doſt thou believe there is ſuch a thing as the devil? Doſt thou believe there is ſuch a place as hell?

ROB. Yes, I do, Madam; and you will find there is ſuch a place to your coſt.—Oh, Sweetiſſa, Sweetiſſa! that a woman could hear herſelf aſk'd in church to one man, when ſhe knew ſhe had to do with another.

SWEET. I had to do with another?

ROB. You, Madam, you.

SWEET.

SWEET. I had to do with Will?
ROB. Yes, you had to do with Will.

AIR XVIII. Lord Biron's Maggot.

SWEET. Sure nought ſo diſaſtrous can woman befal,
As to be a good virgin, and thought none at all.
Had William but pleas'd me,
It never had teiz'd me
To hear a forſaken man bawl.
But from you this abuſe,
For whoſe ſake and whoſe uſe,
I have ſafe cork'd my maidenſtead up;
How muſt it ſhock my ear!
For what woman can bear
To be call'd a vile drunkard,
And told of the tankard,
Before ſhe has ſwallow'd a cup?

ROB. O Sweetiſſa, Sweetiſſa! well thou knoweſt, that wert thou true, I'd not have ſold thee for five hundred pounds. But why do I argue longer with an ungrateful woman, who is not only falſe, but triumphs in her falſhood; her falſhood to one who hath been too true to her. Since you can be ſo baſe, I ſhall tell you what I never did intend to tell you—When I was in London, I might have had an affair with a lady, and ſlighted her for you.

SWEET. A lady! I might have had three lords in one afternoon; nay, more than that, I refuſed a man with a thing over his ſhoulder like a ſcarf at a burying, for you; and theſe men, they ſay, are the greateſt men in the kingdom.

ROB. O Sweetiſſa! the very hand-irons thou didſt rub before thou waſt preferr'd to wait on thy lady, have not more braſs in them than thy forehead.

SWEET. O Robin, Robin! the great ſilver candleſticks in thy cuſtody are not more hollow than thou art.

ROB. O Sweetiſſa! the paint, nay, the eye-brows that thou putteſt on thy miſtreſs are not more falſe than thou.

SWEET. Thou haſt as many miſtreſſes as there are glaſſes on thy ſide-board.

ROB And thou lovers as thy miſtreſs has patches.

SWEET. If I have, you will have but a ſmall ſhare.

ROB. The better my fortune ——To loſe a wife when you have had her, is to get out of misfortune ——to loſe one before you get her, is to eſcape it; eſpecially if it be one that ſomebody has had before you.——He that marries, pays the price for virtue.—Whores are to be had cheaper.

AIR XIX. Do not aſk me.

A woman's ware, like china,
Once flaw'd is good for nought;
When whole, tho' worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat.
A woman at St. James's
With guineas you obtain,
But ſtay till loſt her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

SCENE XII.

SWEETISSA *and* MARGERY.

SWEET. Ungrateful, barbarous wretch!

MARG. What is the matter?

SWEET. Oh, Margery! Robin——

MARG. What more of him?

SWEET. O! worſe than you can imagine—worſe than I could have dreaded!——Oh, he has ſullied my virtue!

MARG. How! your virtue?

SWEET. Yes, Margery, that virtue which I kept lock'd up as in a cupboard; that very virtue he has abus'd—He has barbarouſly inſinuated to be no virtue at all.——Oh! I could have born any thing but this! ——I that would have carried a knapſack thro' the world, ſo that my virtue had been ſafe within it——I that would rather have been the pooreſt man's wife, than the richeſt man's whore—To be called the miſs of a footman, that would not be the miſs of a king.

MARG. It is a melancholy thing, indeed.

SWEET.

SWEET. O Margery! men do not ſufficiently underſtand the value of virtue.—Even footmen learn to go a whoring of their maſters—and virtue will ſhortly be of no uſe but to ſtop bottles.

AIR XX. Tweed-ſide.

What woman her virtue would keep,
When nought but her virtue ſhe gains?
While ſhe lulls her ſoft paſſions aſleep,
She's thought but a fool for her pains.
Since valets, who learn their lords wit,
Our virtue a bauble can call,
Why ſhould we our ladies ſteps quit,
Or have any virtue at all?

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Fields.*

Mr. APSHONES *and* MOLLY.

Mr. APSHONES.

I Tell you, daughter, I am doubtful whether his deſigns be honourable: there is no truſt in theſe flutt'ring fellows; they place as much glory in winning a poor girl, as a ſoldier does in conquering a town. Nay, their very parents often encourage them in it; and when they have brought up a boy to flatter and deceive the women, they think they have given him a good education, and call him a fine gentleman.

MOLLY. Do not, dear Sir, ſuſpect my Owen; he is made of a gentler nature.

MR. AP. And yet I have heard that that gentle gentleman, when he was in London, rummaged all the playhouſes for miſtreſſes: nay, you yourſelf have heard of his pranks in the pariſh; did he not ſeduce the fidler's daughter?

MOLLY. That was the fidler's fault; you know he ſold his daughter, and gave a receipt for the money.

MR. AP. Hath he not made miſchief between ſeveral

ral men and their wives? And do you not know that he luſts after every woman he ſees, though the poor wretch does not look as if he was quite come from nurſe yet.

MOLLY. Sure angels cannot have more ſweetneſs in their looks than he.

MR. AP. Angels! baboons! theſe are the creatures that reſemble our beaus the moſt. If they have any ſweetneſs in them, 'tis from the ſame reaſon that an orange hath. Why have our women freſher complexions and more health in their countenances here than in London, but becauſe we have fewer beaus among us; in that I will have you think no more of him; for I have no deſign upon him, and I will prevent his deſigns upon you. If he comes here any more, I will acquaint his mother.

MOLLY. Be firſt aſſured that his deſigns are not honourable, before you raſhly ruin them.

MR. AP. I will conſent to no clandeſtine affair. Let the great rob one another, and us, if they pleaſe; I will ſhew them the poor can be honeſt. I deſire only to preſerve my daughter, let them preſerve their ſon.

MOLLY. Oh, Sir! would you preſerve your daughter, you muſt preſerve her love.

AIR. XXI.

So deep within your Molly's heart
Her Owen's image lies,
That if with Owen ſhe muſt part,
Your wretched daughter dies.
Thus when unto the ſoldier's breaſt
The arrow flies too ſure,
When thence the fatal point you wreſt
Death is his only cure.

MR. AP. Pugh, Pugh, you muſt cure one love by another: I have a new ſweetheart for you——and I'll throw you in a new ſuit of clothes into the bargain ——which I can tell you is enough to balance the affections of women of much higher rank than yourſelf.

MOLLY. Nothing can recompence the loſs of my Owen;

Owen; and as to what he loſes by me, my behaviour will make him amends.

MR. AP. Poor girl! how ignorant ſhe is of the world; but little ſhe knows that no qualities can make amends for the want of fortune, and that fortune makes ſufficient amends for the want of every good quality.

MOLLY. My dear Owen, I am ſure, will think otherwiſe.

AIR XXII. Let ambition fire thy mind.

Happy with the man I love,
I'll obſequious watch his will;
Hotteſt pleaſures I ſhall prove,
While his pleaſures I fulfil.
Dames, by proudeſt titles known,
Shall deſire what we poſſeſs;
And while they're leſs happy own
Grandeur is not happineſs.

MR. AP. I will hear no more—remember what I have ſaid, and ſtudy to be dutiful——or you are no child of mine.

MOLLY. Oh! unhappy wretch that I am: I muſt have no huſband, or no father—What ſhall I do——or whither ſhall I turn? Love pleads ſtrong for a huſband, duty for a father——yes, and duty for a huſband too——but then what is one who is already ſo——Well then, I will antedate my duty. I will think him my huſband before he is ſo. But ſhould he then prove falſe——and when I've loſt my father, ſhould I loſe my huſband too, that is impoſſible——falſhood and he are incompatible.

AIR XXIII. Sweet are the charms.

Beauties ſhall quit their darling town,
Lovers ſhall leave the fragrant ſhades,
Doctors upon the fee ſhall frown,
Parſons ſhall hate the maſquerades;
Nay, e're I think of Owen ill,
Women ſhall leave their dear quadrille.

SCENE

SCENE II.

OWEN, MOLLY.

OWEN. My dear Molly, let not the reflection on my paſt gaieties give thee any uneaſineſs; be aſſur'd I have long been tir'd with variety, and I find after all the changes I have run thro' both of women and clothes——a man hath need of no more than one woman and one ſuit at a time.

AIR XXIV. Under the Greenwood tree.

To wanton pleaſures, roving charms,
I bid a long adieu,
While wrapt within my Molly's arms,
I find enough in you.
By houſes this, by horſes that,
By clothes a third's undone,
While this abides——the ſecond rides,
The third can wear but one.

MOLLY. My dear, I will believe thee, and am reſolv'd from this day forward to run all the hazards of my life with thee—Let thy rich parents or my poor parents ſay what they will, let us henceforth have no other deſire than to make one another parents.

OWEN. With all my heart, my dear; and the ſooner we begin to love——the ſooner we ſhall be ſo.

MOLLY. Begin to love!—alas, my dear——is it now to begin?——

OWEN. Not the theory of love, my angel——to that I have long been an apprentice; ſo long that I now deſire to ſet up my trade.

MOLLY. Let us then to the parſon—I am as willing to be married as thou art.

OWEN. Why the parſon, my dear?

MOLLY. We can't be married without him.——

OWEN. No, but we can love without him; and what have we to do with marriage while we can love——Marriage is but a dirty road to love—and thoſe are happieſt who arrive at love without travelling thro' it.

AIR

AIR XXV. Deareſt charmer.

Will you ſtill bid me tell,
What you diſcern ſo well
By my expiring ſighs,
My doating eyes?
Look thro' the inſtructive grove,
Each object prompts to love,
Hear how the turtles coo,
All nature tells you what to do.

MOLLY. Too well I underſtand you now——No, no, however dirty the road of marriage be—I will to love no other way——Alas! there is no other way but one—and that is dirtier ſtill——None travel thro' it without ſullying their reputation beyond the poſſibility of cleaning.

OWEN. When cleanlineſs is out of faſhion, who would deſire to be clean?———And when ladies of quality appear with dirty reputations, why ſhould you fear a little ſpot on yours?

MOLLY. Ladies of quality may wear bad reputations as well as bad clothes, and be admir'd in both ——but women of lower rank muſt be decent, or they will be diſregarded; for no woman can paſs without one good quality, unleſs ſhe be a woman of very great quality.

OWEN. You judge too ſeverely.——Nature never prompts us to a real crime: it is the impoſition of a prieſt, not nature's voice, which bars us from a pleaſure allowed to every beaſt but man——But why do I this, to convince thee by arguments of what thou art ſufficiently certain? Why ſhould I refute your tongue, when your fond eyes refute it.

AIR XXVI. Canny Boatman.

How can I truſt your words preciſe,
My ſoft deſires denying,
When, Oh! I read within your eyes,
Your tender heart complying?
Your tongue may cheat,
And with deceit,

Your

Your ſofter wiſhes cover;
But, Oh! your eyes
Know no diſguiſe,
Nor ever cheat your lover

MOLLY. Away, falſe perjur'd barbarous wretch—is this the love you have for me, to undo me——to ruin me?——

OWEN. Oh! do not take on thee thus, my dear Molly—I would ſooner ruin myſelf than thee.——

MOLLY. Ay, ſo it appears.—Oh! fool that I was to think thou could'ſt be conſtant who haſt ruin'd ſo many women——to think that thou ever didſt intend to marry me, who haſt long been practis'd in the arts of ſeducing our ſex—Henceforth I will ſooner think it poſſible for butter to come when the witch is in the churn—for hay to dry in the rain—for wheat to be ripe at Chriſtmas—for cheeſe to be made without milk—for a barn to be free from mice—for a warren to be free from rats—for a cherry-orchard to be free from blackbirds——or for a churchyard to be free from ghoſts, as for a young man to be free from falſhood.

OWEN. Be not enrag'd, my ſweeteſt dear——Let me kiſs away thy paſſion.

MOLLY. Avaunt—a blight is in thy kiſs——thy breath is the wind of wantonneſs—and virtue cannot grow near thee.

AIR XXVII. I'll range around.

Since you ſo baſe and faithleſs be,
And would—without marrying me,
A maid I'll go to Pluto's ſhore,
Nor think of men or—marriage more.

OWEN. You'll repent that reſolution before you get half way——She'll go pout and pine away half an hour by herſelf, then relapſe into a fit of fondneſs, and be all my own.

AIR

AIR XXVIII. Chloe is falſe.

Women in vain love's powerful torrent
With unequal ſtrength oppoſe;
Reaſon a while may ſtem the ſtrong current,
Love ſtill at laſt her ſoul o'erflows;
Pleaſures inviting,
Paſſions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Of pride diſarms her,
Down ſhe goes.

SCENE III. *A Field.*

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS.

WILL. Here's as proper a place as can be for our buſineſs.

ROB. The ſooner the better.

JOHN. Come, Thomas, thou and I will not be idle.

THO. I'll take a knock or two for love with all my heart.

AIR XXIX. Britons, ſtrike home.

WILL. Robin, come on, come on, come on,
As ſoon as you pleaſe.
ROB. Will, I will hit thee a ſlap in the,
Slap in the, flap in the face.
WILL. Would, would I could ſee it,
I would with both feet
Give thee ſuch a kick by the by.
ROB. If you dare, Sir, do.
WILL. Why do not, Sir, you?
ROB. I'm ready, I'm ready.
WILL. And ſo am I too.

THO. You muſt fight to ſome other tune, or you will never fight at all.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

SUS. What are you doing, you ſet of lazy raſcals —Do you conſider my maſter will be at home with theſe two hours, and find nothing ready for ſupper?

WILL. Let maſter come when he will——If he keeps Robin, I am free to go as ſoon as he pleaſes. Robin and I will not live in one houſe together.

SUS. Why, what's the matter?

ROB. He wanted to get my miſtreſs from me, that's all.

WILL. You lie, ſirrah, you lie.

ROB. Who do you call liar, you blockhead?—I ſay you lie.

WILL. And I ſay you lie.

ROB. And you lie.

WILL. And I ſay you lie again,

ROB. The devil take the greateſt liar, I ſay.

AIR XXX. Mother, quoth Hodge.

SUS. Oh fy upon't, Robin, Oh fy upon't Will,
What language like this, what ſoulneſs defames?
'Twere better your tongues ſhould ever be ſtill
Than always be ſcolding and calling of names.

WILL. 'Twas he that lies.
Did firſt deviſe.
The firſt words were his, and the laſt ſhall be mine.

ROB. You kiſs my dog.

WILL. You're a ſly dog.

ROB. Loggerhead.

WILL. Blockhead.

ROB. Fool.

WILL. Fox.

ROB. Swine.

WILL. Sirrah, I'll make you repent you ever quar-

rell'd with me——I will tell my maſter of two ſilver ſpoons you ſtole——I'll diſcover your tricks——your ſelling of glaſſes, and pretending the froſt broke them——making maſter brew more beer than he needed, and then giving it away to your own family; eſpecially to feed the great ſwollen belly of that fat-gutted brother of yours——who gets drunk twice a-day at maſter's expence.

ROB. Ha, ha, ha! and is this all?

WILL. No, ſirrah, it is not all—then there's your filing the plate, and when it was found lighter, pretending that it waſted in cleaning; and your bills for tutty and rotten ſtone, when you uſed nothing but poor whiting. Sirrah, you have been ſuch a rogue, that you have ſtole above half my maſter's plate, and ſpoil'd the reſt.

SUS. Fie upon it, William, what have we to do with maſter's loſſes? He is rich, and can afford it——Don't let us quarrel among ourſelves—let us ſtand by one another——for, let me tell you, if matters were to be too nicely examined into, I am afraid it would go hard with us all——Wiſe ſervants always ſtick cloſe to one another, like plums in a pudding that's over-wetted, ſays Suſan the cook.

JOHN. Or horſe in a ſtable that's on fire——ſays John the groom.

THO. Or grapes upon a wall——ſays Thomas the gardener.

SUS. Every ſervant ſhould be ſauce to his fellow-ſervant——as ſauce diſguiſes the faults of a diſh—ſo ſhould he theirs.——O William, were we all to have our deſerts, we ſhould be finely roaſted indeed.

AIR XXXI. Dame of honour.

A wiſe man others faults conceals
His own to get more clear of;
While Folly all ſhe knows reveals,
Sure what ſhe does to hear of.
The parſon and the lawyer's blind,
Each to his brother erring——
For ſhould you ſearch, he knows you'd find
No barrel the better herring.

AIR

AIR XXXII. We have cheated the parſon.

ROB. Here ſtands honeſt Bob, who ne'er in his life
Was known to be guilty of faction or ſtrife.
But oh what can
Appeaſe the man,
Who wou'd rob me of both my place and my wife.

WILL. If you prove it, I'll be hang'd, and that's fair.

ROB I've that in my pocket will make it appear.

WILL. Pry'thee what?

ROB. Aſk you that,
When you know you have written againſt me ſo flat.

ROB. Here is your hand, tho' there is not your name to it—is not this your hand, Sir?

WILL. I don't think it worth my while to tell you whether it is or no.

ROB. Was it not enough to try to ſupplant me in my place, but you muſt try to get my miſtreſs?

WILL. Your miſtreſs——any man may have your miſtreſs that can out-bid you; for it is very well known, you never had a miſtreſs without paying for her.

ROB. But perhaps you may find me too cunning for you, and while you are attempting my place, you may loſe your own.

AIR XXXIII. Hark, hark, the cock crows.

WILL. When maſter thinks fit,
I am ready to quit
A place I ſo little regard, Sir;
For while thou art here,
No merit muſt e'er
Expect to find any reward, Sir.
The groom that is able
To manage his ſtable,
Of places enough need not doubt, Sir;
But you, my good brother,
Will ſcarce find another,
If maſter ſhould-e'er turn you out, Sir.

Sus.

SUS. If you can't be friends without it, you had beſt fight it out once for all.

WILL. Ay——ſo ſay I.

ROB. No, no, I am for no fighting: it is but a word and a blow with William; he would ſet the whole pariſh together by the ears, if he could; and it is very well known what difficulties I have been put to, to keep peace in it.

WILL. I ſuppoſe peace-making is one of the ſecret ſervices you have done, maſter——for they are ſuch ſecrets, that your friend the devil can hardly diſcover —and whence does your peace-making ariſe, but from your fears of getting a black eye or a bloody noſe, in the ſquabble——for if you could ſet the whole pariſh a boxing without boxing yourſelf, it is well known you would do it, ſirrah, ſirrah——had your love for the tenants been the occaſion of your peace-making, as you call it, you would not be always making maſter ſo hard upon them in every court; and prevent him giving them the fat ox at Chriſtmas, on pretence of good huſbandry.

ROB. Yours you have a great love for, maſter, we know by your driving to inch, as you do, ſirrah. You are ſuch a headſtrong devil, that you will overturn the coach one day or other, and break both maſter and miſtreſs' necks; it is always neck or nothing with you.

SUS. Oh fie! William, pray let me be the mediator between you.

ROB. Ay, ay, let Suſan be the mediator, I'll refer my cauſe to any one—it is equal to me.

WILL. No, no, I ſhall not refer an affair, wherein my honour is ſo concerned, to a woman.

AIR XXXIV. Of a noble race was Shinken.

Good Madam cook, the greaſy,
Pray leave your ſaucy bawling,
Let all your toil
Be to make the pot boil,
For that's your proper calling.

With

With men as wiſe as Robin,
A female judge may paſs, Sir,
For where the grey mare
Is the better horſe, there
The horſe is but an aſs, Sir.

SCENE V.

ROBIN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

SUS. Saucy fellow.

THO. I ſuppoſe he is gone to inform maſter againſt you.

ROB. Let him go, I am too well with Madam to fear any miſchief he can do with maſter.—And hearkee, between you and I, Madam won't ſuffer me to be turn'd out——you heard William upbraid me with ſtealing the beer for my own family; but ſhe knows half of it hath gone to her own private cellar, where ſhe and the parſon ſit and drink, and meditate ways to propagate religion in the pariſh——

SUS. Don't ſpeak againſt Madam, Robin——ſhe is an exceeding good woman to her own ſervants.

ROB. Ay, ay, to us upper ſervants—we that keep the keys fare well enough——and for the reſt, let them ſtarve for Robin.——It's the way of the world, Suſan; the heads of all profeſſions thrive, while the others ſtarve.

AIR XXXV. Pierot's tune.

Great courtiers palaces contain,
While ſmall ones fear the gaol,
Great parſons riot in champaigne,
Small parſons ſot on ale;
Great whores in coaches gang,
Smaller miſſes,
For their kiſſes,
Are in bridewell bang'd;
While in vogue
Lives the great rogue,
Small rogues are by dozens hang'd.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

SUSAN, SWEETISSA.

SWEET. Oh brave Susan! what, you are resolved to keep open doings: when a woman goes without the precincts of virtue, she never knows where to stop.

AIR XXXVI. Country garden.

Virtue within a woman's heart,
By nature's hand is ramm'd in:
There must be kept by steady art,
Like water when 'tis damm'd in.
But the dam once broken,
Past all revoking,
Virtue flies off in a minute;
Like a river left,
Of waters bereft,
Each man may venture in it.

SUS. I hope you will pardon my want of capacity, Madam, but I don't know what you mean.

SWEET. Your capacity is too capacious——Malam ——

SUS. Your method of talking, Madam, is something dark.

SWEET. Your method of acting is darker, Madam.——

SUS. I dare appeal to the whole world for the justification of my actions, Madam; and I defy any one to say my fame is more sullied than my plates——Madam.——

SWEET. Your pots you mean——Madam: i you are like any plates, it is soop plates, which any man may put his spoon into.

SUS. Me, Madam ——

SWEET. You, Madam.——

AIR XXXVII. Dainty Davy.

SUS. What the devil mean you thus
Scandal scattering,
Me bespattering,
Dirty slut, and ugly puss,
What can be your meaning?

SWEET. Had you, Madam, not forgot,
When with Bob you—you know what,
Surely, Madam, you would not
Twice enquire my meaning.

There, read that letter, and be ſatified how baſe you have been to a woman, to whom you have profeſſed a friendſhip.

SUS. What do you mean by offering me a letter to read, when you know——

SWEET. When I know you writ it, Madam.——

SUS. When you know I can neither write nor read, Madam.——It was my parents fault, not mine, that gave me not a better education; and if you had not been taught to write, you would have been no more able to write than myſelf—tho' you barbarouſly upbraid me with what is not my fault.

SWEET. How!—and is is poſſible you can neither read nor write.

SUS. Poſſible!--why ſhould it be impoſſible for a ſervant not to be able to write—when ſo many gentlemen can't ſpell?

SWEET. Here is your name to a love-letter, which is directed to Robin——wherein you complain of his having left you, after he had enjoyed you.

SUS. Enjoy'd me!————

SWEET. It is ſo, I aſſure you.

SUS. If ever I had any thing to ſay to Robin——but as one fellow-ſervant might ſay to another fellow-ſervant, may my pot ne'er boil again.

SWEET. I am ſorry you cannot read, that you might ſee the truth of what I ſay, that you might read Suſan Roaſtmeat in plain letters; and if you did not write it yourſelf, ſure the devil muſt have writ it for you.

SUS. I think I have ſaid enough to ſatisfy you,—and as much as is conſiſtent with my honour.

SWEET. You have indeed, to ſatisfy me of your innocence—nor do I think it inconſiſtent with my honour, to aſſure you I am ſorry I ſaid what I ſaid—I do, and humbly aſk your pardon, Madam.

SUS. Dear Madam, this acknowledgement from you *is ſufficient*.—Oh, Sweetiſſa, had I been one of thoſe,

I might

I might have had to do with my young maſter.—

SWEET. Nay, for that matter, we might all have had to do with my young maſter; that argues little in your defence—but this I am aſſured of—If you cannot write at all—you did not write the letter.—

AIR XXXVIII. Valentine's day.

A woman muſt her honour ſave,
While ſhe's a virgin found;
And he can hardly be a knave,
Who is not worth a pound.

On horſeback he who cannot ride,
On horſeback did not rob;
And ſince a pen you cannot guide,
You never wrote to Bob.

SCENE VII.

OWEN *and Mr.* APSHONES.

MR. APS. I deſire not, Mr. Owen, that you would marry my daughter; I had rather ſee her married to one of her own degree.——I had rather have a ſet of fine healthy grandchildren aſk me bleſſing, than a poor puny breed of half-begotten brats—that inherit the diſeaſes as well as the titles of their parents.

OWEN. Pſhaw, pſhaw, maſter Apſhones, theſe are the narrow ſentiments of ſuch old fellows as you, that have either never known or forgotten the world, that think their daughters going out of the world, if they go five miles from them——and had rather ſee them walk a foot at home, than ride in a coach abroad.

MR. APS. I would not ſee her ride in her coach this year, to ſee her ride in an herſe the next.——

OWEN. You may never arrive to that honour, go Sir.

MR. APS. I would not adviſe you to attempt bringing any diſhonour on us——that may not be ſo ſafe as you imagine.——

OWEN. So ſafe?——

MR. APS. No, not ſo ſafe, Sir.——I have not loſt my ſpirit with my fortune; I am your father's tenant, but not his ſlave.—Tho' you have ruin'd many poor girls with *impunity*, you may not always ſucceed ſo

——for, let me tell you, Sir, whoever brings diſhonour on me, ſhall bring ruin on himſelf.——

OWEN. Ha—ha—ha!——

MR. APS. I believe both Sir Owen and her lady-ſhip too good people to ſuffer you in theſe practices, were they acquainted with them.——Sir Owen hath ſtill behaved as the beſt of landlords; he knows a landlord ſhould protect, not prey on his tenants——ſhould be the ſhepherd, not the wolf to his flock—but one would have thought, you imagin'd we liv'd under that barbarous cuſtom——I have read of——when the landlord was intitled to the maidenheads of all his tenants daughters.

OWEN. Ha, ha, ha, thou art a very ridiculous, comical, odd ſort of an old fellow, faith.——

MR. APS. It is very likely you and I may appear in the ſame light to one another.—Your dreſs would have made as ridiculous a figure in my young days, as mine does now. What is the meaning of all that plaiſtering upon your wigs? unleſs you would inſinuate that your brains lie on the outſide of your heads.

OWEN. Your daughter likes our dreſs, if you don't.

MR. APS. I deſire you would ſpare my daughter, Sir—I ſhall take as much care of her as I can,—and if you ſhould prevail on her to her ruin, be aſſured your father's eſtate ſhould not ſecure you from my revenge. You ſhould find that the true ſpirit of Engliſh liberty acknowledges no ſuperior equal to oppreſſion.

OWEN. The true ſpirit of Engliſh liberty—ha, ha, ha—thou art not the firſt father, or huſband, that hath bluſter'd in this manner, and been afterwards as quiet as a lamb.——He were a fine gallant, indeed, who would be ſtopt in the purſuit of his miſtreſs, by the threatnings of her relations.—Not that I ſhould care to venture, if I thought the fellow in earneſt——but your heroes in words are never ſo in deeds.

AIR XXXIX. My Cloe, why do you ſlight me.

The whore of fame is jealous,
The coward would ſeem brave;
For we are ſtill moſt zealous,
What moſt we want to have.

The

The madman boaſts his ſenſes,
And he whoſe chief pretence is
To liberty's defence, is
Too oft the greateſt ſlave.

SCENE VIII.

OWEN *and* MOLLY.

OWEN. She here!

MOL. Cruel, doſt thou fly me? am I become hateful in thy ſight? are all thy wicked vows forgotten? for ſure if thou didſt even remember them, they would oblige thee to another behaviour.

OWEN. Can you blame me for obeying your commands in ſhunning you? Sure you have forgotten your laſt vows, never to ſee me more.

MOL. Alas! you know too well, that I am as inſincere in every repulſe to you, as you have been in your advances to me. How unjuſtly do men accuſe us of uſing a lover ill? when we are no ſooner in his power, than he uſes us ſo.

AIR XL. Sylvia my deareſt.

Cruelleſt creature, why have you woo'd me,
Why thus purſu'd me
Into love's ſnare?
While I was cruel,
I was your jewel:
Now I am kind, you bid me deſpair.

Nature's ſweet flowers
Warm ſeaſons nouriſh,
In ſummer flouriſh,
Winter's their bane:
Love againſt nature
Check'd, grows the greater,
And beſt is nouriſh'd with cold diſdain.

OWEN. How canſt thou wrong me ſo, my dear Molly? Your father hath been here, and inſulted me in the rudeſt manner; but notwithſtanding that, I am reſolved ——

MOL. To fulfil your promiſe, and marry me.

OWEN. Why doſt thou mention that hateful word? That, that is the cruel froſt which nips the flower of love. Politeneſs is not a greater enemy to honeſty, nor quadrille to common ſenſe, than marriage is to love. They are fire and water, and cannot live together. Marriage is the only thing thou ſhouldſt aſk, that I would not grant.

MOL. And till you grant that, I will grant nothing elſe.

OWEN. It is for your ſake I would not marry you; for I could never love, if I was confined to it.

AIR XLI.

How happy's the ſwain,
Whom beauty firing,
All admiring,
All deſiring,
Never deſiring in vain.
How happy to rove,
Thro' ſweeteſt bowers,
And cull the flowers,
In the delicious garden of love.
How wretched the ſoul,
Under controul,
To one poor choice confin'd a while,
Wanton it exerts the laſs,
No, no, let the joys of my life,
Like the years in circles roll.
But ſince you are ſo ungrateful,
Since my ſervice is ſo hateful,
Willing I my place forſake.

MOL. He's gone! he's loſt for ever! irrevocably loſt: Oh, virtue! where's thy force? where are thoſe thouſand charms that we are told lie in thee, when lovers cannot ſee them? Should Owen e'er return, ſhould he renew his entreaties, I fear his ſucceſs; for I find every day love attains more and more ground of virtue.

AIR

AIR XLII. Midſummer wiſh.

When love is lodg'd within the heart,
Poor virtue to the outworks flies,
The tongue in thunder takes its part,
And darts in lightning from the eyes.

From lips and eyes with geſted grace,
In vain ſhe keeps out charming him,
For love will find ſome weaker place,
To let the dear invader in.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* OWEN APSHINKEN'*s Houſe*

Sir OWEN, *ſmoaking.*

WHAT a glorious creature was he who firſt diſcovered the uſe of tobacco!—the induſtrious retires from buſineſs——the voluptuous from pleaſure——the lover from a cruel miſtreſs——the huſband from a curs'd wife——and I from all the world to my pipe.

AIR XLIII. Free maſon's tune.

Let the learn'd talk of books,
The glutton of cooks,
The lover of Celia's ſoft ſmack-o;
No mortal can boaſt,
So noble a toaſt,
As a pipe of accepted tobacco.

Let the ſoldier for fame,
And a general's name,
In battle get many a thwack-o;
Let who will have the moſt,
Who will rule the roaſt,
Give me but a pipe of tobacco.

Tobacco gives wit
To the dulleſt old cit,

And makes him of politicks crack-o;
The lawyers i'th' hall
Were not able to bawl,
Were it not for a whiff of tobacco.

The man whoſe chief glory
Is telling a ſtory,
Had never arriv'd at the knack-o,
Between ev'ry heying,
And as I was ſaying,
Did he not take a whiff of tobacco.

The doctor who places,
Much ſkill in grimaces,
And feels your pulſe running tick-tack-o;
Would you know his chief ſkill?
It is only to fill,
And ſmoke a good pipe of tobacco.

The courtiers alone
To this weed are not prone;
Would you know what 'tis makes them ſo
ſlack-o!
'Twas becauſe it inclin'd
To be honeſt the mind,
And therefore they baniſh'd tobacco.

SCENE II.

Sir OWEN *and Lady* APSHINKEN.

LADY AP. It is very hard, my dear, that I muſt be an eternal ſlave to my family; that the moment my back is turned, every thing goes to rack and manger; that you will take no care upon yourſelf, like a ſleepy good-for-nothing drone as you are.

SIR OWEN. My wife is a very good wife, only a little inclin'd to talking. If ſhe had no tongue, or I had do ears, we ſhould be the happieſt couple in Wales.

LADY AP. Sir Owen! Sir Owen! it is very well known what offers I refus'd, when I married you.

SIR OWEN. Yes, my dear, it is very well known, indeed—I have heard of it often enough in conſcience.

—But

—But this I am confident, if you had ever had a better offer, you knew your own intereſt too well to have refus'd it:

LADY AP. Ungrateful man! If I have ſhewn that I know the value of money, it has been for your intereſt as well as mine; and let me tell you, Sir, whenever my conſcience has ſtruggled with my intereſt, ſhe hath always got the better.

SIR OWEN. Why poſſible it may be ſo—for I am ſure which ever ſide your tongue is of, will get the better.——And harkye, my dear, I fancy your conſcience and your tongue lie very near together. As for your intereſt, it lies too near your heart to have any intercourſe with your tongue.

LADY AP. Methinks, Sir Owen, you ſhould be the laſt who reflected on me for ſcolding your ſervants.

SIR OWEN. So I would, if you would not ſcold at me.——Vent your ill-nature on all the pariſh, let me and my tobacco alone, and I care not: but a ſcolding wife is to me a walking baſs-viol out of tune.

LADY AP. Sir, Sir, a drunken huſband is a bad fiddle-ſtick to that baſs-viol, never able to put her into tune, nor to play any tune upon her.

SIR OWEN. A ſcolding wife is roſin to that fiddle-ſtick, continually rubbing it up to play, 'till it wear out.

AIR XLIV. Tenant of my own.

Of all bad ſorts of wives,
The ſcolds are ſure the worſt,
With a hum, drum, ſcum, hurry ſcurry ſcum.
Would I had a cuckold been,
Ere I had been accurſt
With your hum, drum, &c.

Would he have curſt mankind
(If Juno's drawn to life)
When Jupiter Pandora ſent,
He ſhould have ſent his wife,
With her hum, drum, &c.

SCENE III.

Lady APSHINKEN *and* SUSAN.

LADY AP. Go thy ways, for an errant knight as thou art.—So, Suſan, what bring you?

SUS. The bill of fare, Madam.

LADY AP. The bill of fare! this looks more like a bill for a month than a day.

SUS. Maſter hath invited ſeveral of the tenants to-day, Madam.

LADY AP. Yes, I am acquainted with your maſter's generoſity—he would keep a tenant's table by his conſent. On my conſcience, he would ſuffer ſome of the poorer tenants to eat more than their rents out.

SUS. Heaven bleſs him for ſuch goodneſs!

LADY AP. This ſirloin of beef may ſtand, only cut off half of it for to-morrow——it is too big for one diſh.

SUS. O dear Madam! it is a thouſand pities to cut it.

LADY AP. Pſhaw! I tell you no polite people ſuffer a large diſh to come to their table. I have ſeen an entertainment of three courſes, where the ſubſtance of the whole would not have made half a ſurloin of beef.

SUS. The devil take ſuch politeneſs I ſay.

LADY AP. A gooſe roaſted—very well; take particular care of the giblets, they bear a very good price in the market. Two brace of partridges—I'll leave out one of them. An apply-pye with quinces—why quinces, when you know quinces are ſo dear? There; and for the reſt, do you keep it, and let me have two diſhes a-day, 'till it is out.

SUS. Why, Madam, half the proviſion will ſtink at that rate.

LADY AP. Then they will eat the leſs of it—I know ſome good houſewifes that never buy any other, for it is always cheap, and will go the farther.

SUS. So as the ſmell of the old Engliſh hoſpitality us'd to invite people in, that of the preſent is to keep them away.

LADY AP. Old Engliſh hoſpitality! Oh, don't name it, I am ſick at the ſound.

SUS.

SUS. Would I had liv'd in thoſe days!—I wiſh I had been born a cook in an age when there was ſome buſineſs for one! before we had learnt this French politeneſs, and been taught to dreſs our meat by nations that have no meat to dreſs.

AIR XLV. The king's old courtier.

When mighty roaſt beef was the Engliſhman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood,
Our ſoldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good,
Oh the roaſt beef of old England,
And old England's roaſt beef!

But ſince we have learnt from all-conquering France,
To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,
Oh what a fine figure we make in romance!
Oh the roaſt beef of old England,
And old England's roaſt beef!

LADY AP. Servants are continually jealous of the leaſt thrift of a maſter or miſtreſs; they are never eaſy but when they obſerve extravagance.

SCENE IV.

Lady APSHINKEN *and* PUZZLETEXT.

AIR XLVI. Oh Jenny, Oh Jenny.

LADY AP. Oh doctor, Oh doctor, where haſt thou been?
Sure woman was never like me perplext!
I have been chiding:
PUZ. I have been riding,
And meditating upon my text.

LADY AP. I wiſh you would give us a ſermon on charity, that my ſervants might know that it is no charity to indulge a voluptuous appetite.

PUZ. There is, Madam, as your Ladyſhip very well knows, a religious charity, and an irreligious charity.——Now the religious charity teaches us rather to ſtarve the belly of our friend than feed it. Verily ſtarving is voluptuous food for a ſinful conſtitution.

LADY AP. I wiſh, doctor, when you go next to

London, you would buy me up at the cheapeſt rates, all the books upon charity that have been publiſh'd.

PUZ I have a treatiſe, Madam, which I ſhall ſhortly publiſh, that will comprehend the whole. It will be writ in Latin, and dedicated to your ladyſhip.

LADY AP. Any thing for the encouragement of religion. I am a great admirer of the Latin language. —I believe, Doctor, I now underſtand Latin as well as Engliſh.—But Oh, doctor, it gives me pain, very great pain, that notwithſtanding all our endeavours, there ſhould yet remain ſo many wicked people in our pariſh.—One of the tenants, the other day, abus'd his wife in the moſt terrible manner. Shall I never make them uſe their wives tolerably?

AIR XLVII.

LADY AP. Ah, doctor, I long much as miſers for pelf,
To ſee the whole pariſh as good as myſelf.
PUZ. Ah, Madam, your ladyſhip need not to doubt,
But that by my ſermons will be ſoon brought about.
LADY AP. Ah, man! can your ſermons put them in the right way,
When not one in ten e'er hears what you ſay?
PUZ. Ah, Madam! your ladyſhip need not to fear,
If you make them pay, but I'll make them hear.

SCENE V.

To them ROBIN.

AIR XLVIII. In Porus.

ROB. Some confounded planet reigning,
Surely hath, beyond explaining,
Your ſex beguiled,
Senſe defiled,
Senſe awry led
To miſtake:
I ſhould wonder,
Could you blunder
Thus awake.

But

But if your almighty wit
Me for a William will quit
E'en brew as you bake.

LADY AP. What's the meaning of this?

ROB. Is your ladyſhip a ſtranger to it then?——Madam, don't you know that I am to be turned away, and William made butler?

LADY AP. How!

ROB. Nay, I aſſure your ladyſhip it is true. I juſt now receiv'd a meſſage from maſter, to give an account of the plate——and perhaps I ſhall give a better account than William would, had he been butler as long as I have!

LADY AP. I am out of all patience; I'll to Sir Owen this moment——I will ſee whether I am a cypher in his houſe or no.

PUZ. Hark ye, Mr. Robin, you are ſafe enough—her ladyſhip is your friend.——So go you and ſend me a bottle of good wine into my room, for I am a very good friend of yours.

SCENE VI.

ROBIN, *ſolus.*

It is not that I intend to live long in the family—but I don't care to be turned away.—I would give warning myſelf, and if this ſtorm blows over, I will.—Thanks to my induſtry, I have made a ſhift to get together a little comfortable ſubſiſtence for the reſt of my days.——I'll purchaſe ſome little ſnug farm in Wales, of about a hundred a year, and retire with—ha!—with whom ſhall I retire, ſince Sweetiſſa's falſe?—What avails it to me that I can purchaſe an eſtate, when I cannot purchaſe happineſs?

AIR XLIX. Cupid, God of pleaſing anguiſh.

What avail large ſums of treaſure,
But to purchaſe ſums of pleaſure,
But your wiſhes to obtain?
Poor the wretch whole worlds poſſeſſing,
While his deareſt darling bleſſing
He muſt ſigh for ſtill in vain.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

ROB. Where is my wealth, when the cabinet it was lock'd up in, is broke open and plunder'd?

SWEET. He's here!—love would blow me like a whirlwind to his arms, did not the ſtring of honour pull me back—Honour, that forces more lies from the mouth of a woman, than gold does from the mouth of a lawyer.

ROB. See where ſhe ſtands! the falſe, the perjur'd ſhe.——Yet guilty as ſhe is, ſhe would be dearer to my ſoul than light—did not my honour interpoſe—My honour, which cannot ſuffer me to wed a whore. I muſt part with honour, or with her—and a ſervant without honour, is a wretch indeed!—How happy are men of quality, who cannot loſe their honour do what they will?——Right honour is tried in roguery, as gold is in the fire, and comes out ſtill the ſame.

AIR L. Dame of honour.

Nice honour by a private man
With zeal muſt be maintained;
For ſoon 'tis loſt, and never can
By any be regained.
But once right honourable grown,
He's then its rightful owner;
For tho' the worſt of rogue's he's known,
He ſtill is a man of honour.

SWEET. I wiſh I could impute this blindneſs of yours to love. But, alas! love would ſee me, not my faults. ——You ſee my faults, not me.

ROB. I wiſh it were poſſible to ſee you faultleſs—but alas! you are ſo hemmed in with faults, one muſt ſee through them to come at you.

SWEET. I know of none, but loving you too well.

ROB. That may be none, perhaps, if you were great with William.

SWEET. Oh Robin! if thou art reſolv'd to be falſe, do not, I beſeech thee, do not let thy malice conſpire to ruin my reputation.

ROB.

ROB. There, Madam, read that letter once more, then bid me be tender of your reputation, if you can —tho' women have always the boldeſt claim to reputation when they have the leaſt pretenſions to it—for virtue, like gunpowder, never makes any noiſe till it goes off—when you hear the report, you may be ſure its gone.

SWEET. This is ſome conſpiracy againſt me—for may the devil fetch me this inſtant, if ever I ſaw this letter before.

ROB. What! and drop it from your pocket?

SWEET. Oh baſe man!—if ever I ſuffered William to kiſs me in my life, unleſs when we have been at queſtions and commands, may I never—be kiſs'd while I live again.——And if I am not a maid now —may I die as good a maid as I am now.—But you ſhall ſee that I am not the only one who can receive letters, and drop them from their pockets too.—— There, if thou art guilty, that letter will ſhock thee— while innocence guards me.

AIR LI. Why will Florella.

When guilt within the boſom lies,
A thouſand ways it ſpeaks,
It ſtares affrighted thro' the eyes,
And bluſhes thro' the cheeks.

But innocence, diſdaining fear,
Adorns the injur'd face,
And while the black accuſer's near,
Shines forth with brighter grace.

ROB. Surprizing!—ſure ſome little writing devil lurks in the houſe. Ha! a thought hath juſt ſhot thro' my brain.—Sweetiſſa, if you have virtue—if you have honour—if you have humanity, anſwer me one queſtion.—Did the parſon ever make love to you?

SWEET. Why do you aſk me that?

ROB. Theſe two letters are writ by the ſame hand —and if they were not writ by William, they muſt have been by the parſon—for no one elſe, I believe, can write or read in the houſe.

SWEET.

SWEET. I can't ſay he hath, nor I can't ſay he hath not.—Once he told me, that if I was worth a hundred pounds, he'd marry me.

ROB. Did he; that's enough; by George I'll make an example of him—I'll beat him till he hath as great a averſion to marriage as any prieſt in Rome hath.

SWEET. O fie! what beat the parſon?

ROB. Never tell me of the parſon—if he will have my meat, I'll give him ſome ſauce to it.

SWEET. Conſider, good Robin; for tho' thou haſt been a baſe man to me, I would not have thee damn'd.

ROB. The parſon would ſend me to heaven, I thank him.—I'd rather be damn'd than go to heaven as the parſon's cuckold. Sbud! I'll ſouſe him till he ſhall have as little appetite for woman's fleſh as horſe fleſh.

AIR LII. Hunt the ſquirrel.

SWEET. Oh for goodneſs ſake forbear!
Think he's a parſon, think he's a parſon;
Look upon the cloth he wears,
Ere you pull his ears.

ROB. Ceaſe your chattering, I will batter him;
Blood and thunder-bolt!
I'll rub him, drub him, ſcrub him down,
As jockies do a colt.

SWEET. He's gone; perhaps will knock the parſon in the head. What can he then expect but to be hanged by the neck? Oh! that he were hang'd once ſafe about my neck.—Ye powers preſerve him from the hangman's nooſe, and tye him faſt in Hymen's.

SCENE VIII.

SWEETISSA *and* JOHN.

SWEET. Oh John! fly! if thou wilt ſave thy friend—fly up into the parſon's cloſet.

JOHN. What's the matter?

SWEET. One moment's delay, and Robin's loſt.—He is gone in a mighty paſſion to beat the parſon; run, and prevent him, for if he ſhould kill the parſon, he will be hang'd.

JOHN.

JOHN. Kill him! if he lifts up his hand againſt him—he will be put into the ſpiritual court—and that's worſe than hanging.

SWEET. Fly, fly! dear John.—What torments attend a mind in love.

AIR LIII. The play of love.

What vaſt delights muſt virgins prove,
Who taſte the dear exceſs of love!
Since while ſo many ways undone,
And all our joys muſt fly from one,
Eager to love's embrace we run.

So when in ſome ſmall iſland lies
The eager merchant's brilliant prize,
That dear, that darling ſpot to gain,
He views black tempeſts with diſdain,
And all the dangers of the main.

SCENE IX.

OWEN *and* SWEETISSA.

OWEN. Sweetiſſa in tears!—ſo looks the lily after a ſhower, while drops of rain run gently down its ſilken leaves, and gather ſweetneſs as they paſs.

AIR LIV. Si cari.

Smile, ſmile, Sweetiſſa, ſmile;
Repining baniſh,
Let ſorrow vaniſh,
Grief does the complexion ſpoil.
Smile, ſmile, Sweetiſſa, ſmile,
Lift up your charming, cha---a---rming,
Charming, charming eyes,
As the ſun's brighteſt rays in ſummer ſkies.

What is the matter, my dear Sweetiſſa?

SWEET. Whatever be the matter,—it is no matter of yours, Mr. Owen.

OWEN. I would hug thee in my arms and comfort thee—if thou would'ſt let me.——— Give me a buſs——do.

AIR

AIR LV. Sleepy body.

SWEET. Little maſter,
Pretty maſter,
Your purſuit give over;
Surely nature
Such a creature
Never meant for a lover.
A beau, and baboon,
In a dull afternoon,
May ladies divert by their capers;
But weak is her head,
Who takes to her bed
Such a remedy for the vapours.
Little maſter, &c.

SCENE X.

OWEN, *ſolus.*

AIR LVI.

Go, and like a ſlub'ring Beſs howl
Whilſt at your griefs I'm quaffing,
For the more you cry, the leſs you'll——
Tol, lol, de rol.
Be inclin'd to laughing.

SCENE XI.

OWEN *and* SUSAN.

OWEN. So, Mrs. Suſan, which way are you going?

SUSAN. Going!—why I'm going to find madam out—if ſhe will have no victuals, ſhe ſhall have no cook for Suſan.—If I cut the ſirloin of beef, may the devil cut me.

AIR LVII. South-Sea tune.

An Iriſhman loves potatoes;
A Frenchman chews
Sallads and ragouts;
A Dutchman, waterzuche;
The Italian, maccaroons;

The

The Scotchman loves ſheeps heads, Sir;
The Welch with cheeſe are fed, Sir;
An Engliſhman's chief
Delight is roaſt beef;
And if I divide the ox' ſirloin,
May the devil cut off mine.

OWEN. Oh! do not ſpoil thy pretty face with paſſion.——Give me a kiſs, my dear pretty little cook.

SUS. Give you a kiſs!—give you a ſlap in the face, or a rod for your backſide.—When I am kiſs'd, it ſhall be by another guiſe ſort of ſpark than you.—Sbud! your head looks like the ſcrag end of a neck of mutton, juſt flour'd for baſting.——A kiſs!——a fart!

SCENE XII.

OWEN *and* MARGERY.

OWEN. Go thy ways, greaſy face.——Oh here's my little Margery now.

MARG. Not ſo little neither, Maſter Owen.——I am big enough for you ſtill.

OWEN. And ſo thou art, my dear, and my dove.—Come, let us——let us,——let us——

MARG. Let us what?

OWEN. Let us, I'gad, I don't know what——Let us kiſs like any thing

MARG. Not ſo faſt, 'ſquire—your mamma muſt give you a large allowance, before it comes to that between you and me. Lookye, Sir, when you can produce that fine apron you promiſed me, I don't know what my gratitude may bring me to——But I am reſolved, if ever I do play the fool, I'll have ſomething to ſhew for it, beſides a great belly.

OWEN. Pox on 'em all!——I ſhall not compaſs one out of the whole family.——I'gad, I'll e'en go back to Molly, and make ſure of her, if poſſible—or I may be in danger of dying half a maid yet—for the devil take me, if I ha'n't a ſhrewd ſuſpicion that, in all my amours, I never yet thoroughly knew what a fine woman was.——I fancy it often happens ſo among us fine gentlemen.

AIR

AIR LVIII.

The idle beau of pleaſure
Oft boaſts a falſe amour,
As breaking cit his treaſure,
Moſt gaudy, when moſt poor;
But the rich miſer hides the ſtores he does amaſs,
And the true lover ſtill conceals his happy laſs.

SCENE XIII.

PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, *and* JOHN.

PUZ. I will have ſatisfaction.—Speak not to me, Maſter John, of any thing but ſatisfaction.—I will box him.——I will ſhew him that I was not bred at Oxford for nothing.——Splutter! I will ſhew him my head is good for ſomething elſe beſides preaching.

[*Buts at him.*

ROB. You would have arm'd my head better for butting, I thank you.

PUZ. You are a lying raſcal, and a lyar in your teeth.

ROB. You are a liar in your tongue, doctor, and that's worſe.

PUZ. The lie to me, ſirrah! I will cut your brains out, if you have any brains. Let me go, John,—let me go.——

ROB. Let him come: I warrant he goes back again faſter than he came.

PUZ. Sbud! ſbub! ſbud!

JOHN. Fie, doctor; be not in ſuch a paſſion; conſider who you are—who muſt forgive.

PUZ. I will not forgive.——Forgiveneſs is ſometimes a ſin, ay, and a damn'd ſin.—No, I will not forgive him.—Sirrah, I will make ſuch an example of you, as ſhall deter all ſuch vagabonds for the future how they affront the church.

AIR LIX. Buff coat.

In ſpiritual court
I'll ſhew you ſuch ſport,
Shall make you your folly curſe, Sir.

ROB.

ROB. But you ſhall be bit;
For I'll ſtand in the ſheet,
And keep you from handling my purſe, Sir,
PUZ. In this you'll be ſham'd,
In the other world damn'd,
Here a prieſt, there a devil you'll find, Sir.
ROB. I ſhall know then if prieſt
Or devil are beſt
At the art of tormenting mankind, Sir.

PUZ. Let me go, John—I will—ſplutter!

SCENE XIV.

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN, *Lady* APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, SUSAN, SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

LADY AP. Heyday! what's the meaning of this? —Mr. Puzzletext, you are not mad, I hope?

PUZ. Splutter! my lady, but I am. I have been abus'd—I have been beaten——

LADY AP. It cannot be by Robin, I am ſure; he's peaceably enough inclin'd.

WILL. He'll not ſtrike a blow, unleſs he's forc'd to it, I warrant him.

PUZ. Yes, it is by Robin; he hath abus'd me for writing to his miſtreſs, when I have not had a pen in my hand, ſave for half a ſermon, theſe ſix months.

WILL. Sure letters run ſtrangely in his head!—— he hath quarell'd with me once to-day, and now he hath quarell'd with Mr. Puzzletext, for writing to his miſtreſs——He knows his own demerits, and therefore is jealous of every man he ſees for a rival.

ROB. I have not ſo bad an opinion of myſelf as to be jealous of you, however ſenſible you may be of your own merits.

LADY AP. Let us have no quarrelling here, pray. —I thought you had more ſenſe than to quarrel with the church. [*Aſide to* Robin.

WILL. Maſter may keep you, if he pleaſes—— when he knows you are a rogue; but I'll ſwear to your ſtealing the two ſilver ſpoons.

SWEET.

SWEET. You have reaſon to talk, good Mr. William——I'll ſwear to your having robb'd one of the coaches of the curtains to make yourſelf a waiſtcoat; and your having ſtole a pair of buckles out of the harneſs, and ſold them to Mr. Owen, to wear them in his ſhoes.

SUS. If you come to that, Madam, who ſtole a ſhort ſilk apron from my lady, and a new flannel petticoat, which you have on this moment?

JOHN. Not ſo faſt, good Suſan ſaucebox—Who baſted away dozens of butter more than ſhe need, that ſhe may ſell the greaſe?——Who brings in falſe bills of fare, and puts the forg'd articles in her own pocket?—Who wants wine and brandy for ſauces and ſweetmeats, and drinks it herſelf?

WILL. And who wants ſtrong beer for his horſes, which he drinks himſelf?

MARG. I think you ſhould forget that, leſt you ſhould be put in mind of the ſame practice with the coach-horſes.

SUS. I ſuppoſe when you remember that, you don't forget taking a dram from her ladyſhip's bottle every time you make the bed.

LADY AP. I can excuſe you there, Margery, for I keep all my bottles under lock and key.

SUS. But I ſuppoſe your ladyſhip will not excuſe her from a falſe key, the which I will take my oath ſhe hath now in her pocket.

LADY AP. Very fine, indeed!

PUZ. Verily, I am concerned to find my ſermons have had no better effect on you. I think it is a difficult matter to determine which deſerves to be hang'd moſt; and if Robin the butler hath cheated more than other people, I ſee no farther reaſon for it, but becauſe he hath had more opportunity to cheat.

ROB. Well ſaid, parſon!——once in thy life thou haſt ſpoken truth.

WILL. We are none of us ſo bad as Robin, tho'—there's cheating in his very name.——Robin, is as much as to ſay, robbing.

PUZ. That is none of the beſt puns, Maſter Will.

ROB. Well ſaid, parſon, again!

AIR

AIR LX. Ye madcaps of England.

In this little family plainly we find
A little epitome of human kind,
Where down from the beggar, up to the great man,
Each gentleman cheats you no more than he can.
Sing tantarara, rogues all.

For if you will be ſuch a huſband of pelf,
To be ſerv'd by no cheats, you muſt e'en ſerve your-
ſelf;
The world is ſo cramm'd brim-full of deceit,
That if Robin be a name for a cheat,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all, Bobs all.
Sing tantarara, Bobs all.

LADY AP. And have I been raking, and rending, and ſcraping, and ſcratching, and ſweating, to be plunder'd by my ſervants?

SIR OWEN. Why, truly, my dear, if you had any family to provide for, you would have had ſome excuſe for your ſaving, to ſave fortunes for your younger children.—But as we have but one ſon to provide for, and he not much worth providing for, e'en let the ſervants keep what they have ſtole, and much good may it do them.

LADY AP. This is ſuch a notorious extravagance!

OMNES. Heavens bleſs your good honour!

AIR LXI. My name is Old Hewſon.

ROB. I once as a butler did cheat you,
For myſelf I will ſet up now;
If you come to my houſe I will treat you
With a pig of your own ſow.

SWEET. I once did your ladyſhip chouſe,
And rob you of trinkets good ſtore;
But when I am gone from your houſe,
I promiſe to cheat you no more.

WILL. Your lining, I own, like a blockhead,
I ſtole, to my utter reproach;
But you will be money in pocket,
If you ſell off your horſes and coach.

SUS.

SUE. My rogueries all are confeſt,
And for a new maid you may look;
For where there's no meat to be dreſt,
There is little need of a cook.

CHORUS. And ſo we all give you warning,
And give you a month's wages too;
We all go off to-morrow morning,
And may better ſervants enſue.

SCENE XV.

To them, OWEN *and* MOLLY.

OWEN. } Your bleſſing, Sir.
MOLLY. }
SIR OWEN, } How!
LADY AP. }
OWEN. } We are your ſon and daughter.
MOLLY. }

SIR OWEN. My ſon married to a daughter of a tenant!

OWEN. Oh, Sir! ſhe is your tenant's daughter, but worthy of a crown.

AIR LXII. Fond Echo.

MOLLY. Oh, think not the maid whom you ſcorn,
With riches delighted can be!
Had I a great princeſs been born,
My Owen had dear been to me.
On others your treaſures beſtow,
Give Owen alone to theſe arms;
In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
But in love there is nothing but charms.

OWEN. In title and wealth what is loſt,
In tenderneſs oft is repaid;
Too much a great fortune may coſt,
Well purchas'd may be the poor maid.
While fancy's faint dreams cheat the great,
We pleaſure will equally prove;
While they in their palaces hate,
We in our poor cottage may love.

SIR

SIR OWEN. She ſings delightfully, that's the truth on't.

OWEN. T'other ſong——t'other ſong——ply him with ſongs till he forgives us.

AIR LXIII. Laſs of Patie's Mill.

MOLLY. If I too high aſpire,
'Tis love that plumes my wing,
Love makes a clown a ſquire,
Would make a ſquire a king.

What maid that Owen ſpies,
From love can e'er be free?
Love in his lac'd coat lies,
And peeps from his toupee.

SIR OWEN. I can hold out no longer.

LADY AP. Nor I; let me ſee you embrace one another, and then I'll embrace you both.

AIR LXIV. Caro vien.

MOLLY. With joy my heart's o'erflowing:
OWEN. With joy my heart's jolly.
MOLLY. Oh, my deareſt ſweet Owen!
OWEN. Oh! my charming Molly!

Since I am happy myſelf, I will make others ſo.——Theſe letters, Robin, which caus'd all the jealouſy between you and Sweetiſſa, I wrote out of a frolick.

ROB. Ha! and did I ſuſpect Sweetiſſa falſely?

SWEET. And did I ſuſpect my Robin?

ROB. Oh, my Sweetiſſa! my ſweet.

SWEET. Oh, my Robin! my Bob.

ROB. This hour ſhall make us one.—Doctor, lead to church.

WILL. What ſay'ſt thou, Suſan? Shall we follow our leaders?

SUS. Why, faith, I am generally frank, you know, and ſpeak my mind.——I ſay, yes.

JOHN. And thou, Margery?

MARG. I do not ſay, no.

PUZ. I am ready to do your buſineſs whenever you pleaſe.

OWEN. Lookye, as I have married firſt, I deſire my wedding may be celebrated firſt, at leaſt with one dance; for which I have prepar'd the fiddles.

PUZ. And for which I have prepar'd my fiddle too.; for I am always in utrumque paratus.

OWEN. This ſhall be a day of hoſpitality, I am reſolv'd.

LADY AP. And I am reſolv'd not to ſee it; and would adviſe you not to be extravagant in it.

A dance here.

AIR LXV. Little Jack Horner.

PUZ. Couples united,
Ever delighted,
May they ne'er diſagree!
WOMEN. Firſt we will wed,
MEN. Then we'll to bed;
OMNES. What happy rogues are we!

CHORUS. Couples united,
Ever delighted,
May we ne'er diſagree!
Firſt we will wed,
Then we'll to bed;
What happy rogues are we?

THE

MODERN HUSBAND.

A COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE, 1731.

Hæc ego non credam Venuſinâ digna Lucernâ?
Hæc ego non agitem? ———
Cùm leno accipiat mœchi bona, ſi capiendi
Jus nullum uxori, doctus ſpectare lacunar,
Doctus et ad calicem vigilanti ſtertere naſo.

Juv. Sat. 1.

To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

KNIGHT of the Moſt Noble ORDER of the GARTER.

SIR,

WHILE the peace of Europe, and the lives and fortunes of ſo great a part of mankind depend on your counſels, it may be thought an offence againſt the publick good to divert, by trifles of this nature, any of thoſe moments which are ſo ſacred to the welfare of our country.

But however ridiculed or exploded the Muſes may be, in an age when their greateſt favourites are liable to the cenſure and correction of every boy or idiot, who ſhall have it in his power to ſatisfy the wantonneſs of an evil heart, at the expence of the reputation and intereſt of the beſt poet, yet has this ſcience been eſteemed, honoured, protected, and often profeſſed by the greateſt perſons of antiquity. Nations and the Muſes have generally enjoyed the ſame protectors.

The reaſon of this is obvious: as the beſt poets have owed their reward to the greateſt heroes and ſtateſmen of their times, ſo thoſe heroes have owed to the poet that poſthumous reputation, which is generally the only reward that attends the greateſt actions. By them the great and good blaze out to poſterity, and triumph over the little malice and envy which once purſued them.

Protect therefore, Sir, an art from which you may promiſe yourſelf ſuch notable advantages: when the little artifices of your enemies, which you have ſurmounted, ſhall be forgotten; when envy ſhall ceaſe to miſrepreſent your actions, and ignorance to miſapprehend them, the Muſes ſhall remember their protector, the wiſe ſtateſman, and the generous patron, the ſteady friend, and the true patriot; but above all, that humanity and ſweetneſs of temper, which ſhrine through all your actions, ſhall render the name of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE dear to his no longer ungrateful country.

That ſucceſs may attend all your counſels, that you may continue to preſerve us from our enemies abroad, and to triumph over your enemies at home, is the ſincere wiſh of,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

Moſt obedient humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

IN early youth our author firſt begun
To combat with the follies of the town;
Her want of art his unſkill'd muſe bewail'd,
And where his fancy pleas'd, his judgment fail'd,
Hence your nice taſtes he ſtrove to entertain
With unſhap'd monſters of a wanton brain!
He taught Tom Thumb ſtrange victories to boaſt,
Shew heaps of giants, and then——kill'd a ghoſt!
To rules, or reaſon, ſcorn'd the dull pretence,
And fought your champion, 'gainſt the cauſe of ſenſe!
At length, repenting frolic flights of youth,
Once more he flies to Nature and to Truth:
In virtue's juſt defence, aſpires to fame,
And courts applauſe without the applauder's ſhame!
Impartial let your praiſe or cenſure flow,
For as he brings no friend, he hopes to find no foe.
His muſe in ſchools too unpolite was bred,
To apprehend each critick——that can read:
For, ſure no man's capacity's leſs ample
Becauſe he's been at Oxford or the Temple!
He ſhews but little judgment, or diſcerning,
Who thinks taſte baniſh'd from the ſeats of learning.
Nor leſs is falſe, or ſcandalous th'aſperſion,
That ſuch will ever damn their own diverſion.
But poets damn'd, like thieves convicted, act,
Rail at their jury, and deny the fact!
To night, (yet ſtrangers to the ſcene) you'll view,
A pair of monſters moſt entirely new!
Two characters ſcarce ever found in life,
A willing cuckold—ſells his willing wife!
But, from whatever clime the creatures come,
Condemn 'em not, becauſe not found at home.
If then true nature in his ſcenes you trace,
Not ſcenes that Comedy to Farce debaſe;
If modern vice deteſtable be ſhewn,
And vicious, as it is, he draw the town;
Tho' no loud laugh applaud the ſerious page,
Reſtore the ſinking honour of the ſtage!
The ſtage which was not for low farce deſign'd,
But to divert, inſtruct, and mend mankind.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lord RICHLY,	Mr. CIBBER.
Mr. BELLAMANT,	Mr. WILKS.
Capt. BELLAMANT,	Mr. CIBBER, jun.
Mr. GAYWIT,	Mr. MILLS, jun.
Mr. MODERN,	Mr. BRIDGEWATER.
Lord LAZY,	Mr. BOMAN.
Colonel COURTLY,	Mr. HALLAM, jun.
Mr. WOODALL,	Mr. HARPER.
Capt. MERIT,	Mr. PAGET.
Capt. BRAVEMORE,	Mr. WATSON.
JOHN, Servant to Modern,	Mr. BERRY.
PORTER to Lord Richly,	Mr. MULLART.

WOMEN.

Lady CHAR. GAYWIT,	Mrs. CIBBER.
Mrs. BELLAMANT,	Mrs. HORTON.
Mrs. MODERN,	Mrs. HERON.
EMILIA,	Mrs. BUTLER.
LATELY,	Mrs. CHARKE.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE MODERN HUSBAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs.* MODERN's *Houſe.*

Mrs. MODERN *at her toilet:* LATELY *attending.*

Mrs. MODERN.

LUD! this creature is longer in ſticking a pin, than ſome people are in dreſſing a head. Will you never have done fumbling?

LAT. There, Maam, your ladyſhip is dreſt.

MRS. MOD. Dreſt! ay, moſt frightfully dreſt, I am ſure——If it were not too late, I wou'd begin it all again. This gown is wretchedly made, and does not become me——When was Trickſy here?

LAT. Yeſterday, Maam, with her bill.

MRS. MOD. How! her bill already?

LAT. She ſays, Madam, your ladyſhip bid her bring it.

MRS. MOD. Ay, to be ſure, ſhe'll not fail to remember that.

LAT. She ſays too, Maam, that ſhe's in great diſtreſs for her money.

MRS. MOD. Oh, no doubt of that; I do not know any one who is not.

LAT. What ſhall I do, Maam, when ſhe comes again?

MRS. MOD. You muſt——you muſt ſend her away again, I think.

LAT. Yes, Maam, but——

MRS. MOD. But——but what? Don't trouble me

me with your impertinence: I have other things to think on——Bills! bills! bills! I wonder, in a civiliz'd nation, there are no laws againſt duns. [*Knocking at the door.*] Come in.

SCENE II.

To them, FOOTMAN.

Foot. My Lady Ever-play, Madam, gives her humble ſervice to you, and deſires your ladyſhip's company to-morrow ſe'nnight, to make a party at Quadrille with my Lady Loſeall and Mrs. Baneſpouſe.

Mrs. Mod. Lately, bring the Quadrille book hither; ſee whether I am engag'd.

Lately. Here it is, Maam.

Mrs. Mod. Run over the engagements.

Lately. Monday, February 5, at Mrs. Squabble's; Tueſday, at Mrs. Witleſs's; Wedneſday, at Lady Matadore's; Thurſday, at Mrs Fiddle-faddle's; Friday, at Mrs. Ruin's; Saturday, at Lady Trifle's; Sunday, at Lady Barbara Pawnjewel's.

Mrs. Mod. What is the wench doing?——See for how long I am engag'd—At this rate you will not have done this hour.

Lately. Maam, your ladyſhip is engag'd ev'ry night till Thurſday three weeks.

Mrs. Mod. My ſervice to Lady Ever-play; I have parties ev'ry night till Thurſday three weeks, and then I ſhall be very glad if ſhe will get two more at my houſe—And--Tom—take the roll of viſits, and go with my chair to pay them; but remember not to call at Mrs. Worthy's.

SCENE III.

Mrs. MODERN, LATELY.

Mrs. Mod. I intend to leave off her acquaintance, for I never ſee any people of faſhion at her houſe, which, indeed, I do not wonder at; for the wretch is hardly ever to be met with without her huſband. And truly, I think, ſhe is not fit company for any other. Did you ever ſee any one dreſs like her, Lately?

Lately.

LAT. Oh, frightful! I have wonder'd how your ladyſhip could endure her ſo long.

MRS. MOD. Why, ſhe plays at Quadrille worſe than ſhe dreſſes, and one wou'd endure a great deal in a perſon who loſes her money.

LAT. Nay, now I wonder that your ladyſhip has left her off at all.

MRS. MOD. Truly, becauſe ſhe has left off play; and now ſhe rails at cards for the ſame reaſon as ſome ladies do at gallantry—from ill ſucceſs.—Poor creatures! how ignorant they are, that all their railing is only a loud proclamation that they have loſt their money, or a lover.

LAT. They may rail as long as they pleaſe, Maam; they will never be able to expel thoſe two pleaſures out of the world.

MRS. MOD. Ah! Lately! I hope I ſhall be expelled out of the world firſt. Thoſe Quadrille rings of mine are worth more money than four of the beſt brilliants.—There is more conjuration in theſe dear circles—[*Shews a ring.*] Theſe Spades, Hearts, Clubs, and Diamonds. Hark, I hear my huſband coming; go you down ſtairs. [*Exit* Lately. Huſband did I ſay? Sure, the wretch who ſells his wife deſerves another name. But I muſt be civil to him while I deſpiſe him.

SCENE IV.

Mr. MODERN, *Mrs.* MODERN.

MRS. MOD. My dear, good-morrow.

MR. MOD. I hope you ſlept well laſt night, madam; that is, I hope you had good ſucceſs at cards.

MRS. MOD. Very indifferent. I had won a conſiderable ſum, if it had not been for a curſed Sans-prendre-vole, that ſwept the whole table. That Lady Weldon has ſuch luck, if I were ſuperſtitious, I ſhou'd forſwear playing with her—for I never play'd with her, but I cheated, nor ever play'd with her, but I loſt.

MR. MOD. Then without being very ſuperſtitious, I think you may ſuſpect that ſhe cheats too.

MRS. MOD. Did I not know the other company—

For the very worſt of Quadrille is, one cannot cheat without a partner. The diviſion of a booty gives one more pain, than the winning it can pleaſure—— I am to make up accounts to-morrow with Mrs. Sharpring——but where to get the money, I know not, unleſs you have it, child.

MR. MOD. I have it! I wanted to borrow ſome of you: unleſs you can raiſe me five hundred pounds by to-morrow night, I ſhall be in a fair way to go to jail the next morning.

MRS. MOD. If the whole happineſs of my life depended on it, I could not get the tenth part.

MR. MOD. You do not manage Lord Richly right. Men will give any thing to a woman they are fond of.

MRS. MOD. But not to a woman whom they were fond of——The decay of Lord Richly's paſſion is too apparent for you not to have obſerv'd it. He viſits me ſeldom; and I am afraid, ſhould I aſk a favour of him, it might break off our acquaintance.

MR. MOD. Then I ſee no reaſon for your acquaintance: he dances no longer at my houſe, if he will not pay the muſick—But hold, I have a thought come into my head may oblige him to it, and make better muſick for us than you imagine.

MRS. MOD. What is it?

MR. MOD. Suppoſe I procur'd witneſſes of his familiarity with you———I ſhou'd recover ſwinging damages.

MRS. MOD. But then my reputation——

MR. MOD. Pooh, you will have enough to gild it; never fear your reputation while you are rich——for gold in this world covers as many ſins, as charity in the next. So that get a great deal, and give away a little, and you ſecure your happineſs in both. Beſides, in this caſe all the ſcandal falls on the huſband.

MRS. MOD. Oh no! I ſhall be no more viſited—— Farewel, dear Quadrille, dear, dear Sans-prendre-vole, and matadores.

MR. MOD. You will be forc'd to quit theſe pleaſures otherwiſe; for your companions in 'em will quit *you* the very moment they apprehend our ſinking fortune.

fortune. You will find that wealth has a ſurer intereſt to introduce roguery into company, than virtue to introduce poverty.

MRS. MOD. You will never perſuade me; my reputation is dearer than my life.

MR. MOD. Very ſtrange! that a woman who made ſo little ſcruple of ſacrificing the ſubſtance of her virtue, ſhould make ſo much of parting with the ſhadow of it.

MRS. MOD. 'Tis the ſhadow only that is valuable ——Reputation is the ſoul of virtue.

MR. MOD. So far, indeed, that it ſurvives long after the body is dead. Tho' to me virtue has appeared nothing more than a ſound, and reputation is its echo. Is there not more charm in the chink of a thouſand guineas, than in ten thouſand praiſes? But what need more arguments: as I have been contented to wear horns for your pleaſure, it is but reaſonable you ſhou'd let me ſhow 'em for my profit.

MRS. MOD. If my pleaſures, Mr. Modern, had been your only inducement, you wou'd have acted another part. How have you maintain'd your figure in the world ſince your loſſes in the South Sea, and others? And do you upbraid me with the crimes which you yourſelf have licens'd—have liv'd by?

MR. MOD. Had I follow'd my own inclinations, I had retir'd; and inſtead of ſupporting theſe extravagances by ſuch methods, had reduc'd my pleaſures to my fortune. 'Twas you, Madam, who by your unbridled pride and vanity run me into debt; and then—I gave up your perſon to ſecure my own.

MRS. MOD. Ha! have I ſecur'd thy worthleſs perſon at the expence of mine? No, wretch, 'tis at the price of thy ſhame, I have purchas'd pleaſures. Why, why do I ſay thy ſhame? The mean, the groveling animal, whom any fear cou'd force to render up the honour of his wife, muſt be above the fear of ſhame. Did I not come unblemiſh'd to thee? Was not my life unſpotted as my fame, 'till at thy baſe intreaties I gave up my innocence? Oh! that I had ſooner ſeen thee ſtarve in priſon, which yet I will,

ere thou ſhalt reap the fruits of my misfortunes. No, I will publiſh thy diſhonour to the world.

MR. MOD. Nay, but my dear.

MRS. MOD. Deſpicable monſter!

MR. MOD. But, child, hearken to reaſon.

MRS. MOD. Never, never.

MR. MOD. I own myſelf in the wrong. I aſk ten thouſand pardons. I will ſubmit to any puniſhment.

MRS. MOD. To upbraid me with——

MR. MOD. My dear, I am in the wrong, I ſay. I never will be guilty of the like again.

MRS. MOD. Leave me a while; perhaps I may come to myſelf.

MR. MOD. My dear, I am obedient.—Sure, the grand Seignior has no ſlave equal to a contented cuckold.

SCENE V.

Mrs. MODERN *alone.*

MRS. MOD. What ſhall I do? Money muſt be rais'd——but how? Is there on earth a perſon that wou'd lend me twenty guineas? I have loſt Gaywit's heart too long to expect any thing there; nor wou'd my love ever ſuffer me to aſk him. Ha! Bellamant perhaps may do it: he is generous, and I believe he loves me. I will try him, however.—What wretched ſhifts are they oblig'd to make uſe of, who wou'd ſupport the appearance of a fortune which they have not.

SCENE VI. *The ſtreet before Lord* Richly's *doors.*

Captain MERIT.

CAP. MER. That is the door I muſt attack; and I have attack'd a city with leſs reluctance. There is more hardſhip in one hour's baſe ſolicitation at a levee, than in a whole campaign.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Captain MERIT, PORTER.

CAP. MER. Does my Lord Richly ſee company this morning?

PORT. Sir, I cannot tell whether he does or no.

CAP. MER. Nay I have ſeen ſeveral gentlemen go in.

PORT. I know not whom you may ſee go in. I ſuppoſe they have buſineſs with his lordſhip. I hope you will give my lord leave to be at home to whom he pleaſes.

CAP. MER. If buſineſs be a paſſport to his lordſhip, I have buſineſs with him of conſequence.

PORT. Sir, I ſhall tell him of it.

CAP. MER. Sir, I ſhall be oblig'd to you to tell him now.

PORT. I cannot carry any meſſage now, unleſs I knew you.

CAP. MER. Why, don't you know me? that my name is Merit.

PORT. Sir, here are ſo many gentlemen come ev'ry day, that unleſs I have often new tokens to remember 'em by, it is impoſſible.—Stand by there; room for my Lord Lazy. [*Lord* Lazy *croſſes in a chair.*

SCENE VIII.

Captain MERIT, *Captain* BRAVEMORE, *from the houſe.*

CAP. BRAVE. Merit, good-morrow; what important affair can have ſent you hither, whom I know to ſhun the houſes of the great, as much as virtue does?

CAP. MER. Or as much as they do poverty; for I have not been able to advance farther than you ſee me. 'Sdeath, I have mounted a breach againſt an armed file of the enemy, and yet a ſingle porter has deny'd me entrance at that door. You, I ſee, have ſpeeded better.

CAP. BRAVE Ha, ha, ha! thou errant man of war.——Hark'ye, friend, there is but one key to all the great men's houſes in town.

CAP.

CAP. MER. Is it not enough to cringe to power, but we muſt do the ſame to the ſervants of power?

CAP. BRAVE. Sir, the ſervants of a great man are all great men. Wou'd you get within their doors, you muſt bow to the porter, and ſee him too. Then to go farther, you muſt pay your devoirs to his gentleman; and after you have bowed for about half an hour to his whole family, at laſt you may get a bow from himſelf.

CAP. MER. Damnation! I'd ſooner be a gally-ſlave. Shall I, who have ſpent my youth and health in my country's ſervice, be forc'd by ſuch mean vaſſalage to defend my old age from cold and hunger, while ev'ry painted butterfly wantons in the ſunſhine? [*Colonel* Courtly *croſſes*.] 'Sdeath, there's a fellow now ——That fellow's father was a pimp; his mother, ſhe turn'd baw'd, and his ſiſter turn'd whore; you ſee the conſequence. How happy is that country, where pimping and whoring are eſteemeed publick ſervices, and where grandeur and the gallows lie on the ſame road!

CAP. BRAVE. But leave off railing, what is your buſineſs with his lordſhip?

CAP. MER. There is a company vacant in colonel Favourite's regiment, which, by his lordſhip's intereſt, I hope to gain.

CAP. BRAVE. But pray, by what do you hope to gain his lordſhips intereſt?

CAP. MER. You know, Bravemore, I am little inclin'd to boaſting; but I think, my ſervices may ſpeak ſomething for me.

CAP. BRAVE. Faith, I'm afraid you will find 'em dumb; or if they do ſpeak, it will be a language not underſtood by the great. Suppoſe you apply to his nephew Mr. Gaywit; his intereſt with my lord may be of ſervice to you.

CAP. MER. I have often ſeen him at Mr. Bellamant's, and believe he wou'd do any thing to ſerve me.

CAP. BRAVE. But the levee is begun by this. If you pleaſe, I'll introduce you to't.

CAP.

CAP. MER. What an abundance of poor wretches go to the feeding the vanity of that leviathan one great rogue.

SCENE IX.

Lord RICHLY *at his houſe.*

L. RICH. Ha, ha, ha!——agreeable! Courtly, thou art the greateſt droll upon earth——You'll dine with me——Lord Lazy, will you make me happy too?

L. LAZY. I'll make myſelf ſo, my lord.

L. RICH. Mr. Woodall, your ſervant; how long have you been in town?

WOOD. I cannot be particular; I carry no almanack about me, my lord; a week or a fortnight, perhaps: too much time to loſe at this ſeaſon, when a man ſhould be driving the foxes out of his country.

COL. COURT. I hope you have brought your family to town: a parliament-man ſhould always bring his wife with him, that if he does not ſerve the publick, ſhe may.

L. RICH. Now I think familiarity with the wife of a ſenator ſhou'd be made a breach of privilege.

COL. COURT. Your lordſhip is in the right——the perſon of his wife ſhould be made as ſacred as his own.

WOOD. Ay, the women wou'd thank us damnably for ſuch a vote—and the Colonel here is a very likely man to move it.

COL. COURT. Not I; for the women then wou'd be as backward to be our wives as the tradeſmen are now to be our creditors.

WOOD. To the fine gentlemen of us, who lay out their ſmall fortunes in extravagance, and their ſlender ſtock of love on their wenches. I remember the time when I was a young fellow, that men us'd to dreſs like men: but now I meet with nothing but a parcel of toupet coxcombs, who plaiſter up their brains upon their perriwigs.

L. RICHLY. I proteſt thou art an errant wit, Woodall.

COL.

COL. COURT. Oh, he's one of the greateſt wits of his county.

WOOD. I have one of the greateſt eſtates of my county; and by what I can ſee, that intitles a man to wit here, as well as there.

CAP. MER. Methinks this rough ſpark is very free with his lordſhip. [*To* Bravemore.

CAP. BRAVE. You muſt know this is a ſort of polite bear-baiting. There is hardly a great man in town but what is fond of theſe ſort of fellows, whom they take a delight in baiting with one or more buffoons. But now for your buſineſs.

L. RICH. I ſhall ſee him this morning; you may depend on my ſpeaking about it.— [*To a gentleman.* Captain Bravemore, I am glad to ſee you.

CAP. BRAVE. My lord, here is a gentleman of diſtinguiſh'd ſervices; if your lordſhip would recommend him to Colonel Favourite.

L. RICH. Sir, I ſhall certainly do it.

CAP. MER. There being a company vacant, my lord——my name is Merit.

L. RICH. Mr Merit, I ſhall be extremely glad to ſerve you.——Sir John, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.——Lazy, what were you ſaying about Mr. Bellamant?

L. LAZY. We were talking, my lord, of his affair, which was heard in our houſe yeſterday.

L. RICH. I am ſorry I was not there. It went againſt him, I think.

L. LAZY. Yes, my lord, and I am afraid it affects him deeply.

COL. COURT. Undone, Sir; quite undone.

L. RICH. Upon my ſoul, Mrs. Bellamant's a fine woman.

WOOD. Then, I ſuppoſe, if her huſband's undone, you'll have her among you.

L. RICH. Woodall, thou'rt a liquoriſh dog. Thou would'ſt have the firſt ſnap.

WOOD. Not I; none of your town ladies for me: I always take leave of women from the time I come out of the country till I go back again.

L. LAZY.

L. LAZY. Women! Pox on him! he means foxes again.

COL. COURT. He knows no difference.

WOODALL. Nor you either. But, hark'ee, I fancy it is ſafer riding after the one than the other.

COL. COURT. Thy ideas are as groſs as thy perſon.

L. RICHLY. Hang him, ſly rogue——you never knew a fox-hunter that did not love a wench.

WOODALL. No, nor a wench of any ſenſe that did not love a fox-hunter.

L. RICHLY. Modern, your ſervant.

MR. MOD. I would preſume only to remind your lordſhip——

L. RICH. Depend upon it, I will remember you.—I hope your lady is well.

MR. MOD. Intirely at your ſervice, my lord.

L. RICHLY. I have a particular affair to communicate to her; a ſecret that I cannot ſend by you; you know all ſecrets are not proper to truſt a huſband with.

MR. MOD. You do her too much honour, my lord: I believe you will find her at home any time to-day.

L. RICHLY. Faith, Modern, I know not whether thou art happier in thy temper, or in thy wife.

MR. MOD. Um——, my lord, as for my wife, I believe ſhe is as good as moſt wives: I believe ſhe is a virtuous woman: that, I think I may affirm of her.

L. RICHLY. That thou may'ſt, I dare ſwear; and that I as firmly believe as thou doſt thyſelf: and let me tell you, a virtuous woman is no common jewel in this age.—But prithee, haſt thou heard any thing of Mr. Bellamant's affairs?

MR. MOD. No more than that he hath loſt his cauſe, which he ſeem'd to expect the other night, when he was at my houſe.

L. RICHLY. Then you are intimate.

MR. MOD. He viſits my wife pretty often, my lord.

L. RICHLY. Modern, you know I am your friend ——and now we are alone, let me adviſe you. Take care of Bellamant, take a particular care of Bellamant.

—He

—He is prudent enough in his amours to paſs upon the world for a conſtant huſband; but I know him—I know him——He is a dangerous man.

MR. MOD. My lord, you ſurprize me ſo, that—

L. RICHLY. I know you will excuſe this freedom my friendſhip takes: but beware of Bellamant, as you love your honour.

SERV. My lord, the coach is at the door.

L. RICHLY. My dear Modern, I ſee the great ſurprize you are in: but you'll excuſe my freedom.

MR. MOD. I am eternally obliged to your lordſhip.——

L. RICHLY. Your humble ſervant.

MR. MOD. I hope your lordſhip will pardon my freedom, if after all theſe obligations I beg leave once more to remind you.

L. RICHLY. Depend upon it, I'll take care of you.——What a world of poor chimerical devils does a levee draw together? All gaping for favours without the leaſt capacity of making a return for them.

But great men juſtly act by wiſer rules;
A levee is the paradiſe of fools.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, Mrs. BELLAMANT's Houſe.

Mrs. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mrs. BELLAMANT.

BID John put up the coach. [*To a ſervant.*
What think you now, Emilia? Has not this morning's ramble given you a ſurfeit of the town? After all the nonſenſe and ill-nature we have heard to-day, wou'd it grieve one to part with the place one is ſure to hear 'em over again in?

EMI. I am far from thinking any of its pleaſures worth too eager a wiſh——and the woman who has with her, in the country, the man ſhe loves, muſt be a *very* ridiculous creature to pine after the town.

Mrs.

MRS. BEL. And yet, my dear, I believe you know there are ſuch ridiculous creatures.

EMI. I rather imagine they retire with the man they ſhou'd love, than him they do: for a heart that is paſſionately fond of the pleaſures here, has rarely room for any other fondneſs. The town itſelf is the paſſion of the greater part of our ſex; but ſuch I can never allow a juſt notion of love to.——A woman, that ſincerely loves, can know no happineſs without, nor miſery with, her beloved object.

MRS. BEL. You talk feelingly, I proteſt, I wiſh you don't leave your heart behind you.—Come, confeſs; I hope I have rather deſerv'd to be eſteemed your confident than your mother-in-law.

EMI. Wou'd it be a crime if it were ſo? But if love be a crime, I am ſure you cannot upbraid me with it.

MRS. BEL. Tho' if it be a crime, I am ſure you are guilty.—Well, I approve your choice, child.

EMI. My choice! excellent! I carry his picture in my eyes, I ſuppoſe.

MRS. BEL. As ſure as in your heart, my dear.

EMI. Nay, but dear Madam, tell me whom you gueſs.

MRS. BEL. Huſh, here's Mr. Bellamant.

Enter BELLAMANT.

MR. BEL. So ſoon return'd, my dear? Sure, you found no body at home.

MRS. BEL. Oh, my dear! I have been in ſuch an aſſembly of company, and ſo pulled to pieces with impertinence and ill-nature.—Welcome, welcome! the country! for ſure the world is ſo very bad, thoſe places are beſt, where one has the leaſt of it.

MR. BEL. What's the matter?

MRS. BEL. In ſhort, I have been downright affronted.

MR. BEL. Who durſt affront you?

MRS. BEL. A ſet of women that dare do ev'ry thing, but what they ſhould do.—In the firſt place, I was complimented with prude, for not being at the laſt maſquerade—with dullneſs, for not entering into the

the taſte of the town in ſome of its diverſions——Then had my whole dreſs run over, and diſlik'd; and to finiſh all, Mrs. Termagant told me I look'd frightful.

MR. BEL. Not all the paint in Italy can give her half your beauty.

MRS. BEL. You are certainly the moſt complaiſant man in the world, and I the only wife who can retire home, to be put in a good humour. Moſt huſbands are like a plain-dealing looking-glaſs, which ſullies all the compliments we have receiv'd abroad, by aſſuring us we do not deſerve 'em.

[*During this ſpeech, a ſervant delivers a letter to* Bellamant, *which he reads.*

EMI. I believe tho', Madam, that generally happens when they are not deſerved: for a woman of true beauty, can never feel any diſſatisfaction from the juſtice of her glaſs; nor ſhe, who has your worth, from the ſincerity of her huſband.

MRS. BEL. Your father ſeems diſcompoſed.——I wiſh there be no ill news in his letter.

MR. BEL. My dear, I have a favour to aſk of you.

MRS. BEL. Say to command me.

MR. BEL. I gave you a bank note of a hundred yeſterday, you muſt let me have it again.

MRS. BEL. I am the luckieſt creature in the world, that I did not pay away ſome of it this morning.—Emilia, child, come with me.

[*Exit with* Emilia.

MR. BEL. Excellent! unhappy woman! How little does ſhe gueſs, ſhe fetches this money for a rival! That is all the little merit I can boaſt towards her. To have contended by the utmoſt civility and compliance with all her deſires, and the utmoſt caution in the management of my amour, to diſguiſe from her a ſecret, that muſt have made her miſerable. Let me read once more.

"SIR,

"If you have, or ever had, any value for me, ſend "me a hundred pounds this morning, or to make "'em more welcome than the laſt of neceſſities can,

"bring

"bring them yourſelf to——yours——more than
"her own, HILLARIA MODERN."

Why, what a farce is human life? How ridiculous is the purſuit of our deſires, when the enjoyment of them is ſure to beget new ones?

SCENE II.

Mr. BELLAMANT, *Capt.* BELLAMANT.

CAP. BEL. Good-morrow, Sir.

MR. BEL. I ſuppoſe, Sir, by the gaiety of your dreſs, and your countenance, I may wiſh you joy of ſomething beſides your father's misfortunes.

CAP. BEL. Would you have me go into mourning for your loſſes, Sir?

MR. BEL. You may mourn, Sir——I am now unable to ſupport your extravagance any longer. My advice, nay, my commands have had no effect upon you, but neceſſity muſt; and your extravagance muſt fall of courſe, when it has nothing to ſupport it.

CAP. BEL. I am ſurprized you ſhould call the expences of a gentleman extravagance.

MR. BEL. I am ſorry you think the expences of a fool, or fop, the expences of a gentleman: and that race-horſes, cards, dice, whores, and embroidery, are neceſſary ingredients in that amiable compoſition.

CAP. BEL. Faith, and they are ſo with moſt gentlemen of my acquaintance; and give me leave to tell you, Sir, theſe are the qualifications which recommend a man to the beſt ſort of people. Suppoſe I had ſtaid at the univerſity, and followed Greek and Latin, as you adviſed me; what acquaintance had I found at court? what bows had I received at an aſſembly, or the opera?

MR. BEL. And will you pleaſe to tell me, Sir, what advantage you have received from theſe? Are you the wiſer, or the richer? What are you? Why, in your opinion, better dreſt——Where elſe had been that ſmart toupet, that elegant ſword-knot, that coat cover'd with lace, and then with powder? That ever Heav'n ſhou'd made me father to ſuch a dreſt up dawl A crea-

A creature, who draws all his vanity from the gifts of tailors and periwig-makers!

CAP. BEL. Wou'd you not have your ſon dreſt, Sir?

MR. BEL. Yes, and if he can afford it, let him be ſometimes fine; but let him dreſs like a man, not affect the woman in his habit or his geſture.

CAP. BEL. If a man will keep good company, he muſt comply with the faſhion.

MR. BEL. I would no more comply with a ridiculous faſhion, than with a vicious one; nor with that which makes a man look like a monkey, than that which makes him look like any other beaſt.

CAP. BEL. Lord, Sir! you are grown ſtrangely unpolite.

MR. BEL. I ſhall not give myſelf any farther trouble with you: but ſince all my endeavours have prov'd ineffectual——leave you to the bent of your own inclinations. But I muſt deſire you to ſend me no more bills; I aſſure you, I ſhall not anſwer them ——you muſt live on your commiſſion——this laſt misfortune has made it impoſſible that I ſhould add one farthing to your income.

CAP. BEL. I have an affair in my view, which may add to it.—Sir, I wiſh you good-morrow.——When a father and ſon muſt not talk of money-matters, I cannot ſee what they have to do together.

SCENE III.

Mr. BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

MRS. BEL. Here is the bill, my dear.

MR. BEL. You ſhall be repaid in a day or two.

MRS. BEL. I ſaw your ſon part haſtily from you, as I came in; I hope you have not been angry with him.

MR. BEL. Why will you ever intermeddle between us?

MRS. BEL. I hope you will pardon an interceſſion, my dear, for a ſon-in-law; which I ſhould not be guilty of for a ſon of my own.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Mr. GAYWIT, *Mr.* BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

MR. GAY. Bellamant, good-morrow——Ladies, our humble ſervant.

MR. BEL. Servant, Mr. Gaywit. I thought your me had been ſo employ'd, that you had forgot your iends.

MR. GAY. I ought to excuſe ſo long an abſence, ut as Bellamant knows that it muſt give myſelf the reateſt pain, he will impute it to buſineſs.

MR. BEL. Did I not alſo know, that two days of ıy life were never given to buſineſs yet——

MR. GAY. Not what the grave world call ſo, I ɔnfeſs; but of what the gay world allow that name ', no hands were ever fuller.

MR. BEL. You have been making love to ſome ew miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe.

MR. GAY. Fy, it is only huſbands make a buſi- eſs of love, to us 'tis but amuſement.

MRS. BEL. Very fine! and to my face too!

MR. GAY. Mr. Bellamant, Madam, is ſo known ı exception to the general mode of huſbands, that hat is thrown on them, cannot affect one of ſo ce- brated a conſtancy.

MRS. BEL. That's a virtue he may be celebrated ır, without much envy.

MR. GAY. He will be envy'd by all men for the ıuſe of that conſtancy. Were ſuch wives as Mrs. ellamant leſs ſcarce, ſuch huſbands as my friend ou'd be more common.

EMIL. You are always throwing the fault on us.

MRS. BEL. It is commonly in us, either in our hoice of our huſband, or our behaviour to them. ſo woman, who married a man of perfect ſenſe, was ver unhappy, but from her own folly. [*Knock here.*

MR. GAY. [*Looking out of the window*] Ha! a ery worthy uncle of mine, my lord Richly.

MR. BEL. You'll excuſe me, if I am not at ome.

MR. GAY. Fy! to deny yourſelf to him, wou'd be unprecedented.

MR. BEL. I aſſure you, no——for I have often done it.

MR. GAY. Then, I believe you are the only man in town that has. But it is too late, I hear him on the ſtairs.

MRS. BEL. Come, Emilia, we'll leave the gentlemen to their entertainment; I have been ſurfeited with it already.

SCENE V.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* GAYWIT, *Mr.* BELLAMANT.

L. RICH. Dear Bellamant, I am your moſt obedient ſervant. I am come to aſk you ten thouſand pardons, that my affairs prevented my attendance the day your cauſe came on. It might have been in my power to have ſerv'd you beyond my ſingle vote.

MR. BEL. I am oblig'd to your lordſhip; but as I have great reaſon to be ſatisfied with the juſtice of your honourable houſe——I am contented.

L. RICH. I hope the loſs was not conſiderable.

MR. BEL. I thought your lordſhip had heard.

L. RICH. I think, I was told twenty thouſand pound——but that's a trifle, a ſmall retrenchment in one's expences——two or three dozen ſuits the leſs, and two or three dozen fewer women in the year, will ſoon reimburſe you.

MR. BEL. My loſs is not equal to what your lordſhip intimates; nor can I complain of a fortune, ſtill large enough to retire into the country with.

L. RICH. Nay, dear Bellamant, we muſt not loſe you ſo. Have you no friend that cou'd favour you with ſome comfortable ſnug employment, of a thouſand or fifteen hundred per annum?

MR. GAY. Your lordſhip is the propereſt perſon in the world.

L. RICH. Who I? I am ſure, no mortal wou'd do half ſo much to ſerve dear Jack Bellamant as myſelf——but I have no intereſt in the leaſt.

MR.

MR. BEL. I am oblig'd to the good offices of my friend, but I aſſure your lordſhip I have no intention that way. Beſides, I have liv'd long enough in the world to ſee that neceſſity is a bad recommendation to favours of that kind, which as ſeldom fall to thoſe who really want them, as to thoſe who really deſerve them.

L. RICH. I can't help ſaying, thoſe things are not eaſily obtain'd. I heartily wiſh I could ſerve you in any thing.——It gives me a great deal of uneaſineſs that my power is not equal to my deſire.—Damn it, I muſt turn this diſcourſe, or he'll never have done with it.——Oh, Bellamant! have you heard of the new opera of Mr. Crambo?

MR. GAY. What's the name of it?

L. RICH. It will be call'd the Humours of Bedlam. I have read it, and it is a moſt ſurprizing fine performance. It has not one ſyllable of ſenſe in it from the firſt page to the laſt.

MR. GAY. It muſt certainly take.

L. RICH. Sir, it ſhall take, if I have intereſt enough to ſupport it. I hate your dull writers of the late reigns. The deſign of a play is to make you laugh; and who can laugh at ſenſe?

MR. GAY. I think, my lord, we have improv'd on the Italians. They wanted only ſenſe——we have neither ſenſe nor muſick.

L. RICH. I hate all muſick but a jig.

MR. GAY. I don't think it wou'd be an ill project, my lord, to turn the beſt of our tragedies and comedies into operas.

L. RICH. And, inſtead of a company of players, I wou'd have a company of tumblers and ballad-ſingers.

MR. BEL. Why, faith, I believe it will come to that ſoon, unleſs ſome ſturdy critick ſhould oppoſe it.

L. RICH. No critick ſhall oppoſe it. It wou'd be very fine, truly, if men of quality were confin'd in their taſte; we ſhould be rarely diverted, if a ſet of pedants were to licence all our diverſions; the ſtage then wou'd be as dull as a country pulpit.

MR. GAY. And the boxes in Drury-Lane, as empty as the galleries in St. James's.

MR. BEL. Like enough, for religion and common ſenſe are in a fair way to be baniſh'd out of the world together.

L. RICH. Let them go, egad.

MR. BEL. This is, I believe, the only age that has ſcorn'd a pretence to religion.

L. RICH. Then it is the only age that hath ſcorn'd hypocriſy.

MR. BEL. Rather, that hypocriſy is the only hypocriſy it wants. You ſhall have a known raſcal ſet up for honour—a fool for wit——and your profeſſed dear boſom fawning friend, who, tho' he wallow in wealth, wou'd refuſe you ten guineas to preſerve you from ruin, ſhall loſe a hundred times that ſum at cards, to ruin your wife.

L. RICH. There dear Jack Bellamant is the happieſt man in the world, by poſſeſſing a wife whom a thouſand times that ſum wou'd have no effect on.

MR. BEL. I look upon myſelf equally happy, my lord, in having no ſuch friend as wou'd tempt her.

L. RICH. That thou haſt not, I dare ſwear. But I thank you for putting me in mind of it. I muſt engage her in my author's cauſe, for I know her judgment has a great ſway.

MR. BEL. As our ſtay will be ſo ſhort in town, ſhe can do you no ſervice; beſides, I have heard her deteſt partiality in thoſe affairs; you wou'd never perſuade her to give a vote contrary to her opinion.

L. RICH. Deteſt partiality! ha, ha, ha—I have heard a lady declare for doing juſtice to a play, and condemn it the very next minute——tho' I knew ſhe had neither ſeen nor read it. Thoſe things are entirely guided by favour.

MR GAY. Nay, I ſee no reaſon to fix the ſcandal on the ladies; party and prejudice have the ſame dominion over us. Aſk a man's character of one of his party, and you ſhall hear he is one of the worthieſt, honeſteſt fellows in Chriſtendom; aſk it of one of the oppoſite party, and you ſhall find him

as worthleſs, good for-nothing a dog as ever was hang'd.

MR. BEL. So that a man muſt labour very hard to get a general good reputation, or a general bad one.

L. RICH. Well, ſince you allow ſo much, you will give me leave to tempt Mrs. Bellamant.

MR. BEL. With all my heart, my lord.

MR. GAY. Thou art a well-bred huſband, indeed, to give another leave to tempt your wife.

MR. BEL. I ſhou'd have been a very ill-bred one to have deny'd it. Who's there?

Enter SERVANT.

L. RICH. If I had ſaid more, he had granted it, rather than have loſt my favour. Poverty makes as many cuckolds as it does thieves. [*Aſide.*

MR. BEL. Wait on my lord Richly to your miſtreſs's apartment—I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

SCENE VI.

Mr. GAYWIT, *Mr.* BELLAMANT.

MR. GAY. I find you are reſolv'd to make your wife ſhare your misfortunes. It wou'd have been civil to have given her the choice of not being at home.

MR. BEL. I wanted to be alone with you—beſides, women have a liberty of ſending away an impertinent viſitant, which we have not.

MR. GAY. Ay, and a way of entertaining viſitants too which we have not; and he is a viſitant not eaſily ſent away, I aſſure you. I have known him receive very vigorous rebuffs without retreating.

MR. BEL. You talk as if you ſuſpected his making love to my wife.

MR. GAY. He does ſo to every woman he ſees; neither the ſtricteſt friendſhip profeſs'd to her huſband, nor the beſt reputation on her own ſide, can preſerve any woman he likes from his attacks: for he is arriv'd at a happy way of regarding all the

the reſt of mankind as his tenants, and thinks becauſe he poſſeſſes more than they, he is entitled to whatever they poſſeſs.

MR. BEL. Inſolent vanity! I wonder the ſpirit of mankind has not long ſince cruſh'd the tyranny of ſuch lordly wolves; yet believe me, Gaywit, there generally goes a great deal of affectation to compoſe this voluptuous man. He oftner injures women in their fame, than in their perſons. This affectation of variety, diſcovers a fickly appetite; and many miſtreſſes, like many diſhes, are often ſent away untaſted.

MR. GAY. A very innocent affectation truly, to deſtroy a lady's fame.

MR. BEL. Why ay, for we are come to an age, wherein a woman may live very comfortably without it: as long as the huſband is content with his infamy, the wife eſcapes hers.

MR. GAY. And I am miſtaken, if many huſbands in this town do not live very comfortably by being content with their infamy, nay, by being promoters of it. It is a modern trade, unknown to our anceſtors, a modern bubble, which ſeems to be in a riſing condition at preſent.

MR. BEL. It is a ſtock-jobbing age, ev'ry thing has its price; marriage is traffick throughout; as moſt of us bargain to be huſbands, ſo ſome of us bargain to be cuckolds; and he wou'd be as much laught at, who preferr'd his love to his intereſt, at this end of the town, as he who preferr'd his honeſty to his intereſt at the other.

MR. GAY. You, Bellamant, have had boldneſs enough, in contradiction to this general opinion, to chooſe a woman for her ſenſe and virtues. I wiſh it were in my power to follow your example——— but———

MR. BEL. But the opinion of the world, dear boy.

MR. GAY. No, my good forefathers have choſen a wife for me. I am oblig'd by the ſettlement of *lord* Richly's eſtate to marry lady Charlotte.

MR. BEL. How!

MR.

MR. GAY. The eſtate will deſcend to me ſo encumber'd, I aſſure you.

MR. BEL. I thought it had not been in lord Richly's power to have cut off the entail.

MR. GAY. Not if I marry lady Charlotte.

MR. BEL. I think you are happy in being engag'd to no more diſagreeable a woman.

MR. GAY. Lady Charlotte is, indeed, pretty; but were ſhe every thing a lover could wiſh, or even imagine——there is a woman, my friend——

MR. BEL. Nay, if you are in love with another, I pity you.

MR. GAY. Did'ſt thou know how I love, you wou'd pity me: but didſt thou know whom, could'ſt thou look upon her with eyes like mine, could'ſt thou behold beauty, wit, ſenſe, good-nature, contending which ſhould adorn her moſt! ———

MR. BEL. Poor Gaywit! thou art gone indeed.

MR. GAY. But, I ſuppoſe the ladies have by this time diſcharg'd their viſitant. Now if you pleaſe, we will attend them.

MR. BEL. You will excuſe me, if I leave you with them; which I will not do, unleſs you promiſe I ſhall find you at my return.

MR. GAY. I intend to dedicate the day to your family; ſo diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

SCENE VII. *Mrs.* MODERN's *Houſe.*

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs.* MODERN.

MRS. MOD. I think I ought to blame your unkindneſs——I have not ſeen you ſo long.

L. RICH. Do you think a week ſo long?

MRS. MOD. Once you wou'd have thought it ſo.

L. RICH. Why, truly, hours in the ſpring of love are ſomething ſhorter than they are in the winter.

MRS. MOD. Barbarous man! do you inſult me, after what I have done for you?

L. RICH. I fancy thoſe favours have been reciprocal.

MRS. MOD. Have I not given you up my virtue?

L. RICH. And have I not paid for your virtue, Madam? I am ſure I am 1500 l. out of pocket, which, in my way of counting, is fourteen more than any woman's virtue is worth; in ſhort, our amour is at an end, for I am in purſuit of another miſtreſs.

MRS. MOD. Why do you come to torment me with her?

L. RICH. Why, I wou'd have you act like other prudent women in a lower ſtation; when you can pleaſe no longer with your own perſon, e'en do it with other people's.

MRS. MOD. Monſter! inſupportable!

L. RICH. You may rave, Madam, but if you will not do me a favour, there are wiſer people enow will ——I fix'd on you out of a particular regard to you; for I think, when a man is to lay out his money, he is always to do it with his friends.

MRS. MOD. I'll bear it no longer. [*Going.*

L. RICH. Nor I. [*Going.*

MRS. MOD. Stay, my lord, can you be ſo cruel?

L. RICH. Pſhaw! [*Going.*

MRS. MOD. Oh! ſtay! ſtay!——you know my neceſſities.

L. RICH. And, I think, I propoſe a very good cure for them.

MRS. MOD. Lend me a hundred guineas.

L. RICH. I will do more.

MRS. MOD. Generous creature!

L. RICH. I'll give you——twenty.

MRS. MOD Do you jeſt with my neceſſity?

L. RICH. Lookee, Madam, if you will do a good natur'd thing for me, I'll oblige you in return, as I promis'd you before, and I think that very good payment.

MRS. MOD. Pray, my lord, uſe me with decency at leaſt.

L. RICH. Why ſhould we uſe more decency to an old acquaintance, than you ladies do to a new lover, and have more reaſon for ſo doing? You often belye your hearts, when you uſe us ill——In uſing you ſo, we follow the dictates of our natures.

Enter a ſervant, who delivers a letter to MRS. MODERN.

MRS.

MRS. MOD. Ha! it is Bellamant's hand—and the note that I deſired——This is lucky indeed.

SCENE VIII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* GAYWIT, EMILIA, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Captain* BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* MODERN.

L. RICHLY. So, here's an end of my buſineſs for the preſent, I find.

LA. CHAR. Oh, dear Modern! I am heartily glad to ſee you are alive; for you muſt know, I thought it impoſſible for any one to be alive, and not be at the rehearſal of the new opera.

CAP. BEL. How can you be ſurpriz'd at one of no taſte, lady Charlotte?

MRS. MOD. I ſuppoſe it was very full.

LA. CHAR. Oh! every body was there, all the world.

MR. GAYWIT. How can that be, lady Charlotte, when ſo conſiderable a part as Mrs. Modern was wanting.

MRS. MOD. Civil creature! when will you ſay ſuch a thing?

CAP. BELLA. When I am as dull, Madam.

L. RICH. Very true! no one makes a compliment, but who wants wit for ſatyr.

MR. GAYWIT. Right, my lord; it is as great a ſign of want of wit to ſay a good-natur'd thing, as want of ſenſe to do one.

LA. CHAR. Oh! I would not ſay a good-natur'd thing for the world. Capt. Bellamant, did you ever hear me ſay a good-natur'd thing in your life?

MR. GAYWIT. But I am afraid, lady Charlotte, tho' wit be a ſign of ill-nature, ill-nature is not always a ſign of wit.

LA. CHA. I'll give you leave to ſay any thing, after what I have ſaid this morning—Oh, dear Modern, I wiſh you had ſeen Emilia's dreſſing-box!—ſuch japaning!——he! he! he!—ſhe hath varniſhed over a windmill ten ſeveral times, before ſhe diſcovered ſhe had plac'd the wrong ſide upward.

MRS. MOD. I have had juſt ſuch another misfortune. I have laid out thirty pounds on a cheſt, and now I diſlike it of all things.

LA. CHA Oh, my dear, I do not like one thing in twenty that I do myſelf.

EMIL. You are the only perſon that diſlikes, I dare ſay, lady Charlotte.

LA. CHA. Oh, you flattering creature! I wiſh you could bring my papa to your opinion. He ſays, I throw away more money in work than in play.

MRS. MOD. But you have not heard half my misfortune; for when I ſent my cheſt to be ſold, what do you think I was offered for my thirty pounds worth of work?

LA. CHA. I don't know; fifty guineas, perhaps.

MRS. MOD. Twenty ſhillings, as I live.

LA. CHA. Oh, intolerable! Oh, inſufferable!

CAP. BEL. Are we to have no hazard this morning?

MRS. MOD. With all my heart,——lord Richly, what ſay you?

L. RICH. My vote always goes with the majority, Madam.

MRS. MOD. Come then, the ſhrine is within, and you that will offer at it, follow me.

SCENE IX.

Mr. GAYWIT, EMILIA.

EMIL. Mr. Gaywit, are you no gameſter?

MR GAY. No, Madam, when I play, 'tis the utmoſt ſtretch of my complaiſance.

EMIL. I am glad I can find one who is as great an enemy to play as myſelf; for I aſſure you, we are both of the ſame opinion.

MR. GAY. I wiſh we were ſo in ev'ry thing.

EMIL. Sir!

Mr. GAY. I ſay, Madam, I wiſh all of my opinions were as well ſeconded; and yet, methinks, I would not have your thoughts the ſame with mine.

EMIL. Why ſo, pray?

MR. GAY. Becauſe you muſt then have many an

on-

unhappy hour, which that you may ever avoid, will be ſtill my heartieſt prayer.

EMIL. I am oblig'd to you, Sir.

MR. GAY. Indeed, you are not. It is a ſelf-intereſted wiſh: for, believe me, to ſee the leaſt affliction attend you, would give this breaſt the greateſt agony it is capable of feeling.

EMIL. Nay, this is ſo extravagant a flight, I know not what to call it.

MR GAY. Nor I——Call it a juſt admiration of the higheſt worth, call it the tendereſt friendſhip, if you pleaſe; tho' much I fear it merits the ſweeteſt, ſofteſt name than can be given to any of our paſſions. If there be a paſſion pure without allay, as tender and ſoft, as violent and ſtrong, you cannot ſure miſcall it by that name.

EMIL. You grow now too philoſophical for me to underſtand you: beſides, you would, I am ſure, be beſt underſtood ironically; for who can believe any thing of Mr. Gaywit, when he hath aſſerted that he is unhappy.

MR. GAY. Nay, I will leave my caſe to your own determination when you know it. Suppoſe me oblig'd to marry the woman I don't like, debarr'd for ever from her I love, I dote on, the delight of my eyes, the joy of my heart. Suppoſe me oblig'd to forſake her, and marry——another.

EMIL. But I cannot ſuppoſe you obliged to that.

MR. GAY. Were it not an impertinent trouble, I could convince you.

EMIL. I know not why I may not be excuſed a little concern for one who hath expreſſed ſo much for me.

MR. GAY. Then, Madam, the ſettlement of my whole fortune obliges me to marry lady Charlotte Gaywit.

EMIL. How!——but ſuppoſe the refuſal were on lady Charlotte's ſide.

MR. GAY. That is my only hope.

EMIL. And I can aſſure you, your hope is not ill grounded.

MR. GAY. I know ſhe hath expreſs'd ſome diſlike to

diſlike to me; but ſhe is a woman of that ſort, that it is as difficult to be certain of her diſlike, as her affection; and whom the proſpect of grandeur would eaſily make obedient to her father's commands.

EMIL. Well, if you are ſincere, I pity you heartily.

MR. GAY. And if you are ſincere, I never knew happineſs 'till this dear moment.

SCENE X.

Mr. GAYWIT, EMILIA, *Lord* RICHLY, *Mrs.* MODERN, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Captain* BELLAMANT.

MRS. MOD. Victoria! Victoria!

CAP. BEL. Stript, by Jupiter!

LA. CHA. Eleven mains together, Modern; you are a devil.

EMIL. What's the matter, lady Charlotte?

LA. CHA. Oh, my dear, you never ſaw the like—Modern has held in nine thouſand mains in one hand, and won all the world.

MR. GAY. She has always great luck at hazard.

L. RICH. Surpriſing to-day, upon my word.

MRS. MOD. Surpriſing to me; for it is the firſt ſucceſs I have had this month; and I am ſure, my quadrille makes every one a ſufficient amends for my hazard.

L. RICH. You are one of thoſe, whoſe winning no body ever heard of, or whoſe loſing no one ever ſaw.

CAP. BEL. But you forget the auction, lady Charlotte.

LA. CHA. What have I to do at an auction, that am ruin'd and undone.

MR. GAY. As much as many that are undone;—bid out of whim, in order to raiſe the price, and ruin others. Or if the hammer ſhould fall upon you, before you expect it, take a ſudden diſlike to the goods, or diſpute your own words, and leave them upon the hands of the ſeller.

MRS.

MRS. MOD. How polite is that now? Gaywit will grow ſhortly as well bred as Madcap.

CAP. BEL. We ſhall have him there too, and he is the life of an auction.

LA. CHA. Oh! the moſt agreeable creature in the world——he has more wit than any body, he has made me laugh five hundred hours together.—Emilia, we will juſt call there, and then I'll ſet you down at home.

EMIL. Let us but juſt call then.

LA. CHA. That caution is admirable from you, when you know I never ſtay above ſix minutes any where. Well, you never will reform.

L. RICH. I deſire, Charlotte, you wou'd be at home by four.

LA. CHA. I ſhall, very eaſily, my lord; for I have not above fourteen or fifteen places to call at.——Come, dear creature, let us go, for I have more buſineſs than half the world upon my hands, and I muſt poſitively call at the auction.

MR. GAY. Where you have no buſineſs, it ſeems.

LA. CHA. Impertinent! Modern, your ſervant.

SCENE XI,

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs.* MODERN.

L. RICH. I only waited till you were alone, Madam——to renew my buſineſs.

MRS. MOD. If you intend to renew your impertinence, I wiſh you wou'd omit both.

L. RICH. So, I find I have my work to do over again.

MRS. MOD. But if you pleaſe, my lord, to truce with your propoſals, and let Piquet be the word.

L. RICH. So, you have taken money out of my daughter's hands, to put it into mine.

MRS. MOD. Be not confident——I have been too hard for you before now.

L. RICH. Well, and without a compliment, I know none whom I wou'd ſooner loſe to than yourſelf; for to any one who loves play as well as you, and plays

plays as ill, the money we loſe, by a ſurprizing ill fortune, is only lent.

MRS. MOD. Methinks, my lord, you ſhou'd be fearful of deterring me by this plain-dealing.

L. RICH. I am better acquainted with your ſex. It is as impoſſible to perſuade a woman that ſhe plays ill, as that ſhe looks ill. The one may make her tear her cards, and the other break her looking-glaſs.

Her want of ſkill, for want of luck muſt paſs;
As want of beauty's owing to her glaſs.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs.* MODERN.

Mrs. MODERN.

CAN you be ſo cruel?

L. RICH. Ridiculous! you might as well aſk me for my whole eſtate; I am ſure, I wou'd as ſoon give it you.

MRS. MOD. An everlaſting curſe attend the cards! ——to be repiqu'd from forty, when I play'd but for five! My lord, I believe you a cheat.

L. RICH. At your ſervice, Madam——when you have more money, if you will honour me with notice, I will be ready to receive it.

MRS. MOD. Stay, my lord——give me the twenty guineas.

L. RICH. On my conditions.

MRS. MOD. Any conditions.

L. RICH. Then you muſt contrive ſome way or other, a meeting between me and Mrs. Bellamant, at your houſe.

MRS. MOD. Mrs. Bellamant!

L. RICH. Why do you ſtart at that name?

MRS. MOD. She has the reputation of the ſtricteſt virtue of any woman in town.

L. RICH.

L. RICH. Virtue! ha, ha, ha! ſo have you, and ſo have ſeveral of my acquaintance; there are as few women who have not the reputation of virtue, as that have the thing itſelf.

MRS. MOD. And what do you propoſe by meeting her here?

L. RICH. I am too civil to tell you plainly what I propoſe; tho' by your queſtion one wou'd imagine you expected it.

MRS. MOD. I expect any thing from you, rather than civility, my lord.

L. RICH. Madam, it will be your own fault, if I am not civil to you. Do this for me, and I'll deny you nothing.

MRS. MOD. There is one thing that tempts me more than your gold, which is the expectation of ſeeing you deſert her, as you have done me.

L. RICH. Which is a pleaſure you'll certainly have; and the ſooner you compaſs my wiſhes, the ſooner you may triumph in your own: nay, there is a third motive will charm thee, my dear Hillaria, more than the other two. When I have laid this paſſion, which hath abated that for you, I may return to your arms with all my former fondneſs.

MRS. MOD. Excuſe my incredulity, my lord; for tho' love can change its object, it can never return to the ſame again.

L. RICH. I may convince you of the contrary—but to our buſineſs; fortune has declar'd on our ſide already, by ſending Bellamant hither: cultivate an acquaintance with him, and you cannot avoid being acquainted with his wife. She is the perfect ſhadow of her huſband; they are as inſeparable, as lady Coquette and her lapdog.

MRS. MOD. Yes, or her ladyſhip and her impertinence; or her lapdog and his ſmell. Well, it is to me ſurprizing, how women of faſhion can carry huſbands, children, and lapdogs about with them; three things I never could be fond of.

L. RICH. If the ladies were not fonder of their lapdogs than of their huſbands, we ſhou'd have no

more

more dogs in St. James's pariſh, than there are lions at the Tower.

MRS. MOD. It is an uncommon bravery in you, to ſingle out the woman who is reputed to be the fondeſt of her huſband.

L. RICH. She that is fond of one man, may be fond of another. Fondneſs, in a woman's temper, like the love of play, may prefer one man, and one game; but will incline her to try more, eſpecially when ſhe expects greater profit, and there, I am ſure, I am ſuperior to my rival: if flattery will allure her, or riches tempt her, ſhe ſhall be mine; and thoſe are the two great gates by which the devil enters the heart of womankind—Pſhaw! he here!——

SCENE II.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* MODERN, *Mrs.* MODERN.

MR. MOD. I am your lordſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant.

L. RICH. Have you ſeen this new opera, Madam?

MRS. MOD. I have heard vaſt commendations of it; but I cannot bear an opera, now poor La Dovi's gone.

L. RICH. Nor I, after poor A la Fama.

MRS. MOD. Oh! Cara la Dovi! I proteſt, I have often reſolv'd to follow her into Italy.

L. RICH. You will allow A la Fama's voice, I hope.

MRS. MOD. But the mien of La Dovi, then her judgment in ſinging; the moment ſhe entered the ſtage, I have wiſh'd myſelf all eyes.

L. RICH. And the moment A la Fama ſung, I have wiſh'd myſelf all ears.

MR. MOD. I find, I am no deſir'd part of this company. I hope your lordſhip will pardon me; buſineſs of the greateſt conſequence requiring my attendance, prevents my waiting on your lordſhip according to my deſires.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs.* MODERN.

L. RICH. This unſeaſonable interruption has quite out the thread of my deſign. Pox on him, a huſband, like a fool in a play, is of no uſe but to cauſe confuſion.

MRS. MOD. You would have an opportunity at my houſe, and to procure it, I muſt be acquainted with Mrs. Bellamant; now, there is a lucky accident which you are not appriz'd of——Mr. Bellamant is an humble ſervant of mine.

L. RICH. That is lucky indeed; cou'd we give her a cauſe of ſuſpicion that way, it were a lively proſpect of my ſucceſs; as perſuading a thief that his companion is falſe, is the ſureſt way to make him ſo.

MRS. MOD. A very pretty compariſon of your lordſhip between the two ſtates.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Madam, Mr. Bellamant deſires to know if your ladyſhip is at home.

MRS. MOD. I am. Bring him into the dining-room.

L. RICH. Thou dear creature, let me but ſucceed in this affair, I'll give thee millions.

MRS. MOD. More gold, and fewer promiſes, my lord.

L. RICH. An hundred guineas ſhall be the price of our firſt interview.

MRS. MOD. Be punctual, and be confident. Go out the back way, that he may not ſee you.

L. RICH. Adieu, my Machiavil.

SCENE IV. *Mrs.* BELLAMANT's *Houſe.*

Mrs. BELLAMANT, *Mr.* GAYWIT, EMILIA.

MRS. BEL. And ſo, lady Willitt, after all her proteſtations againſt matrimony, has at laſt generouſly beſtowed herſelf on a young fellow with no fortune, the famous beau Smirk.

EMILIA.

EMI. She was proof againſt every thing but charity.

MR. GAY. To which all other virtues ſhould be ſacrific'd, as it is the greateſt; the ladies are apt to value themſelves on their virtue, as a rich citizen does on his purſe; and I do not know which is of the greateſt uſe to the publick.

MRS. BEL. Nor I, which are the ofteneſt bankrupts.

MR. GAY. And as, in the city, they ſuſpect a man who is oſtentatious of his riches; ſo ſhould I a woman, who makes the moſt noiſe of her virtue.

MRS. BEL. We are all the leaſt ſolicitous about perfections, which we are well aſſured of our poſſeſſing. Flattery is never ſo agreeable as to our blind ſide.—Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honeſty, and they will receive you into their boſoms.

EMI. Nay, I have known a pretty lady who was vain of nothing but her falſe locks; and have ſeen a pair of ſquinting eyes, that never ſmil'd at a compliment made to any other feature.

MR. GAY. Yes, Madam, and I know a pretty gentleman, who obliges me very often with his ill-ſpelt ſongs; and a very ugly poet, who hath made me a preſent of his picture.

EMI. Well, ſince you ſee it is ſo agreeable to flatter one's blind ſide, I think you have no excuſe to compliment on the other.

MR. GAY. Then I ſhall have a very good excuſe to make you no compliment at all. But this I aſſure you, Emilia, the firſt imperfection I diſcover, I will tell you of it with the utmoſt ſincerity.

EMI. And I aſſure you, with the utmoſt ſincerity, I ſhall not thank you for it.

MRS. BEL. Then, without any flattery, you are two of the moſt open plain-dealers I have met with.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Mrs. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Mr.* GAYWIT.

LA. CHA. Dear Mrs. Bellamant, make ſome excuſe for me; I ſee Emilia is going to chide me for ſtaying ſo long. When, did ſhe know the fatigue I had this afternoon—I was juſt going into my coach, when lady Twitter came in, and forc'd me away to a fan-ſhop. Well, I have ſeen a ſet of the prettieſt fans to-day. My dear creature, where did you get that lace? I never ſaw any thing ſo raviſhing.

EMI. I cannot ſee any thing ſo extraordinary in it.

LA. CHA. It could not coſt leſs than ten pound a yard——Oh! Mr. Gaywit, are you here?

EMI. He goes with us to the play.

LA. CHA. Oh hateful! how can you bear him? I would as ſoon go to the chapel with lady Prude: I ſaw the ridiculous creature cry at a tragedy.

MRS. BEL. Do you think he need be aſham'd of that, lady Charlotte?

LA. CHA. I would as ſoon laugh at a comedy, or fall aſleep at an opera.

MRS. BEL. What is the play to-night?

LA. CHA. I never know it. Miſs Rattle and I ſaw four acts the other night, and came away without knowing the name. I think, one only goes to ſee the company, and there will be a great deal to-night; for the ducheſs of Simpleton ſent to me this morning. Emilia, you muſt go with me after the play: I muſt make juſt fourteen viſits between nine and ten: yeſterday was the firſt payment I made ſince I came to town, and I was able to compaſs no more than three and forty; tho' I only found my lady Sober at home, and ſhe was at Quadrille—Lud, Mrs. Bellamant, I think you have left off play, which is to me ſurprizing, when you play'd ſo very well.

MRS. BEL. And yet, I believe you hardly ever ſaw me win.

LA. CHA. I never mind whether I win or no, if I make no miſtakes.

MR.

MR. GAY. Which you never fail of doing as often as you play.

LA. CHA. Do you hear him?

EMI. Oh! he ſets up for a plain-dealer, that is, one who ſhews his wit at the expence of his breeding.

LA. CHA. Yes, and at the expence of his truth.

EMI. Never mind him, lady Charlotte, you will have the town on your ſide.

MR. GAY. Yes, they will all ſpeak for you that play againſt you.

LA. CHA. This is downright inſupportable.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, *Mr.* GAYWIT, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Captain* BELLAMANT.

LA. CHA. Oh! here's captain Bellamant ſhall be my voucher.

CAP. BEL. That you may be aſſured of, lady Charlotte, for I have ſo implicit a faith in your ladyſhip, that I know you are in the right before you ſpeak.

LA. CHA. Mr. Gaywit does not allow me to play at Quadrille.

CAP. BEL. He may as well deny that your ladyſhip ſees; beſides, I do not lay a great deal of weight on his judgment, whom I never ſaw play at all.

LA. CHA. Oh, abominable! then he does not live at all. I wiſh my whole life was one party at Quadrille.

CAP. BEL. As a Spaniard's is a game at Cheſs, egad.

MRS. BEL. I never intend to ſacrifice my time entirely at play, till I can get no one to keep me company for nothing.

MR. GAY. Right, Madam, I think the votaries to gaming, ſhou'd be ſuch as want helps for converſation: and none ſhou'd have always cards in their hands, but thoſe who have nothing but the weather in their mouths.

MRS.

MRS. BEL. Thus gaming wou'd be of ſervice to the publick of wit, by taking away the encouragers of nonſenſe; as a war is of ſervice to a nation, by taking the idle people out of it.

LA. CHA. Intolerable! Mrs. Bellamant an advocate againſt play?———

SCENE VII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* GAYWIT, *Captain* BELLAMANT, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, EMILIA, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT.

L. RICH. Who is an advocate againſt play?

LA CHA. Mrs. Bellamant, my lord.

L. RICH. She is grown a perfect deſerter from the Beau Monde: ſhe has declar'd herſelf againſt Mr. Crambo too.

LA. CHA. Againſt dear Mr. Crambo!

MRS. BEL. I am only for indulging reaſon in our entertainments, my lord. I muſt own, when I ſee a polite audience pleas'd at ſeeing Bedlam on the ſtage, I cannot forbear thinking them fit for no other place.

L. RICH. Now, I am never entertained better.

LA. CHA. Nor I. Oh dear Bedlam! I have gone there once a week for a long time: I am charm'd with thoſe delightful creatures the kings and the queens.

CAP. BEL. And your ladyſhip has contributed abundance of lovers, all kings, no doubt: for he that could have the boldneſs to attempt you, might with much leſs madneſs dream of a throne.

LA. CHA. Well, I ſhould like to be a queen. I fancy, 'tis very pretty to be a queen.

CAP. BEL. Were I a king, lady Charlotte, you ſhou'd have your wiſh.

LA. CHA. Ay, but then, I muſt have you too——— I wou'd not have an odious, filthy he-creature for the world.

MR. GAY. Faith you cannot eaſily find any, who who is leſs of the he-creature. [*Aſide.*

EMI. But, lady Charlotte, we ſhall be too late for the *play.*

LA.

LA. CHA. I believe the firſt act is over, ſo we'll go. I don't believe I ever ſaw the firſt act of a play in my life—but do you think I'll ſuffer you in my coach?

MR. GAY. At leaſt you'll ſuffer me to put this lady into it.

CAP. BEL. And me to put your ladyſhip in.

LA. CHA. Dear Mrs. Bellamant, your humble ſervant.

L. RICH. Shall I have the honour, in the mean time, of entertaining you at Piquet?

MRS. BEL. Your lordſhip has ſuch a vaſt advantage over me——

L. RICH. None in the leaſt: but if you think ſo, Madam, I'll give you what points you pleaſe.

MRS. BEL. For one party, then, my lord.—Get cards there—Your lordſhip will excuſe me a moment.

L. RICH. Charming woman! and thou art mine, as ſurely as I wiſh thee.—Let me ſee—ſhe goes into the country in a fortnight—Now, if I compaſs my affair in a day or two, I ſhall be weary of her by that time, and her journey will be the moſt agreeable thing that can happen.

SCENE VIII. *Mrs.* MODERN'*s houſe.*

Mrs. MODERN, *Mr.* BELLAMANT.

MRS. MOD. Is it not barbarous, nay, mean, to upbraid me with what nothing but the laſt neceſſity could have made me aſk of you?

MR. BEL. You wrong me; I lament my own neceſſities, not upbraid yours. My misfortune is too publick for you not to be acquainted with it; and what reſtrains me from ſupporting the pleaſures of the beſt wife in the world, may, I think, juſtly excuſe me from ſupporting thoſe of a miſtreſs.

MRS. MOD. Do you inſult me with your wife's virtue? You! who have robb'd me of mine?—yet Heaven will, I hope, forgive me this firſt ſlip; and if henceforth I ever liſten to the Siren perſuaſions of your falſe ungrateful ſex, may I——

MR.

MR. BEL. But hear me, Madam.

MR. MOD. Would I had never heard, nor ſeen, nor known you.

MR. BEL. If I alone have robb'd you of your honour, it is you alone have robb'd me of mine.

MRS. MOD. Your honour! ridiculous! the virtue of a man!

MR. BEL. Madam, I ſay, my honour; if to rob a woman who brought me beauty, fortune, love and virtue; if the hazard of making her miſerable be no breach of honour, robbers and murderers may be honourable men: yet this I have done, and this I do ſtill for you.

MRS. MOD. We will not enter into a detail, Mr. Bellamant, of what we have done for one another; perhaps the balance may be on your ſide: if ſo, it muſt be ſtill greater; for I have one requeſt which I muſt not be denied.

MR. BEL. You know, if it be in my power to grant, it is not in my power to deny you.

MRS. MOD. Then for the ſake of my reputation, and to prevent any jealouſy in my huſband, bring me acquainted with Mrs. Bellamant.

MR. BEL. Ha!

MRS. MOD. By which means we ſhall have more frequent opportunities together.

MR. BEL. Of what uſe your acquaintance can be, I know not.

MRS. MOD. Do you ſcruple it? This is too plain an evidence of your contempt for me; you will not introduce a woman of ſtain'd virtue to your wife: can you, who cauſed my crime, be the firſt to contemn me for it?

MR. BEL. Since you impute my caution to ſo wrong a cauſe, I am willing to prove your error.

MRS. MOD. Let our acquaintance begin this night then; try if you cannot bring her hither now.

MR. BEL. I will try, nay, and I will ſucceed; for Oh! I have ſacrificed the beſt of wives to your love.

MRS. MOD. I envy, not admire her for an affection which any woman might preſerve to you.

MR.

MR. BEL. I fly to execute your commands.

MRS. MOD. Stay———I———

MR. BEL. Speak.

MRS. MOD. I muſt aſk one laſt favour of yo ——and yet I know not how—tho' it be a trifle, a I will repay it——only lend me another hundr guineas.

MR. BEL. Your requeſt, Madam, is always a com mand. I think time flies with wings of lead till return.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. MODERN *ſola.*

MRS. MOD. And I ſhall think you fly on golde wings, my dear gallant. Thou aſs, to think that th heart of a woman is to be won by gold, as well as h perſon; but thou wilt find, though a woman ofte ſells her perſon, ſhe always gives her heart.

SCENE X. *Mrs.* BELLAMANT's *Houſe.*

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT, *at Piquet.*

L. RICH. Six parties ſucceſſively: ſure Fortun will change ſoon, or I ſhall believe ſhe is not blind.

MRS. BEL. No, my lord, you either play with to great negligence, or with ſuch ill luck that I ſhall pre my victory no farther at preſent. Beſides, I can't hel thinking five points place the odds on my ſide.

L. RICH. Can you change this note, Madam?

MRS. BEL Let it alone, my lord.

L. RICH. Excuſe me, Madam, if I am ſuperſtit ouſly obſervant to pay my loſings, before I riſe fro the table.—Beſides, Madam, it will give me an inf nite pleaſure to have the fineſt woman in the worl in my debt. Do but keep it till I have the honou of ſeeing you again. Nay, Madam, I muſt inſi on it, tho' I am forced to leave it in your hand thus———

SCEN

SCENE XI.

Mrs. BELLAMANT *ſola.*

MRS. BEL. What can this mean!——I am confident too that he loſt the laſt party deſignedly. I obſerved him fix his eyes ſtedfaſtly on mine, and ſigh, and ſeem careleſs of his game.——It muſt be ſo——he certainly hath a deſign on me. I will return him this note immediately, and am reſolv'd never to ſee him more.

SCENE XII.

Mr. BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT.

MRS. BEL. My dear! where have you been all day? I have not had one moment of your company ſince dinner.

MR. BEL. I have been upon buſineſs of very great conſequence, my dear.

MRS. BEL. Is it fit for me to hear?

MR. BEL. Nay, my dear, it would only make you uneaſy.

MRS. BEL. Nay, then I muſt hear it, that I may ſhare your concern.

MR. BEL. Indeed, it would rather aggravate it: it is not in your power to aſſiſt me; for ſince you will know it, an affair hath happen'd, which makes it neceſſary for me to pay an hundred guineas this very evening.

MRS. BEL. Is that all?

MR. BEL. That, indeed, was once a trifle——but now it makes me uneaſy.

MRS. BEL. So it doth not me, becauſe it is in my power to ſupply you.——Here is a note for that ſum; but I muſt be poſitively repaid within a day or two; it is only a friend's money truſted in my hands.

MR. BEL. My dear, ſure when Heaven gave me thee, it gave me a cure for every malady of the mind, and it hath made thee ſtill the inſtrument of all its good to me.

MRS. BEL. Be aſſured, I deſire no greater bleſſing than the continual reflection of having pleaſed you.

MR. BEL. Are you engaged, my love, this evening?

MRS. BEL. Whatever engagement I have, it is in your power to break.

MR. BEL. If you have none, I will introduce you to a new acquaintance: one whom I believe you never viſited, but muſt know by ſight——Mrs. Modern.

MRS. BEL. It is equal to me in what company I am, when with you. My eyes are ſo delighted with that principal figure, that I have no leiſure to contemplate the reſt of the piece. I'll wait on you immediately.

SCENE XIII.

Mr. BELLAMANT, *ſolus.*

MR. BEL. What a wretch am I! Have I either honour or gratitude, and can I injure ſuch a woman? How do I injure her? while ſhe perceives no abatement in my paſſion, ſhe is not injured by its inward decay: nor can I give her a ſecret pain, while ſhe hath no ſuſpicion of my ſecret pleaſures. Have I not found too an equal return of paſſion in my miſtreſs? Does ſhe not ſacrifice more for me than a wife can? The gallant is, indeed, indebted for the favours he receives: but the huſband pays dearly for what he enjoys. I hope, however, this will be the laſt hundred pounds I ſhall be aſked to lend. My wife's having this dear note, was as lucky as it was unexpected——Ha!——the ſame I gave this morning to Mrs. Modern. Amazement! what can this mean?

SCENE XIV.

Mr. BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT.

MR. BEL. My dear, be not angry at my curioſity, but pray tell me——how came you by this?

MRS. BEL. Pardon me, my dear, I have a particular reaſon for not telling you.

MR. BEL. And I have a particular reaſon for aſking it.

MRS.

MRS. BEL. I beg you not to preſs me: perhaps you will oblige me to ſacrifice a friend's reputation.

MR. BEL. The ſecret ſhall reſt in my boſom, I aſſure you.

MRS. BEL. But ſuppoſe, I ſhould have promiſed not to ſuffer it from my own.

MR. BEL. A huſband's command breaks any promiſe.

MRS. BEL. I am ſurprized to ſee you ſo ſolicitous about a trifle.

MR. BEL. I am rather ſurprized to find you ſo tenacious of one; beſides, be aſſured, you cannot have half the reaſon to ſuppreſs the diſcovery, as I to inſiſt upon it.

MRS. BEL. What is your reaſon?

MR. BEL. The very difficulty you make in telling it.

MRS. BEL. Your curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied then; but I beg you wou'd defer it now. I may get abſolved from my promiſe of ſecrecy. I beg you would not urge me to break my truſt.

MR. BEL. [*Aſide.*] She certainly hath not diſcovered my falſhood, that were impoſſible: beſides, I may ſatisfy myſelf immediately by Mrs. Modern.

MRS. BEL. What makes you uneaſy? I aſſure you, there is nothing in this worth your knowing.

MR. BEL. I believe it, at leaſt I ſhall give up my curioſity to your deſire.

MRS. BEL. I am ready to wait on you.

MR. BEL. I muſt make a ſhort viſit firſt on what I told you, and will call on you immediately.

SCENE XV.

Mrs. BELLAMANT *ſola.*

MRS. BEL. What can have given him this curioſity I know not; but ſhould I have diſcovered the truth, who can tell into what ſuſpicions it might have betrayed him? His jealous honour might have reſolved on ſome fatal return to Lord Richly, had he taken it in the ſame way as I do? whereas by keeping the ſecret, I preſerve him every way from danger; for

for I myſelf will ſecure his honour without expoſing his perſon. I will myſelf give lord Richly his diſcharge. How nearly have I been unawares to the brink of ruin! For, ſurely, the lighteſt ſuſpicion of a huſband, is ruin, indeed!

When innocence can ſcarce our lives defend;
What dangers muſt the guilty wife attend?

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs.* MODERN'*s Houſe.*

Mr. MODERN, *Mrs.* MODERN.

Mr. MODERN.

IN ſhort, Madam, you ſhall not drive a ſeparate trade at my expence. Your perſon is mine: I bought it lawfully in the church; and unleſs I am to profit by the diſpoſal, I ſhall keep it all for my own uſe.

MRS. MOD. This inſolence is not to be borne.

MR. MOD. Have I not winked at all your intrigues? Have I not pretended buſineſs, to leave you and your gallants together? Have I not been the moſt obſequious, obſervant——

MRS. MOD. Out with it; you know what you are.

MR. MOD. Do you upbraid me with your vices, Madam?

MRS. MOD. My vices!——Call it obedience to a huſband's will. Can you deny that you have yourſelf perſuaded me to the undertaking? Can you forget the arguments you uſed to convince me that virtue was the lighteſt of bubbles?

MR. MOD. I own it all; and had I felt the ſweets of your pleaſures, as at firſt, I had never once upbraided you with them; but as I muſt more than ſhare the diſhonour, it is ſurely reaſonable I ſhould ſhare the profit.

MRS. MOD. And have you not?

MR.

MR. MOD. What if I have———

MRS. MOD. Why do you complain then?

MR. MOD. Becauſe I find thoſe effects no more. Your cards run away with the lucre of your other pleaſures—and you loſe to the knaves of your own ſex what you get from the fools of ours.

MRS. MOD. 'Tis falſe; you know I ſeldom loſe ———Nor indeed can I conſiderably; for I have not lately had it in my power to ſtake high: Lord Richly, who was the fountain of our wealth, hath long been dry to me.

MR. MOD. I hope, madam, this new gallant will turn to a better account.

MRS. MOD. Our amour is yet too young to expect any fruit from thence.

MR. MOD. As young as it is, I have reaſon to believe it is grown to perfection. Whatever fruits I may expect from him, it is not impoſſible, from what hath already happened, but I may expect ſome from you, and that is not golden fruit. I am ſure if women ſprung from the earth, as ſome philoſophers think, it was from the clay of Egypt, not the ſands of Peru. Serpents and crocodiles are the only fruit they produce.

MRS. MOD. Very true; and a wife contains the whole ten plagues of her country. [*Laughing.*

MR. MOD. Why had I not been a Turk, that I might have enſlaved my wife; or a Chineſe, that I might have ſold her!

MRS. MOD. That would have been only the cuſtom of the country: you have done more, you have ſold her in England; in a country, where women are as backward to be ſold to a lover as to refuſe him; and where cuckold is almoſt the only title of honour that can't be bought.

MR. MOD. This ludicrous behaviour, madam, as ill becomes the preſent ſubject, as the entertaining new gallants doth the tenderneſs you this morning expreſſed for your reputation. In ſhort, it is impoſſible that your amours ſhould be ſecret long; and however careleſs you have been of me whilſt I have had my horns

horns in my pocket, I hope you'll take care to gild them when I am to wear them in publick.

MRS. MOD. What would you have me do?

MR. MOD. Suffer me to diſcover you together; by which means we may make our fortunes eaſy all at once. One good diſcovery in Weſtminſter-hall will be of greater ſervice than his utmoſt generoſity —The law will give you more in one moment, than his love ſo many years.

MRS. MOD. Don't think of it.

MR. MOD. Yes, and reſolve it; unleſs you agree to this, madam, you muſt agree immediately to break up our houſe, and retire into the country.

MRS. MOD. Racks and tortures are in that name.

MR. MOD. But many more are in that of a priſon: ſo you muſt reſolve either to quit the town, or ſubmit to my reaſons.

MRS. MOD. When reputation is gone, all places are alike: when I am deſpiſed in it, I ſhall hate the town as much as now I like it.

MR. MOD. There are other places, and other towns; the whole world is the houſe of the rich, and they may live in what apartment of it they pleaſe.

MRS. MOD. I cannot reſolve.

MR. MOD. But I can: if you will keep your reputation, you ſhall carry it into the country; where it will be of ſervice——In town it is of none——or if it be, 'tis, like clogs, only to thoſe that walk on foot; and the one will no more recommend you in an aſſembly than the other.

MRS. MOD. You never had any love for me.

MR. MOD. Do you tax me with want of love for you? Have I not, for your ſake, ſtood the publick mark of infamy? Would you have had me poorly kept you, and ſtarv'd you?——No—I could not bear to ſee you want; therefore have acted the part I've done: and yet, while I have wink'd at the giving up your virtue, have I not been the moſt induſtrious to extol it every where?

MRS. MOD. So has lord Richly, and ſo have all his creatures; a common trick among you, to

blazon

blazon out the reputation of women whoſe virtue you have deſtroyed, and as induſtriouſly blacken them who have withſtood you: a deceit ſo ſtale, that your commendation wou'd ſully a woman of honour.

MR. MOD. I have no longer time to reaſon with you, ſo I ſhall leave you to conſider on what I have ſaid. [*Exit.*

MRS. MOD. What ſhall I do? Can I bear to be the publick ſcorn of all the malicious and ugly of my own ſex, or retire with a man whom I hate and deſpiſe. Hold; there is a ſmall glimpſe of hope that I may avoid them both. I have reaſon to think Bellamant's love as violent as he avers it. Now could I perſuade him to fly away with me—Impoſſible he hath ſtill too much tenderneſs for his wife.

SCENE II.

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs.* MODERN.

L. RICHLY. What ſucceſs, my angel?

MRS. MOD. Hope all, my lord, that lovers wiſh, or huſbands fear: ſhe will be here.

L. RICH. When?

MRS. MOD. Now, to-night, inſtantly.

L. RICH. Thou glory of intrigue! what words ſhall thank thee?

MRS. MOD. No words at all, my lord; a hundred pounds muſt witneſs the firſt interview.

L. RICH. They ſhall; and if ſhe yields, a thouſand.

MRS. MOD. That you muſt not expect yet.

L. RICH. By Heaven, I do; I have more reaſon to expect it than you imagine: I have not been wanting to my deſires ſince I left you. Fortune too ſeems to have watched for me. I got her to Piquet, threw away ſix parties, and left her a bank note of a hundred for the payment of ſix pounds.

MRS. MOD. And did ſhe receive it?

L. RICH. With the ſame reluctance that a lawyer or phyſician would a double fee, or a court prieſt, a plurality.

MR. MOD. Then there is hope of ſucceſs, indeed.

L. RICH. Hope; there is certainty: the next tempt muſt carry her.

MRS. MOD. You have a hundred friends in t garriſon, my lord.

L. RICH. And if ſome of them do not open t gates for me, the devil's in it. I have ſucceeded oft by leaving money in a lady's hands: ſhe ſpends is unable to pay, and then I, by virtue of my mo gage, immediately enter upon the premiſes.

MRS. MOD. You are very generous, my lord.

L. RICH. My money ſhall always be the humb ſervant of my pleaſures; and it is the intereſt of m of fortune to keep up the price of beauty, that th may have it more among themſelves.

MRS. MOD. I am as much pleaſed as ſurprized this your proſpect of ſucceſs; and from this day fo ward I will think with you all virtue to be or pride, caprice, and the fear of ſhame.

L. RICH. Virtue, like the Ghoſt in Hamlet, here, there, every where, and no where at all: appearance is as imaginary as that of a ghoſt; a they are much the ſame ſort of people who are in lo with one, and afraid of the other. It is a gh which hath ſeldom haunted me, but I had the pow of laying it.

MRS. MOD. Yes, my lord, I am a fatal inſtan of that power.

L. RICH. And the deareſt, I aſſure you, whi is ſome ſacrifice to your vanity; and ſhortly I w make an offering to your revenge the two darli paſſions of your ſex.

MRS. MOD. But how is it poſſible for me to lea you together without the moſt abrupt rudeneſs?

L. RICH. Never regard that; as my ſucceſs ſure, ſhe will hereafter thank you for a rudeneſs ſeaſonable.

MRS. MOD. Mr. Bellamant too will be with her

L. RICH. He will be as agreeably entertain with you in the next room; and as he does not ſu pect the leaſt deſign in me, he will be ſatisfied wi my being in her company.

M

MRS. MOD. Sure you will not attempt his wife while he is in the houſe.

L. RICH. Piſh! he is in that dependance on my intereſt, that, rather than forfeit my favour, he would be himſelf her pander. I have made twenty ſuch men ſubſcribe themſelves cuckolds, by the proſpect of one place, which not one of them ever had.

MRS. MOD. So that your fools are not caught like the fiſh in the water by a bait, but like the dog in the water by a ſhadow.

L. RICH. Beſides, I may poſſibly find a pretence of ſending him away.

MRS. MOD. Go then to the chocolate-houſe, and leave a ſervant to bring you word of their arrival. It will be better you ſhould come into them than they find you here.

L. RICH. I will be guided by you in all things; and be aſſured the conſummation of my wiſhes ſhall be the ſucceſs of your own. [*Exit Lord* Richly.

MRS. MOD. That they ſhall, indeed, tho' in a way you little imagine. This forwardneſs of Mrs. Bellamant's meets my ſwifteſt wiſhes. Could I once give Bellamant reaſon to ſuſpect his wife, I deſpair not of the happieſt effect of his paſſion for me.——Ha! he's here, and alone.

SCENE III.

Mr. BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* MODERN.

MRS. MOD. Where's Mrs. Bellamant?

MR. BEL. She will be here immediately. But I choſe a few moments privacy with you; firſt to deliver you this, and next to aſk you one queſtion, which do not be ſtartled at. Pray, how did you employ that note you received this morning?

MRS. MOD. Nay, if you expect an account of me, perhaps you will ſtill do ſo: let me return you this.

MR. BEL. Do not ſo injuriouſly miſtake me. Nothing but the moſt extraordinary reaſon could force me to aſk you; know then, that the very note you had

had of me this morning, I received within this hour from my wife.

MRS. MOD. Ha, ha, ha!

MR. BEL. Why do you laugh, madam?

MRS. MOD. Out of triumph, to ſee what empty politicians men are found, when they oppoſe their weak heads to ours! On my conſcience a parliament of women would be of very great ſervice to the nation.

MR. BEL. Were all ladies capable as Mrs. Modern, I ſhould be very ready to vote on their ſide.

MRS. MOD. Nay, nay, Sir, you muſt not leave out your wife, eſpecially you that have the beſt wife in the world, ha, ha, ha!

MR. BEL. Forgive me, madam, if I have been too partial to a woman whoſe whole buſineſs hath been to pleaſe me.

MRS. MOD. Oh! you have no reaſon to be aſhamed of your good opinion; you are not ſingular in it, I aſſure you; Mrs. Bellamant will have more votes than one.

MR. BEL. I am indifferent how many ſhe has, ſince I am ſure ſhe will make intereſt but for one.

MRS. MOD. "It is the curſe of fools to be ſecure,
"And that be thine and Altamont's."
Ha, ha, ha!

MR. BEL. I cannot gueſs your meaning.

MRS. MOD. Then to introduce my explanation, the note you lent me I loſt at Piquet to Lord Richly.

MR. BEL. To Lord Richly!

MRS. MOD. Who perhaps might diſpoſe of it to ſome who might lend it to others, who might give it to thoſe who might loſe it to your wife.

MR. BEL. I know not what to ſuppoſe.

MRS. MOD. Nor I; for ſure one cannot ſuppoſe, eſpecially ſince you have the beſt wife in the world; one cannot ſuppoſe that it could be a preſent from Lord Richly to herſelf; that ſhe received it; that in return ſhe hath ſent him an aſſignation to meet her *here*,

MR.

MR. BEL. Suppoſe! Hell and damnation! No.

MRS. MOD. But certainly one could not affirm that this is truth.

MR. BEL. Affirm!

MRS. MOD. And yet all this is true; as true as ſhe is falſe. Nay, you ſhall have an inſtance; an immediate, undeniable inſtance. You ſhall ſee it with your own eyes, and hear it with your own ears.

MR. BEL. Am I alive?

MRS. MOD. If all the huſbands of theſe beſt wives in the world are dead, we are a ſtrange nation of ghoſts. If you will be prudent, and be like the reſt of your brethren, keep the affair ſecret; I aſſure you I'll never diſcover it.

MR. BEL. Secret! yes, as inward fire, till ſure deſtruction ſhall attend its blaze. But, why do I rage? It is impoſſible; ſhe muſt be innocent.

MRS. MOD. Then Lord Richly is ſtill a greater villain, to belie that innocence to me. But give yourſelf no pain or anxiety, ſince you are ſo ſhortly to be certain. Go fetch her hither; Lord Richly will be here almoſt as ſoon as you: then feign ſome excuſe to leave the room; I will ſoon follow you, and convey you where you ſhall have an opportunity of being a witneſs either to her innocence or guilt.

MR. BEL. This goodneſs, my ſweeteſt creature, ſhall bind me yours for ever.

MRS. MOD. To convince you that is all I deſire, I am willing to leave the town and reputation at once, and retire with you wherever you pleaſe.

MR. BEL. That muſt be the ſubject of our future thoughts. I can think of nothing now but ſatisfaction in this affair. [*Exit.*

MRS. MOD. Do you demur to my offer, Sir? Oh, the villain! I find I am to be only a momentary object of his looſer pleaſures, and his wife yet ſits neareſt his heart. But I ſhall change the angel form ſhe wears into a devil's——Nor ſhall my revenge ſtop there—But at preſent I muſt reſolve my temper into a calm——Lately.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. MODERN, LATELY.

MRS. MOD. Come hither, Lately; get me ſome citron-water. I am horribly out of order.

LAT. Yes, madam.

MRS. MOD. To be ſlighted in this manner! inſupportable!——What is the fool doing?

LAT. There is no citron-water left. Your ladyſhip drank the laſt half pint this morning.

MRS. MOD. Then bring the cinnamon-water, or the ſurfeit-water, or the anniſeed-water, or the plague-water, or any water.

LAT. Here, madam.

[*Brings the bottle and glaſs, and fills.*

MRS. MOD. [*Drinks, Looks in the glaſs.*]—Lord, how I look!——Oh! frightful——I am quite ſhocking.

LAT. In my opinion your ladyſhip never looked better.

MRS. MOD. Go, you flatterer, I look like my Lady Grim.

LAT. Where are your ladyſhip's little eyes, your ſhort noſe, your wan complexion, and your low forehead?

MRS. MOD. Which nature, in order to hide, hath carefully placed between her ſhoulders; ſo that if you view her behind, ſhe ſeems to walk without her head, and leſſen the miracle of St. Dennis.

LAT. Then her left hip is tucked up under her arm, like the hilt of a beau's ſword; and her diſdainful right is never ſeen, like its blade.

MRS. MOD. Then ſhe has two legs, one of which ſeems to be the dwarf of the other, and are alike in nothing but their crookedneſs.

LAT. And yet ſhe thinks herſelf a beauty.

MRS. MOD. She is, indeed, the perfection of uglineſs.

LAT. And a wit, I warrant you.

MRS. MOD. No doubt ſhe muſt be very quick-ſighted, for her eyes are almoſt crept into her brain.

LAT.

LATELY. } He, he, he!
MRS. MOD. }

MRS. MOD. And yet the deteſtable creature hath not ſenſe enough, with all her deformity, to preſerve her reputation.

LAT. I never heard, I own, any thing againſt that.

MRS. MOD. You hear, you fool, you dunce, what ſhould you hear? Have not all the town heard of a certain colonel?

LAT. Oh, lud! what a memory I have! Oh, yes Madam, ſhe has been quite notorious. It is ſurpriſing a little diſcretion ſhould not preſerve her from ſuch public——

MRS. MOD. If ſhe had my diſcretion or yours, Lately.

LAT. Your ladyſhip will make me proud, indeed, Madam.

MRS. MOD. I never could ſee any want of ſenſe in you, Lately. I could not bear to have an inſenſible creature about me. I know ſeveral women of faſhion I could not ſupport for a tiring woman. What think you of Mrs. Charmer?

LAT. I think of her! that were I a man, ſhe ſhould be the laſt woman I attacked. I think her an ugly, ungenteel, ſquinting, flirting, impudent, odious, dirty puſs.

MRS. MOD. Upon my word, Lately, you have a vaſt deal of wit too.

LAT. I am beholden for all my wit, as well as my clothes, to your ladyſhip. I wiſh your ladyſhip wore out as much clothes as you do wit, I ſhould ſoon grow rich.

MRS. MOD. You ſhall not complain of either.—Oh! [*Knocking.*] They are come, and I will receive them in another room. [*Exit.*

LAT. I know not whether my talent of praiſe or of ſlander is of more ſervice to me; whether I get more by flattering my lady, or abuſing all her acquaintance.

SCENE

SCENE V.

JOHN, LATELY.

JOHN. So, Mrs. Lately, you forget your old acquaintance; but times are coming when I may be as good as mother, and you may repent your inconſtancy.

LAT. Odious fellow!

JOHN. I would have you to know I look on myſelf to be as good as your new ſweetheart, tho' he has more lace on his livery, and may be a year or two younger, and as good a man I am too; and ſo you may tell him. Why does he not ſtay at home? What does he come into our family for?

LAT. Who gave you authority to enquire, ſirrah?

JOHN. Marry, that did you, when you gave me a promiſe to marry me: well, I ſhall ſay no more; but the times are coming, when you may wiſh you had not forſaken me. I have a ſecret.

LAT. A ſecret! Oh, let me hear it.

JOHN. No, no, miſtreſs, I ſhall keep my ſecrets as well as you can yours.

LAT. Nay, now you are unkind; you know, tho' I ſuffer Tom Briſk to viſit me, you have my heart ſtill.

JOHN. Ah? you do but ſay ſo! You know too well how much I love you. Then I'll tell you, my dear; I am going to the devil for you.

LAT. The devil you are! Going to the devil for me! What does the fool mean?

JOHN. Ay, I am to get a hundred pounds, that you may marry me.

LAT. A hundred pounds! And how are you to get a hundred pounds, my dear John?

JOHN. Only by a little ſwearing.

LAT. What are you to ſwear?

JOHN. Nay, if I tell you, it would be double perjury; for I have ſworn already I would not truſt it with any body.

LAT. Oh, but you muſt truſt me.

JOHN. And if you ſhould truſt ſome body elſe.

LAT.

LAT. The devil fetch me if I do.

JOHN. Then my maſter is to give me an hundred pounds to ſwear that he is a cuckold.

LAT. What's this?

JOHN. Why, my maſter has offered me an hundred pounds, if I diſcover my lady and Mr. Bellamant in a proper manner; and let me but ſee them together, I'll ſwear to the manner, I warrant you.

LAT. But can you do this with a ſafe conſcience?

JOHN. Conſcience, pſhaw; which would you chooſe, a huſband with a hundred pounds, or a ſafe conſcience? Come, give me a dram out of your miſtreſs's cloſet, and there I'll tell you more.

LAT. Come along with me.

SCENE VI.

SCENE *changes to another apartment.*

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* MODERN.

L. RICH. Well, madam, you have drawn a moſt delightful ſketch of life.

MRS. MOD. Then it is ſtill life; for I dare ſwear there never were ſuch people breathing.

MRS. BEL. Don't you believe then, madam, it is poſſible for a married couple to be happy in one another, without deſiring any other company?

MRS. MOD. Indeed, I do not know what it may have been in the plains of Arcadia; but truly, in thoſe of Great-Britain, I believe not.

L. RICH. I muſt ſubſcribe to that too.

MRS. BEL. Mr. Bellamant, what ſay you?

MR. BEL. Oh! my dear, I am entirely of your mind.

L. RICH. This is a miracle almoſt equal to the other, to ſee a huſband and wife of the ſame opinion. I muſt be a convert too; for it would be the greateſt miracle of all to find Mrs. Bellamant in the wrong.

MRS. BEL. It would be a much greater to find want of complaiſance in Lord Richly.

MR.

MR. BEL. [*Aſide.*] Confuſion!

MRS. MOD. Nay, madam, this is hardly ſo; for I have heard his lordſhip ſay the ſame in your abſence.

L. RICH. Dear Bellamant, I believe I have had an opportunity to ſerve you this afternoon. I have ſpoke to lord Powerful; he ſays, he is very willing to do for you. Sir Peter, they tell me, is given over, and I fancy, you may find my lord at home now.

MR. BEL. I ſhall take another opportunity, my lord, a particular affair now preventing me.

L. RICH. The loſs of an hour hath been often the loſs of a place; and unleſs you have ſomething of greater conſequence, I muſt adviſe you as a friend.

MR. BEL. I ſhall find a method of thanking you. [*Aſide.*

MRS. MOD. Make this a handle to ſlip out, I'll come into the next room to you. [*Aſide to Mr.* Bellamant.

MR. BEL. My lord, I am very much obliged to your friendſhip. My dear, I'll call on you in my return: Mrs. Modern, I am your humble ſervant.

SCENE VII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* MODERN.

L. RICH. I wiſh you ſucceſs, you may command any thing in my power to forward it.

MRS. BEL. Mr. Bellamant is more indebted to your lordſhip, than he will be ever able to pay.

L. RICH. Mr. Bellamant, madam, has a friend, who is able to pay more obligations than I can lay on him.

MRS. MOD. I am forc'd to be guilty of a great piece of rudeneſs, by leaving you one moment. [*Aſide.*

L. RICH. And I ſhall not be guilty of loſing it. [*Aſide.*

MRS. BEL. What can this mean?

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT.

L. RICH. And can you, madam, think of retiring from the general admiration of mankind?

MRS. BEL. With pleaſure, my lord, to the particular admiration of him who is to me all mankind.

L. RICH. Is it poſſible any man can be ſo happy?

MRS. BEL. I hope, my lord, you think Mr. Bellamant ſo.

L. RICH. If he be, I pity him much leſs for his loſſes, than I envy him the love of her in whoſe power it may be to redreſs them.

MRS. BEL. You ſurprize me, my lord: in my power!

L. RICH. Yes, Madam; for whatever is in the power of man, is in yours: I am ſure, what little aſſiſtance mine can give, is readily at your devotion.—My intereſt and fortune are all in theſe dear hands; in ſhort, madam, I have languiſh'd a long time for an opportunity to tell you, that I have the moſt violent paſſion for you.

MRS. BEL. My lord, I have been unwilling to underſtand you; but now your expreſſion leaves me no other doubt, but whether I hate or depiſe you moſt.

L. RICH. Are theſe the ungrateful returns you give my love?

MRS. BEL. Is this the friendſhip you have profeſſed for Mr. Bellamant?

L. RICH. I'll make his fortune. Let this be an inſtance of my future favours.

[*Puts a bank note into her hand; ſhe throws it away.*

MRS. BEL. And this of my reception of them. Be aſſured, my lord, if you ever renew this unmannerly attack on my honour, I will be reveng'd; my huſband ſhall know his obligations to you.

L. RICH. I have gone too far to retreat, madam; if I cannot be the object of your love, let me be obliged to your prudence. How many families are ſupported by this method which you ſtart at?——

Does

Does not many a woman in this town drive her huſband's coach?

MRS. BEL. My lord, this inſolence is intolerable, and from this hour I will never ſee your face again.

[*A noiſe without.*

L. RICH. Hey! what is the meaning of this?

SCENE IX.

Mr. MODERN *with ſervants*, *Mr.* BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* MODERN, *Lord* RICHLY, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT.

MR. MOD. Come out, ſtrumpet, ſhew thy face and thy adulterer's before the world; thou ſhalt be a ſevere example of the vengeance of an injur'd huſband.

L. RICH. I have no farther buſineſs here at preſent; for I fear more huſbands have diſcovered injuries than one. [*Exit.*

MRS. BEL. Protect me, Heavens! what do I ſee?

MR. BEL. This was a maſter-piece of my evil genius.

MRS. MOD. Sir, this inſult upon my reputation ſhall not go unreveng'd; I have relations, brothers, who will defend their ſiſter's fame from the attacks of a perfidious huſband, from any ſhame he would bring on her innocence.

MR. MOD. Thou haſt a forehead that would defend itſelf from any ſhame whatſoever; that you have grafted on my forehead, I thank you, and this worthy gentleman.

MRS. MOD. Sir, you ſhall ſmart for the falſhood of this accuſation.

MR. MOD. Madam, you ſhall ſmart for the truth of it; this honeſt man, [*Pointing to the ſervant.*] is evidence of the fact, of your diſhonour and mine.—And for you, Sir, [*To* Bellamant.] you may depend upon it, I ſhall take the ſtricteſt ſatisfaction which the law will give me: ſo I ſhall leave you at preſent, to give ſatisfaction to your wife. [*Exeunt*

SCEN

SCENE X.

Mr. BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT.

MR. BEL. [*After ſome pauſe.*] When the criminal turns his own accuſer, the merciful judge becomes his advocate: guilt is too plainly written in my face to admit of a denial, and I ſtand prepar'd to receive what ſentence you pleaſe.

MRS. BEL. As you are your own accuſer, be your own judge; you can inflict no puniſhment on yourſelf equal to what I feel.

MR. BEL. Death has no terrors equal to that thought. Ha! I have involv'd thee in my ruin, and thou muſt be the wretched partaker of my misfortunes.

MRS. BEL. While I was aſſured of your truth, I could have thought that happineſs enough: yet, I have ſtill this to comfort me, the ſame moment that has betray'd your guilt, has diſcover'd my innocence.

MR. BEL. Oh! thou ungrateful fool, what ſtores of bliſs haſt thou in one vicious moment deſtroy'd! [*To himſelf.*] Oh! my angel, how have I requited all your love and goodneſs? For what have I forſaken thy tender virtuous paſſion?

MRS. BEL. For a new one. How could I be ſo eaſily deceiv'd? How could I imagine there was ſuch truth in man, in that inconſtant fickle ſex, who are ſo prone to change; that to indulge their fondneſs for variety, they would grow weary of a paradiſe to wander in a deſart?

MR. BEL. How weak is that compariſon to ſhew the difference between thee, and every other woman!

MRS. BEL. I once had that eſteem of you; but hereafter I ſhall think all men the ſame; and when I have wean'd myſelf of my love for you, will hate them all alike.

MR. BEL. Thy ſentence is too juſt. I own, I have deſerv'd it; I never merited ſo good a wife. Heaven ſaw it had given too much, and thus has taken the bleſſing from me.

MRS. BEL. You will ſoon think otherwiſe. If abſence from me can bring you to thoſe thoughts, I am *reſolv'd to* favour them.

MR.

MR. BEL. Thou ſhalt enjoy thy wiſh; we w part, part this night, this hour. Yet let me aſk o favour; the ring which was a witneſs of our meetir let it be ſo of our ſeparation. Let me bear this a memorial of our love. This ſhall remind me of the tender moments we have had together, and ſe to aggravate my ſorrows: henceforth I'll ſtudy o to be miſerable; let Heaven make you happy, a curſe me as it pleaſes.

MRS. BEL. It cannot make me more wretch than you have made me.

MR. BEL. Yet, do believe me when I ſwear, I n ver injur'd you with any other woman. Nay, belie me when I ſwear how much ſoever I may have d ſerv'd the ſhame I ſuffer, I did not now deſerve it.

MRS. BEL. And muſt we part?

MR. BEL. Since it obliges you.

MRS. BEL. That I may have nothing to remem you by, take back this, and this, and this, and all t thouſand embraces thou haſt given me——till I in thy lov'd arms——and thus we part for ever.

MR. BEL. Ha!

MRS. BEL. Oh! I forgive thee all: forget it a frightful dream——it was no more, and I awake real joy.

MR. BEL. Oh! let me preſs thee to my heart; every moment that I hold thee thus, gives bliſs beyo expreſſion, a bliſs no vice can give. Now life appe deſirable again. Yet ſhall I not ſee thee miſerabl Shall I not ſee my children ſuffer for their father's crim

MRS. BEL. Indulge no more uneaſy thoughts; fo tune may have bleſſings yet in ſtore for us and ther

MR. BEL. Excellent goodneſs! My future da ſhall have no wiſh, no labour, but for thy happine and from this hour, I'll never give thee cauſe of complaint.

And whatſoever rocks our fates may lay
In life's hard paſſage to obſtruct our way;
Patient, the toilſome journey I'll abide:
And bleſs my fortune with ſo dear a guide.

AC

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mr.* BELLAMANT's *Houſe.*

EMILIA *ſpeaking to a ſervant, afterwards lady* CHARLOTTE.

EMILIA.

IT is very ſtrange you will not give me the liberty of denying myſelf; that you will force me to be at home, whether I will or no.

SERV. I had no ſuch order from your ladyſhip.

EMI. Well, well, go wait upon her up. I am but in an ill humour to receive ſuch a viſit; I muſt try to make it as ſhort as I can.

LA. CHA. Emilia, good-morrow: am not I an early creature? I have been ſo frighted with ſome news I have heard—— I am heartily concern'd for you, my dear, I hope the fright has not done you any miſchief.

EMI. I am infinitely obliged to you, lady Charlotte.

LA. CHA. Oh! I could not ſtay one moment; you ſee I hurried into my chair to you half undreſt; never was creature in ſuch a pickle, ſo frightful; Lud! I was obliged to draw all the curtains round me.

EMI. I don't perceive you had any reaſon for that, lady Charlotte.

LA. CHA. Why, did you ever ſee any thing ſo hideous, ſo odious as this gown? Well, Emilia, you certainly have the prettieſt fancy in the world. I like what you have on now, better than lady Pinup's, tho' hers coſt ſo much more. Some people have the ſtrangeſt way of laying out their money. You remember our engagement to-night.

EMI. You muſt excuſe me; it will look very odd to ſee me abroad on this occaſion.

LA. CHA. Not odd in the leaſt. No body minds theſe things. There's no rule upon ſuch occaſions. Sure, you don't intend to ſtay at home, and receive *formal viſits*.

EMI.

EMI. No; but I intend to ſtay at home, and receive no viſits.

LA. CHA. Why, child, you will be laugh'd at by all the town. There never was ſuch a thing done in the world; ſtaying at home is quite left off upon all occaſions; a woman ſcarce ſtays at home a week for the death of a huſband. Dear Emilia, don't be ſo aukward: I can make no excuſe for you; lady Polite will never forgive you.

EMI. That I ſhall be ſorry for: but I had rather not be forgiven by her, than by myſelf.

SCENE II.

Captain BELLAMANT, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, EMILIA.

CAP. BEL. Siſter, good morrow: lady Charlotte abroad ſo early!

LA. CHA. You may well be ſurpriz'd; I have not been out at this hour theſe fifty years.

CAP. BEL. You will never be able to hold it out till night.

EMI. [*Aſide.*] I am ſure if ſhe ſhould take it in her head to ſtay with me, I ſhall not: and unleſs ſome dear creature, like herſelf, ſhould come and take her away, I ſeem to be in danger.

LA. CHA. [*To* Bellamant *after a whiſper.*] Don't tell me of what I ſaid laſt night. Laſt night was laſt year; an age ago: and I have the worſt memory in the world.

CAP. BEL. You ſeem to want one, egad!

LA. CHA. Indeed I do not. A memory would be of no uſe to me; for I was never of the ſame mind twice in my life: and tho' I ſhould remember what I ſaid at one time, I ſhould as certainly remember not to do it another.

CAP. BEL. You dear agreeable creature! ſure, never two people were ſo like one another as you and I are. We think alike, we act alike, and ſome people think, we are very much alike in the face.

LA. CHA. Do you hear him, Emilia? He has made one of the moſt ſhocking compliments to me.

I believe

I believe, I ſhall never be able to bear a looking-glaſs again.

CAP. BEL. Faith, and if it was not for the help of a looking-glaſs, you would be the moſt unhappy creature in the world.

LA. CHA. Impertinent!

CAP. BEL. For then you would be the only perſon debarr'd from ſeeing the fineſt face in the world.

EMI. Very fine, indeed.

LA. CHA. Civil enough. I think I begin to endure the wretch again now.

CAP. BEL. Keep but in that mind half an hour———.

LA. CHA. Emilia, good-morrow; you will excuſe the ſhortneſs of my viſit.

EMI. No apologies on that occaſion, lady Charlotte.

LA. CHA. You are a good creature, and know the continual hurry of buſineſs I am in.——Don't follow me, you thing you [*To Cap.* Bellamant.

CAP. BEL. Indeed, lady Charlotte, but I ſhall, and I hope to ſome purpoſe. [*Aſide.*

SCENE III.

EMILIA *alone.*

EMI. So, I am once more left to my own thoughts. Heaven knows, they are like to afford me little entertainment. Oh! Gaywit, too much I ſympathize with thy uneaſineſs. Didſt thou know the pangs I feel on thy account, thy generous heart would ſuffer more on mine. Ha! my words have rais'd a ſpirit.

SCENE IV.

EMILIA, *Mr.* GAYWIT.

MR. GAY. I hope, madam, you will excuſe a viſit at ſo unſeaſonable an hour.

EMI. Had you come a little earlier, you had met a miſtreſs here.

MR.

MR. GAY. I met the lady you mean, madam, at the door, and captain Bellamant with her.

EMI. You are the moſt cavalier lover I know: you are no more jealous of a rival with your miſtreſs, than the moſt polite huſband is of one with his wife.

MR. GAY. A man ſhould not be jealous of his friend, madam; and I believe captain Bellamant will be ſuch to me in the higheſt manner. I wiſh I were ſo bleſt in another heart, as he appears to be in lady Charlotte's. I wiſh I were as certain of gaining the woman I do love, as of loſing her I do not.

EMI. I ſuppoſe if your amour be of any date, you can eaſily gueſs at the impreſſions you have made.

MR. GAY. No, nor can ſhe gueſs at the impreſſion ſhe has made on me; for unleſs my eyes have done it, I never acquainted her with my paſſion.

EMI. And that your eyes have done it, you may be aſſur'd, if you have ſeen her often. The love that can be conceal'd, muſt be very cold indeed; but, methinks it is ſomething particular in you to deſire to conceal it.

MR. GAY. I have been always fearful to diſcloſe a paſſion, which I know not whether it be in my power to purſue. I would not even have given her the uneaſineſs to pity me, much leſs have tried to raiſe her love.

EMI. If you are ſo tender of her, take care you never let her ſuſpect ſo much generoſity. That may give her a ſecret pang.

MR. GAY. Heaven forbid it ſhould, one equal to thoſe I feel; leſt, while I am endeavouring to make my addreſſes practicable, ſhe ſhould unadviſedly receive thoſe of another.

EMI. If ſhe can diſcover your love as plain as I can, I think you may be eaſy on that account.

MR. GAY. He muſt dote like me who can conceive the extaſy theſe words have given.

EMI. [*Knocking.*] Come in.

SERV. Your honour's ſervant, Sir, is below.

MR. GAY. I come to him.——Madam, your moſt obedient ſervant; I go on buſineſs which will by noon

give

give me the ſatisfaction of thinking I have preſerv'd the beſt of fathers to the beſt of women. [*Exit.*

EMI. I know he means mine; but why do I mention that, when every action of his life leaves me no other doubt than whether it convinces me more of his love, or of his deſerving mine.

SCENE V. *Lord* RICHLY's *Houſe.*

Lord RICHLY, SERVANT.

L. RICH. Deſire Mr. Bellamant to walk in. What can the meaning of this viſit be? Perhaps, he comes to make me propoſals concerning his wife; but my love ſhall not get ſo far the better of my reaſon, as to lead me to an extravagant price; I'll not go above two thouſand, that's poſitive.

SCENE VI.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* BELLAMANT.

L. RICH. My dear Bellamant.

MR. BEL. My lord, I have receiv'd an obligation from you, which I thus return.

[*Gives him a bank bill.*

L. RICH. Pſhaw! trifles of this nature can hardly be call'd obligations; I would do twenty times as much for dear Jack Bellamant.

MR. BEL. The obligation, indeed, was to my wife, nor hath ſhe made you a ſmall return; ſince it is to her intreaty you owe your preſent ſafety, your life.

L. RICH. I am not appriz'd of the danger; but would owe my ſafety to no one, ſooner than to Mrs. Bellamant.

MR. BEL. Come, come, my lord; this prevarication is low and mean: you know you have us'd me baſely, villainouſly; and under the cover of acquaintance and friendſhip, hath attempted to corrupt my wife; for which, but that I would not ſuffer the leaſt breath of ſcandal to ſully her reputation, I would exact ſuch vengeance on thee——

L. RICH. Sir, I muſt acquaint you, that this is a language I have not been us'd to.

MR. BEL. No, the language of flatterers and hire ling ſycophants has been what you have dealt in— wretches, whoſe honour and love are as venal a their praiſe. Such your title might awe, or you fortune bribe to ſilence; ſuch you ſhould have deal with, and not have dared to injure a man of honour

L. RICH. This is ſuch preſumption——

MR. BEL. No, my lord, yours was the preſump tion, mine is only juſtice, nay, and mild too; unequa to your crime, which requires a puniſhment from m hand, not from my tongue.

L. RICH. Do you conſider who I am?

MR. BEL. Were you as high as heraldry could lif you, you ſhould not injure me unpuniſh'd. Wher grandeur can give licence to oppreſſion, the peopl muſt be ſlaves, let them boaſt what liberty they pleaſ

L. RICH. Sir, you ſhall hear of this.

MR. BEL. I ſhall be ready to juſtify my words b any action you dare provoke me to: and be aſſur' of this, if ever I diſcover any future attempts o yours to my diſhonour, your life ſhall be its ſacrifice Henceforward, my lord, let us behave, as if we ha never known one another. [*Exit*

L. RICH. Here's your man of ſenſe now.——H was half ruin'd in the houſe of lords a few days ago and is in a fair way of going the other ſtep in Weſt minſter-hall in a few days more; yet has the impu dence to threaten a man of my fortune and quality for attempting to debauch his wife: which many fool, who rides in his coach and ſix, would have ha ſenſe enough to have wink'd at.

SCENE VII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* GAYWIT.

MR. GAY. Your lordſhip is contemplative.

L. RICH. So, nephew, by this early viſit, I ſup poſe you had ill luck laſt night; for where fortun frowns on you, ſhe always ſmiles on me, by bleſſin me with y^our company.

MR. GAY I have long ſince put it out of th *power of* fortune to do me either favour or in jur

jury. My happineſs is now in the power of another miſtreſs.

L. RICH. And thou art too pretty a fellow not to have that miſtreſs in your power.

MR. GAY. The poſſeſſion of her, and in her of all my deſires, depends on your conſent.

L. RICH. You know, Harry, you have my conſent to poſſeſs all the women in town, except thoſe few that I am particular with: provided you fall not foul of mine, you may board and plunder what veſſels you pleaſe.

MR. GAY. This is a veſſel, my lord, neither to be taken by force, nor hired by gold. I muſt buy her for life, or not board her at all.

L. RICH. Then the principal thing to be conſider'd, is her cargo. To marry a woman merely for her perſon, is buying an empty veſſel: and a woman is a veſſel, which a man will grow curſed weary of in a long voyage.

MR. GAY. My lord, I have had ſome experience in women, and I believe, that I never could be weary of the woman I now love.

L. RICH. Let me tell you, I have had ſome experience too, and I have been weary of forty women that I have lov'd.

MR. GAY. And, perhaps, in all that variety, you may not have found one of equal excellence with her I mean.

L. RICH. And pray, who is this paragon you mean?

MRS GAY. Muſt I, my lord, when I have painted the fineſt woman in the world, be oblig'd to write miſs Bellamant's name to the picture?

L. RICH. Miſs Bellamant!

MR. GAY. Yes, miſs Bellamant.

L. RICH. You know Mr. Bellamant's loſſes; you know what happen'd yeſterday, which may intirely finiſh his ruin; and the conſequence of his ruin muſt be the ruin of his daughter: which will certainly throw her virtue into your power; for poverty as ſurely brings a woman to capitulation, as ſcarcity of *proviſions does* a garriſon.

MR. GAY. I cannot take this advice, my lord: I would not take advantage from the misfortunes of any; but ſurely, not of the woman I love.

L. RICH. Well, Sir, you ſhall aſk me no more; for if my conſent to your ruin will oblige you, you have it.

MR. GAY. My lord, I ſhall ever remember this goodneſs, and will be ready to ſign any inſtrument to ſecure a very large fortune to lady Charlotte when you pleaſe.

SCENE VIII.

Lord RICHLY *ſolus.*

Now if he takes my conſent from my own word, I may deny it afterwards, ſo I gain the whole eſtate for my daughter, and bring an entire deſtruction upon Bellamant and his whole family. Charming thought! that would be a revenge, indeed; nay, it may accompliſh all my wiſhes too; Mrs. Bellamant may be mine at laſt.

SCENE IX.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* MODERN.

MR. MOD. My lord, I was honour'd with your commands.

L. RICH. I believe I ſhall procure the place for you, Sir.

MR. MOD. My obligations to your lordſhip are ſo infinite, that I muſt always be your ſlave.

L. RICH. I am concern'd for your misfortune, Mr. Modern.

MR. MOD. It is a common misfortune, my lord, to have a bad wife. I am ſomething happier than my brethren in the diſcovery.

L. RICH. That, indeed, may make you amends more ways than one. I cannot diſſuade you from the moſt rigorous proſecution; for, tho' dear Jack Bellamant be my particular friend, yet in caſes of this nature, even friendſhip itſelf muſt be thrown up. Injuries of this kind are not to be forgiven.

MR.

MR. MOD. Very true, my lord; he has robb'd me of the affections of a wife, whom I lov'd as tenderly as myſelf: forgive my tears, my lord——I have loſt all I held dear in this world.

L. RICH. I pity you, indeed; but comfort yourſelf with the hopes of revenge.

MR. MOD. Alas! my lord, what revenge can equal the diſhonour he has brought upon my family? Think on that, my lord; on the diſhonour I muſt endure. I cannot name the title they will give me.

L. RICH. It is ſhocking, indeed!

MR. MOD. My eaſe for ever loſt, my quiet gone, my honour ſtain'd; my honour, my lord. Oh! 'tis a tender wound.

L. RICH. Laws cannot be too rigorous againſt offences of this nature: juries cannot give too great damages. To attempt the wife of a friend.——To what wickedneſs will men arrive!—Mr. Modern, I own, I cannot blame you in puſhing your revenge to the utmoſt extremity.

MR. MOD. That I am reſolv'd on. I have juſt receiv'd an appointment from your lordſhip's nephew, Mr. Gaywit; I ſuppoſe to give me ſome advice in the affair.

L. RICH. [*Aſide.*] Ha! that muſt be to diſſuade him from the proſecution.——Mr. Modern, if you pleaſe, I'll ſet you down; I have ſome particular buſineſs with him; beſides, if he knows any thing that can be of ſervice to you, my commands ſhall enforce the diſcovery. Bid the coachman pull up.

MR. MOD. I am the moſt obliged of all your lordſhip's ſlaves.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment.*

Lady CHARLOTTE, *Captain* BELLAMANT, *and* SERVANT.

LA. CHA. My lord gone out! then, d'ye hear! I am at home to nobody.

CAP. BEL. That's kind, indeed, lady Charlotte, to let me have you all to myſelf.

LA. CHA. You! you confident thing! how came you here? Don't you remember, I bade you not to follow me?

CAP. BEL. Yes, but it's ſo long ago, that I'm ſurpriz'd you ſhould remember it.

LA. CHA. Indeed, Sir, I always remember to avoid what I don't like. I ſuppoſe you don't know that I hate you of all things.

CAP. BEL. Not I, upon my ſoul! The deuce take me, if I did not think you had lik'd me, as well as I lik'd you, ha, ha.

LA. CHA. I like you, impoſſible! why don't you know that you are very ugly?

CAP. BEL. Pſhaw! that's nothing; that will all go off; a month's marriage takes off the homelineſs of a huſband's face, as much as it does the beauty of a wife's.

LA. CHA. And ſo you would inſinuate that I might be your wife? O horrible! ſhocking thought!

CAP. BEL. Nay, madam, I am as much frighten'd at the thoughts of marriage as you can be.

LA. CHA. Indeed, Sir, you need not be under any apprehenſions of that kind, upon my account.

CAP. BEL. Indeed, but I am, madam; for what an unconſolable creature wou'd you be, if I ſhou'd take it in my head to marry any other woman.

LA. CHA. Well, he has ſuch an exceſſive aſſurance, that I am not really ſure whether he is not agreeable. Let me die, if I am not under ſome ſort of ſuſpenſe about it—and yet I am not neither—for to be ſure I don't like the thing—and yet methinks, I do too—and yet I do not know what I ſhould do with him neither—Hi! hi! hi! this is the fooliſheſt circumſtance that ever I knew in my life.

CAP. BEL. Very well! ſure marriage begins to run in your head at laſt, madam.

LA. CHA. A propos! do you know that t'other day, lady Betty Shuttlecock and I laid down the prettieſt ſcheme for matrimony, that ever enter'd into the taſte of people of condition.

CAP. BEL. Oh! pray let's hear it.

LA. CHA. In the firſt place then, whenever the

or

or I marry, I am reſolv'd poſitively to be miſtreſs of myſelf; I muſt have my houſe to myſelf, my coach to myſelf, my ſervants to myſelf, my table, time, and company to myſelf; nay, and ſometimes, when I have a mind to be out of humour, my bed to myſelf.

CAP. BEL. Right, Madam; for a wife and a huſband always together, are, to be ſure, the flatteſt company in the world.

LA. CHA. O deteſtable! Then I will be ſure to have my own humour in every thing; to go, come, dine, dance, play, ſup, at all hours, and in whatever company I have a mind to: and if ever he pretends to put on a grave face, upon my enjoying any one of thoſe articles, I am to burſt out in his face a laughing. Won't that be prodigious pleaſant? Ha! ha! ha!

CAP. BEL. O charmingly charming! ha! ha! what a contemptible creature is a woman, that never does any thing without conſulting her huſband?

LA. CHA. Nay, there you're miſtaken again, Sir: for I would never do any thing without conſulting my huſband.

CAP. BEL. How ſo, dear madam?

LA. CHA. Becauſe ſometimes one may happen to be ſo low in ſpirits, as not to know one's own mind; and then, you know, if a fooliſh huſband ſhould happen to ſay a word on either ſide, why one determines on the contrary, without any farther trouble.

CAP. BEL. Right, madam, and a thouſand to one, but the happy rogue your huſband, might warm his indolent inclinations too from the ſame ſpirit of contradiction, ha, ha.

LA. CHA. Well, I am ſo paſſionately fond of my own humour, that let me die, if a huſband were to inſiſt upon my never miſſing any one diverſion this town affords, I believe in my conſcience I ſhould go twice a day to church to avoid them.

CAP. BEL. O fy! you could not be ſo unfaſhionable a creature!

LA. CHA. Ay, but I would tho'. I do not care what I do, when I'm vext.

CAP. BEL. Well! let me periſh, this is a moſt

delectable ſcheme. Don't you think, madam, we ſhall be vaſtly happy?

LA. CHA. We? what we? Pray, who do you mean, Sir?

CAP. BEL. Why, lady Betty Shuttlecock and I: why, you muſt know this is the very ſcheme ſhe laid down to me laſt night; which ſo vaſtly charm'd me, that we reſolv'd to be marry'd upon it to-morrow morning.

LA. CHA. What do you mean?

CAP. BEL. Only to take your advice, madam, by allowing my wife all the modiſh privileges that you ſeem ſo paſſionately fond of.

LA. CHA. Your wife? why, who's to be your wife, pray? You don't think of me, I hope.

CAP. BEL. One wou'd think, you thought I did: for you refuſe me as oddly, as if I had aſk'd you the queſtion: not, but I ſuppoſe, you would have me think now, you have refus'd me in earneſt.

LA. CHA. Ha! ha! ha! that's well enough; why, ſweet Sir, do you really think I am not in earneſt?

CAP. BEL. No, faith, I can't think you are ſo ſilly, as to refuſe me in earneſt, when I only aſk'd you in jeſt. [*Both.*] Ha! ha! ha!

LA. CHA. Ridiculous!

CAP. BEL. Delightful! Well, after all, I am a ſtrange creature to be ſo merry, when I am juſt going to be married.

LA. CHA. And had you ever the aſſurance to think I would have you?

CAP. BEL. Why, faith! I don't know but I might; if I had ever made love to you—Well, lady Charlotte, your ſervant. I ſuppoſe you'll come and viſit my wife, as ſoon as ever ſhe ſees company.

LA. CHA. What do you mean?

CAP. BEL. Seriouſly what I ſay, madam; I am juſt now going to my lawyer to ſign my marriage articles with lady Betty Shuttlecock.

LA. CHA. And are you going in earneſt?

CAP. BEL. Poſitively, ſeriouſly.

LA. CHA. Then I muſt take the liberty to tell

you,

you, Sir, you are the greateſt villain that ever liv'd upon the face of the earth. [*She burſts into tears.*

CAP. BEL. Ha! what do I ſee? Is it poſſible! O my dear, dear lady Charlotte, can I believe myſelf the cauſe of theſe tranſporting tears! Oh! till this inſtant never did I taſte of happineſs.

LA. CHA. Ha, ha! nor I, upon my faith, Sir! Ha, ha!

CAP. BEL. Hey day! what do you mean?

LA. CHA. That you are one of the ſilliеſt animals that ever open'd his lips to a women.——Ha, ha! O I ſhall die! Ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, here's a letter for you.

CAP. BEL. So, it's come in good time. If this does not give her a turn, egad, I ſhall have all my plague to go over again.——Lady Charlotte, you'll give me leave.

LA. CHA. O Sir! billet-doux are exempt from ceremony.

CAP. BEL. [*After reading to himſelf.*] Ha, ha! Well, my dear Lady Charlotte, I am vaſtly glad to ſee you ſo eaſy. Upon my ſoul, I was afraid you was really in love with me: but ſince I need have no farther apprehenſions of it, I know you won't take it ill if I obey the ſummons of my wife that is to be—— Lady Betty has ſent for me.——You'll excuſe me if I am confin'd a week or two with my wife for the preſent: when that's over, you and I will laugh and ſing, and coquette as much as ever we did: and ſo, dear Lady Charlotte, your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

LA. CHA. What can the creature mean; I know not what to think of him! Sure it can't be true! But if it ſhould be true——I can't believe it true——And yet it may be true too——I am reſolv'd to be ſatisfied ——Here, who's there? Will no body hear? Who's there, I ſay?

Enter SERVANT.

Deſire Captain Bellamant to ſtep back again.

SERV. He's juſt gone out, Madam.

LA.

LA. CHA. Then it's certainly true.——Get me a chair this moment—this inſtant—Go, run, fly! I am in ſuch a hurry, I don't know what I do. O hideous! I look horridly frightful——But I'll follow him juſt as I am——I'll go to Lady Betty's.——If I find him there, I ſhall certainly faint.——I muſt take a little hartſhorn with me.

SCENE XI.

Mr. GAYWIT, *Mrs.* MODERN, *meeting in his lodgings.*

MR. GAY. This is exactly the time I appointed her to meet me here. Ha! ſhe comes. You are punctual as a young lover to his firſt appointment.

MRS. MOD. Women commonly begin to be moſt punctual when men leave it off: our paſſions ſeldom reach their meridian before yours ſet.

MR. GAY. We can no more help the decreaſe of our paſſions than you the increaſe of yours; and tho' like the ſun I was obliged to quit your hemiſphere, I have left you a moon to ſhine in it.

MRS. MOD. What do you mean?

MR. GAY. I ſuppoſe you are by this no ſtranger to the fondneſs of the gentleman I introduc'd to you; nor will you ſhortly be to his generoſity. He is one who has more money than brains, and more generoſity than money.

MRS. MOD. Oh, Gaywit! I am undone: you will too ſoon know how; will hear it perhaps with pleaſure, ſince it is too plain, by betraying me to your friend, I have no longer any ſhare in your love.

MR. GAY. Blame not my inconſtancy, but your own.

MRS. MOD. By all our joys, I never loved another.

MR. GAY. Nay, will you deny what conviction has long ſince conſtrain'd you to own? Will you deny your favours to Lord Richly?

MRS. MOD. He had indeed my perſon, but you alone my heart.

MR. GAY. I always take a woman's perſon to be

be the ſtrongeſt aſſurance of her heart. I think the love of a miſtreſs who gives up her perſon, is no more to be doubted than the love of a friend who gives you his purſe.

MRS. MOD. By Heavens, I hate and deſpiſe him equal with my huſband: and as I was forced to marry the latter by the commands of my parents, ſo I was given up to the former by the intreaties of my huſband.

MR. GAY. By the intreaties of your huſband!——

MRS. MOD. Hell and his blacker ſoul doth know the truth of what I ſay——That he betrayed me firſt, and has ever ſince been the pander of our amour: to you my own inclinations led me. Lord Richly has paid for his pleaſures; to you they have ſtill been free. He was my huſband's choice; but you alone were mine.

MR. GAY. And have you not complied with Bellamant too?

MRS. MOD. Oh! blame not my neceſſities; he is, indeed, that generous creature you have ſpoke him.

MR. GAY. And have you not betrayed this generous creature to a wretch?

MRS MOD. I ſee you know it all.——————By Heavens, I have not: it was his own jealouſy, not my deſign: nay, he importuned me to have diſcovered Lord Richly in the ſame manner. Oh! think not any hopes could have prevailed on me to blaſt my fame. No reward could make me amends for that loſs. Thou ſhalt ſee by my retirement I have a ſoul too great to encounter ſhame.

MR. GAY. I will try to make that retirement eaſy to you; and call me not ungrateful for attempting to diſcomfit your huſband's purpoſe, and preſerve my friend.

MRS. MOD. I myſelf will preſerve him; if my huſband purſue his intentions, my woman will ſwear that the ſervant own'd he was hired to be a falſe evidence againſt us.

MR.

MR. GAY. Then, ſince the ſtory is already publick, forgive this laſt bluſh I am obliged to put you to.

MRS. MOD. What do you mean?

MR. GAY. Theſe witneſſes muſt inform you.

SCENE XII.

Mr. GAYWIT, *Mr.* BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT, *Mrs.* MODERN, EMILIA, *Capt.* MERIT.

MRS. MOD. Diſtraction! tortures!

MR. GAY. I have with difficulty brought myſelf to give you this ſhock; which nothing but the preſervation of the beſt of friends could have extorted, and which you ſhall be made amends for.

MR. BEL. Be not ſhocked, Madam, it ſhall be your huſband's fault if you are farther uneaſy on this account.

MR. GAY. Come, Madam, you may yourſelf reap a benefit from what I have done, ſince it may prevent your being expoſed in another place.

MRS. MOD. All places to me are equal except this. [*Exit.*

MRS. BEL. Her misfortune moves my compaſſion.

MR. GAY. It is generous in you, Madam, to pity the misfortunes of a woman, whoſe faults are more her huſband's than her own.

SCENE XIII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* MODERN, *Mr.* GAYWIT, *Mr.* BELLAMANT, *Capt.* MERIT, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

L. RICH. Mr. Gaywit, upon my word, you have the moſt ſplendid levee I have ſeen.

MR. GAY. I am ſorry, my lord, you have increaſed it by one who ſhould only grace the keeper of Newgate's levee; a fellow whoſe company is ſcandalous to your lordſhip, as it is odious to us all.

MR.

MR. BEL. His lordſhip is not the only man who goes abroad with his cuckold.

L. RICH. Methinks you have invited a gentleman to a very ſcurvy entertainment.

MR. GAY. You'll know, my lord, very ſhortly, wherefore he was invited, and how much you yourſelf are obliged to his kind endeavours: for would his wife have conſented to his intreaties, this pretended diſcovery had fallen on you, and you had ſupplied that gentleman's place.

L. RICH. A diſcovery fallen on me!

CAP. MER. Yes, my lord, the whole company are witneſſes to Mrs. Modern's confeſſion of it; that he betrayed her to your embraces with a deſign to diſcover you in them.

MR. MOD. My lord, this is a baſe deſign to ruin the humbleſt of your creatures in your lordſhip's favour.

L. RICH. How it ſhould have that effect, I know not; for I do not underſtand a word of what theſe gentlemen mean.

MR. GAY. We ſhall convince your lordſhip.—— In the mean time I muſt beg you to leave this apartment: you may proſecute what revenge you pleaſe; but at law we ſhall dare to defy you. The damages will not be very great which are given to a voluntary cuckold.

EMI. Tho' I ſee not why; for it is ſurely as much a robbery to take away a picture unpaid for from the painter who would ſell it, as from the gentleman who would keep it.

MR. MOD. You may have your jeſt, Madam; but I will be paid ſeverely for it. I ſhall have a time of laughing in my turn. My lord, your moſt obedient ſervant.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr.* GAYWIT, *Mr.* BELLAMANT *Captain* BELLAMANT, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

MR. GAY. He will find his miſtake and our conqueſt ſoon enough. And now, my lord, I hope you will ratify that conſent you gave me this morning, and complete my happineſs with this lady.

L. RICH. Truly, nephew, you miſunderſtood me, if you imagined I promiſed any ſuch thing. However, tho' you know I might inſiſt on my brother's will, yet let Mr. Bellamant give his daughter a fortune equal to yours, and I ſhall not oppoſe it: and till then I ſhall not conſent.

MR. GAY. Ha!

CAP. BEL. I hope your lordſhip is not determined to deny every requeſt; and therefore I may hope your bleſſing. [*Kneels.*

L. RICH. What does this mean?

CAP. BEL. Lady Charlotte, my lord, has given me this right. Your daughter——

L. RICH. What of her?

CAP. BEL. Is my wife.

L. RICH. Your wife!

CAP. BEL. Nay, if you will not give me your bleſſing you may let it alone: I would not kneel any longer to you, tho' you were the Great Mogul.

L. RICH. Very well! this is your doing, Mr. Bellamant, or rather my own! Confuſion! my eſtate, my title, and my daughter, all contribute to aggrandize the man I muſt hate, becauſe he knows I would have wrong'd him! Well, Sirs, whatever pleaſures you may ſeem to take at my ſeveral diſappointments, I ſhall take very little trouble to be revenged on any of you; being heartily convinced that in a few months you will be ſo many mutual plagues to one another.

SCENE

SCENE *the laſt.*

Mr. GAYWIT, *Mr.* BELLAMANT, *Captain* BELLAMANT, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Mrs.* BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

MR. BEL. Methinks I might have been conſulted on this affair.

LA. CHA. We had no time for conſultation: our amour has been of a very ſhort date.

CAP. BEL. All our love is to come, Lady Charlotte.

LA. CHA. I expect a deal of love after marriage, for what I have bated you before it.

CAP. BEL. I never aſked you the queſtion till I was ſure of you.

LA. CHA. Then you knew my mind better than myſelf; for I never reſolved to have you till I had you.

MR. GAY. Now, my dear Emilia, there is no bar in our way to happineſs. Lady Charlotte has made my lord's conſent unneceſſary too. Your father has already bleſſed me with his; and it is now in your power to make me the happieſt of mankind.

EMI. I ſuppoſe you follow my brother's method, and never aſk till you are ſure of obtaining.

MR. BEL. Gaywit, my obligations to you are beyond my power of repaying; and while I give you what you aſk, I am ſtill heaping greater favours on myſelf.

MR. GAY. Think not ſo, when you beſtow on me more than any man can merit.

MR. BEL. Then take the little all I have; and may you be as happy with her as I am in theſe arms [*Embracing Mrs.* Bellamant.]——whence the whole world ſhall never eſtrange me more.

MRS. BEL. I am too happy in that reſolution.

MR. GAY. Lady Charlotte, I made a promiſe this day to your father in your favour, which I am reſolved to keep, tho' he hath broken his. I know your good nature and good ſenſe will forgive a fault which love has made me commit——Love, which directs our inclinations, *in ſpite* of equal and ſuperior charms.

Ladies

LA. CHA. No excuſes, dear Sir; my inclinatio were as whimſical as yours.

CAP. BEL. You have fairly got the ſtart, La Charlotte.

MR. GAY. My Bellamant! my friend! my ther! what a tranſport do I feel from the proſpect adding to your future happineſs! Let us hencefo be one family, and have no other conteſt but outvie in love.

MR. BEL. My ſon! Oh, what happineſs do I o to thy friendſhip! And may the example of my l misfortune warn thee to fly all ſuch encounters: a ſince we are ſetting out together in the road to h pineſs, take this truth from an experienced travell

However ſlight the conſequence may prove
Which waits unmarried libertines in love,
Be from all vice divorc'd before you wed,
And bury falſhood in the bridal bed.

EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Eſq;

Spoken by Mrs. HERON.

AS malefactors, on their dying day,
Have always ſomething at the tree to ſay,
So I, before to exile I go down,
With my hard hapleſs fate would warn the town.

Fatal Quadrille! Fly, fly the tempting evil!
For when our laſt ſtake's loſt, 'tis ſure the devil!
With curs'd Quadrille, avoid my fatal ſhame,
Or if you can't,—at leaſt play all the game.
Of ſpotleſs fame, be chary as your lives!
Keep wide of proof, and you're the beſt of wives!
Huſbands moſt faults, not public made, connive at;
The trip's a trifle—when the frailty's private.
What can a poet hope, then, that reveals 'em?
The fair might like the play whoſe plot conceals 'em:
For who would favour plays to be thus us'd?
None ever were by operas abus'd!
Or could they warble ſcandal out at random,
Where were the harm, while none could underſtand them?
But I no more muſt hear thoſe melting ſtrains,
Condemn'd, alas! to woods and lonely plains!
Gay maſquerades now turn'd to country-fairs,
And croaking rooks ſupply ſoft eunuchs airs.

No

EPILOGUE.

No Ring, no Mall—no rat, tat, tat, at doors;
And, O hard fate! for dear Quadrille—All-fours.
No more new plays; but that's a ſmall offence,
Your taſte will ſhortly baniſh them from hence.
Yet e'er I part, methinks it were to wrong you,
Not to bequeath ſome legacies among you.
My reputation I for prudes intend,
In hopes their ſtrictneſs what's amiſs will mend.
My young gallants let ancient maidens kill,
And take my huſband—any ſoul that will!
Our author to the ſpotleſs fair I give,
For his chaſte wife to grant him a reprieve:
Whatever faults to me may be imputed,
In her you view your virtues unpolluted.
In her ſweet mind even age and wand'ring youth
Muſt own the tranſport of connubial truth:
Thus each extreme is for inſtruction meant,
And ever was the ſtage's true intent,
To give reward to virtue, vice its puniſhment.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. HERON.

IN dull retirement ere I go to grieve,
Ladies, I am return'd to take my leave.
Prudes, I ſuppoſe, will, with their old good nature,
Shew their great virtue, and condemn the creature:
They fail not at th' unfortunate to flout,
Not becauſe naughty—but becauſe—found out.
Why, faith, if theſe diſcoveries ſucceed,
Marriage will ſoon become a trade, indeed!
This trade, I'm ſure will flouriſh in the nation,
'Twill be eſteem'd below no man of faſhion,
To be a member of the—Cuckold's corporation!
What int'reſt will be made! what mighty doing!
To be directors for the year enſuing!
And 'tis exceeding difficult to ſay,
Which end of this chaſte town wou'd win the day.
Oh! ſhould no chance this corporation ſtop,
Where ſhould we find one houſe without a ſhop?
How wou'd a wife, hung out, draw beaux in throngs!
To hire your dears, like dominos, at Long's!
There wou'd be dainty days! when every ninny,
Might put them on and off—for half a guinea!
O, to behold th' embroider'd trader grin,
'My wife's at home—Pray, gentlemen, walk in!'
Money alone men will no more importune,
When ev'ry beauty makes her huſband's fortune!
While juries value virtue at this rate,
Each wife is (when diſcover'd) an eſtate!

A wife

EPILOGUE.

A wife with gold is mixing gall with honey;
But here you loſe your wife by what you get your money.

And now, t'obey a dull poetic ſentence,
In lonely woods I muſt purſue repentance!
Ye virgins pure, ye modeſt matrons, lend
Attentive ears to your departing friend.
If fame unſpotted be the thing you drive at,
Be virtuous, if you can—if not be private—
But hold—Why ſhould I leave my ſiſter-ſinners,
To dwell 'mongſt innocents, or young beginners?
Frailty will better with the frail go down:
So, hang the ſtupid Bard!—I'll ſtay in town.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

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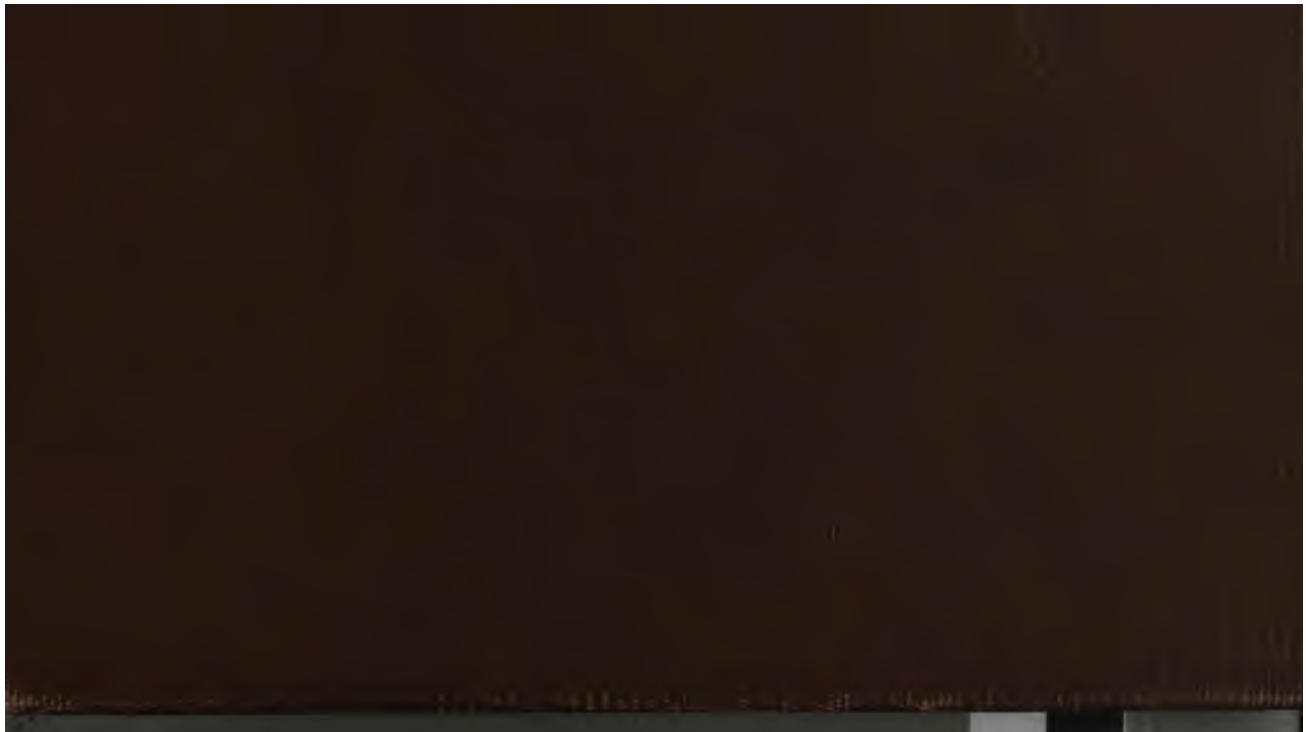
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